Oct. 7, 1961

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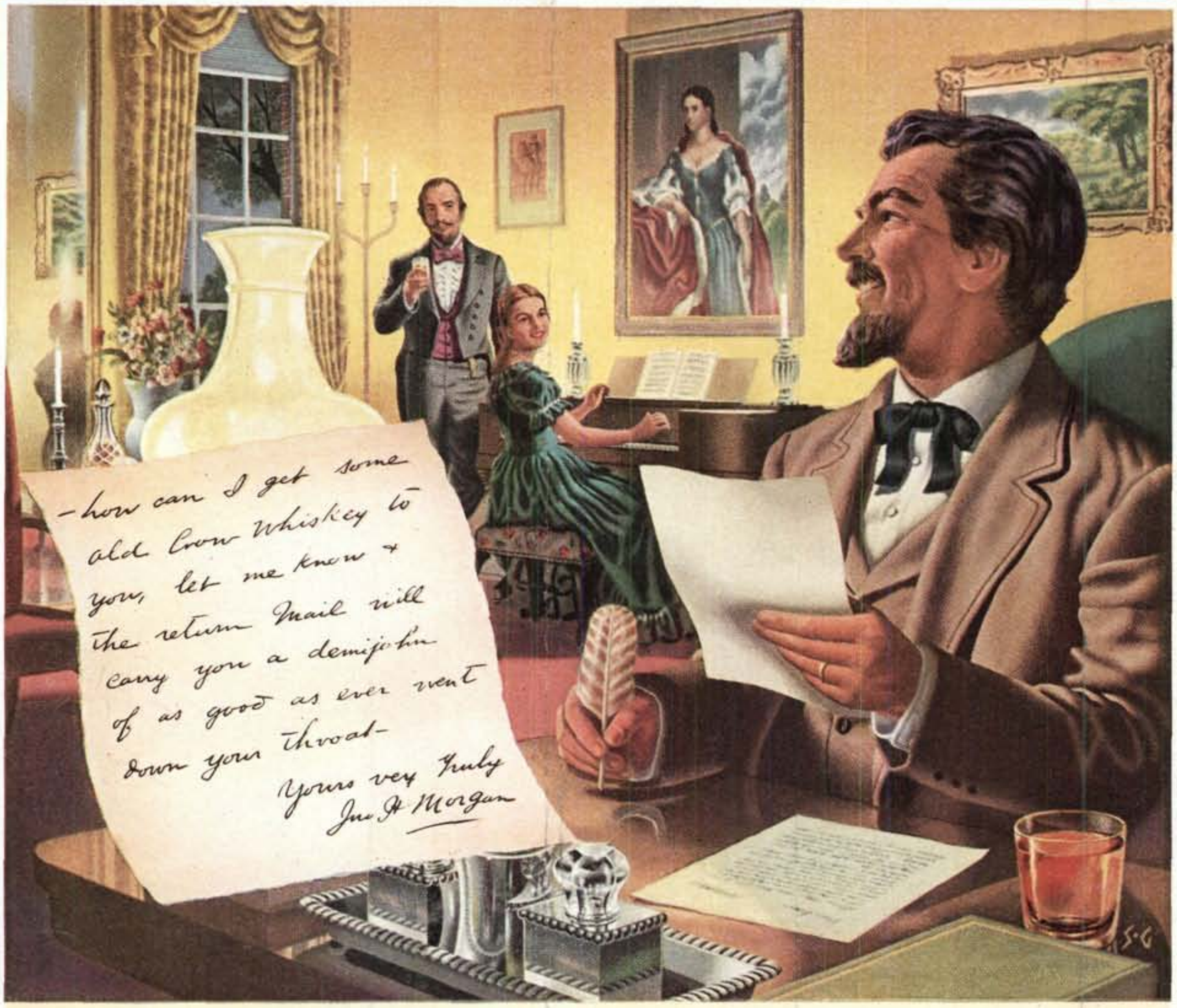
THE NEW YORKER

October 7, 1961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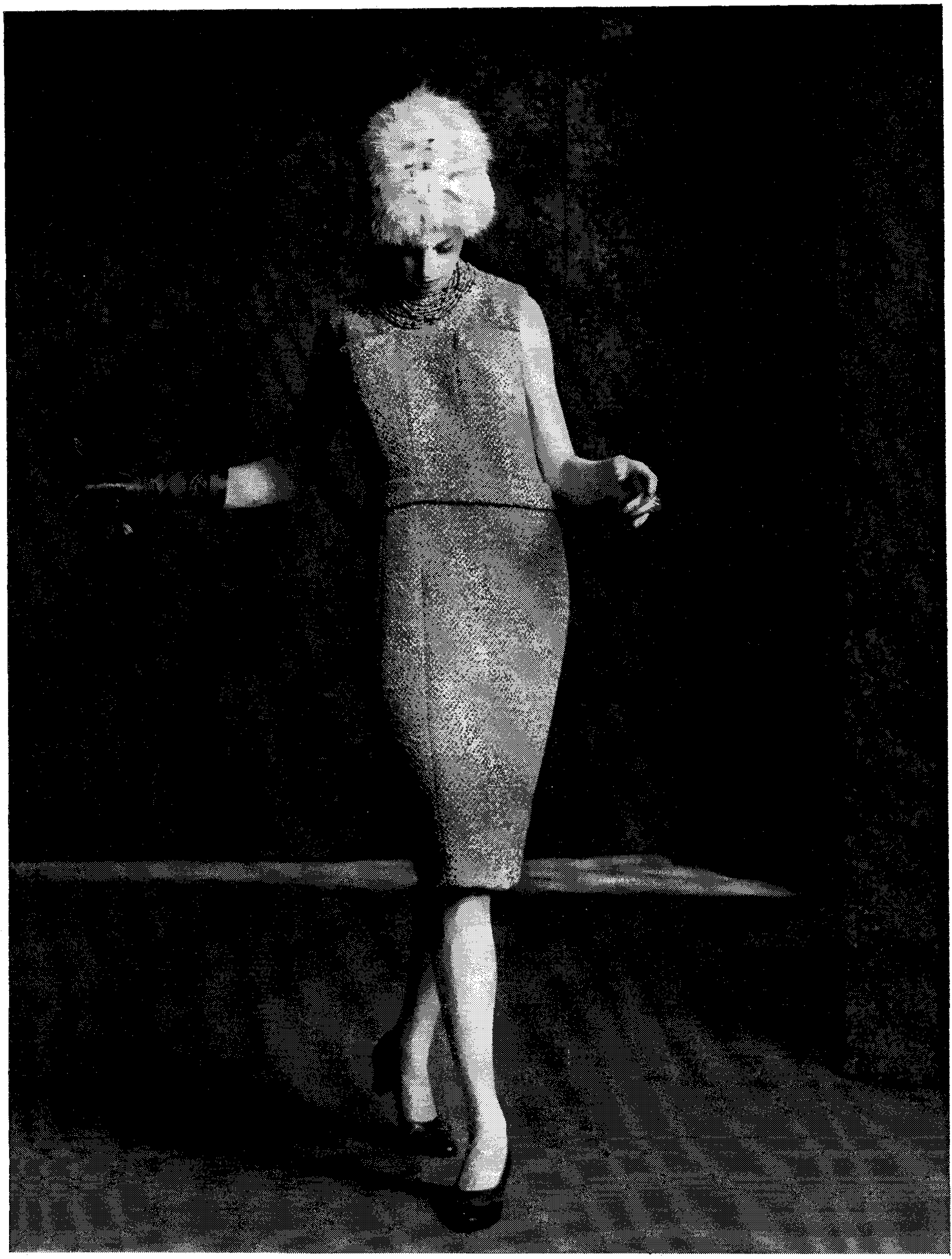

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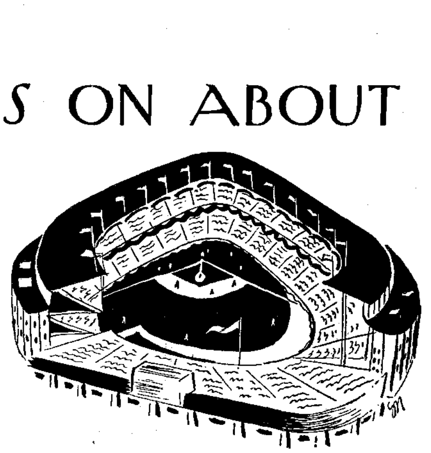

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley and Steven Hill are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright, Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Caretaker—A London import, by Harold Pinter, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates serving as the whole cast. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and produced by Roger L. Stevens, Frederick Brisson, and Gilbert Miller. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are plenty of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard give plenty of lift to the proceedings, which were directed by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly specimens of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things hopping. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

From the Second City—A revue from Chicago. The comedy is topical and generally quite lively, although a few of the topics seem just a little dog-eared. The eight Chicagoans who appear in the show are fresh as paint. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 7.)... **camelot:** An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. William Squire, Julie Andrews, John Cullum, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **fiorello!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. With Tom Bosley, Marty May, and Patricia Wilson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **irma la douce:** A French item involving some very seamy characters. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. Martha Wright and Donald Scott will succeed Miss Martin and Mr. Bikel on Monday, Oct. 9. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the unsinkable molly brown:** Tammy Grimes as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sail Away—Elaine Stritch in Noël Coward's new musical. Presented by Bonard Productions, in association with Charles Russell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole—Darren McGavin and Peter Fonda in a play by James and William Goldman. A presentation of Roger L. Stevens and Fields Productions, directed by Jerome Chodorov. Opens Thursday, Oct. 5. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Milk and Honey—A musical with a book by Don Appell, music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, and a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. Staged by Albert Marre and produced by Gerard Oestreicher. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 10. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Everybody Loves Opal—A new comedy by John Patrick, with Eileen Heckart, Stubby Kaye, and Donald Harron. Directed by Cyril Ritchard and presented by Roger L. Stevens, in association with Seven Arts Productions. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 11. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Let It Ride!—George Gobel, Sam Levene, and Barbara Nichols in a musical based on the John Cecil Holm-George Abbott play "Three Men on a Horse." Abram S. Ginnes is responsible for the book, and the music and lyrics are the work of Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. The producer is Joel Spector, the director Stanley Prager. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 5-7, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 9-11, all at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 12. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A musical taken from the book of the same name by Shepherd Mead. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics; the book was turned out by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock, and Willie Gilbert; and the cast is headed by Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. Directed by Mr. Burrows and produced by Feuer & Martin, in association with Frank Productions. Opens Saturday, Oct. 14. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in

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the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The second play, unfortunately, is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is gaudy rather than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., and Staats Cotsworth, as Pastor Manders, head a good cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Happy Days—Samuel Beckett's outlook continues gloomy, but this new play of his, a monologue by a woman who barely manages to keep her head above earth, is livelier than you'd expect. Alan Schneider's direction rates the highest praise, and Ruth White is superb as the woman. Miss White is interrupted, occasionally and effectively, by John C. Becher. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:40. Special performance Monday, Oct. 9, at 8:40.)

Hi, Paisano!—A charming and funny musical about a young Italian who falls in love with this city and determines, against apparently insuperable odds, to stay here. The music and lyrics are by Robert Holton and June Carroll, the book is by Ernest Chambers, and Vassili Lambrinos staged the show. David Canary plays the young Italian. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Final performances of a return engagement of the Samuel Beckett-Edward Albee double bill, with Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and William Daniels. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Misalliance—A revival of the Shaw opus. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

One Way Pendulum—There are some wild ideas in this nonsense play, and some others that just drag along. The author is N. F. Simpson, the setting is English, and the cast includes Anna Russell, James Kenny, and Paxton Whitehead. (Phoenix East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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The Opening of a Window—A play by Gene Radano. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production, directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Sap of Life—A musical with book and lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr., and a score by David Shire. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

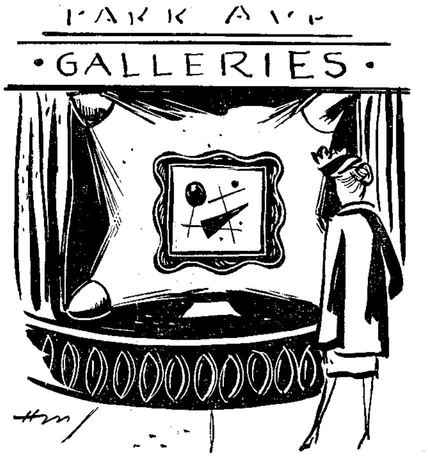
The Threepenny Opera—Now and forevermore, apparently. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3. No performances Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 12-14.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Lady from the Sea," "Etudes" (American première), and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Lady from the Sea," "Etudes," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7 (primarily for children): "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Swan Lake," "Eden Pas de Deux," and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 8 (primarily for children): "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 8: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "Eden Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 10: "Les Sylphides," "Moon Reindeer," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 11: "Divertimento—Rossini" (New York première), "Giselle," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 12: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Moon Reindeer," "Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 13: "Swan Lake," "The Combat," "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 14 (primarily for children): "Peter and the Wolf" and "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 14: "Divertimento—Rossini," "Moon Reindeer," and "Etudes." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3.)



Leningrad Kirov Ballet—Final performances in New York—Gala Program I (excerpts from "Bayaderka," "The Nutcracker," "Taras Bulba," and other works): Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.... ¶ "Swan Lake": Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.... ¶ Gala Program II ("Chopiniana," "Shostakovich Seventh Symphony," an excerpt from "Taras Bulba," and other works): Sunday, Oct. 8, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 10-11, all at 8:30. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811.)

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—A three-week engagement that starts Sunday, Oct. 8, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 28. Program I, consisting of "Moves" (American première), "Afternoon of a Faun," "N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," and "The Concert," will be presented through Sunday, Oct. 15. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sardonicism is the stated intent of "Steppin' in Society," a new revue, presented at nine-thirty and twelve-fifteen in the Cotillion Room, but it is frequently sardonicism gang agley. Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand are the best known of the inmates. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio do tons of dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Emil Coleman, who runs an orchestra of command decision, is this year calling many of the dance tunes in the Persian Room. The rest are called by Mark Monte's small troupe. With dinner and supper go the chansons of Shirley Bassey, an invigorating east wind (London is its origin) that can attain gale force. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Tea-for-two piano, whose author is Kurt Maier, is performed in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and reprised in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine.... ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is presided over by Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, and the small bands of Charles Holden and Nick D'Amico play on, play on for dancing. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the dance band of Lenny Herman takes all curves at fifteen

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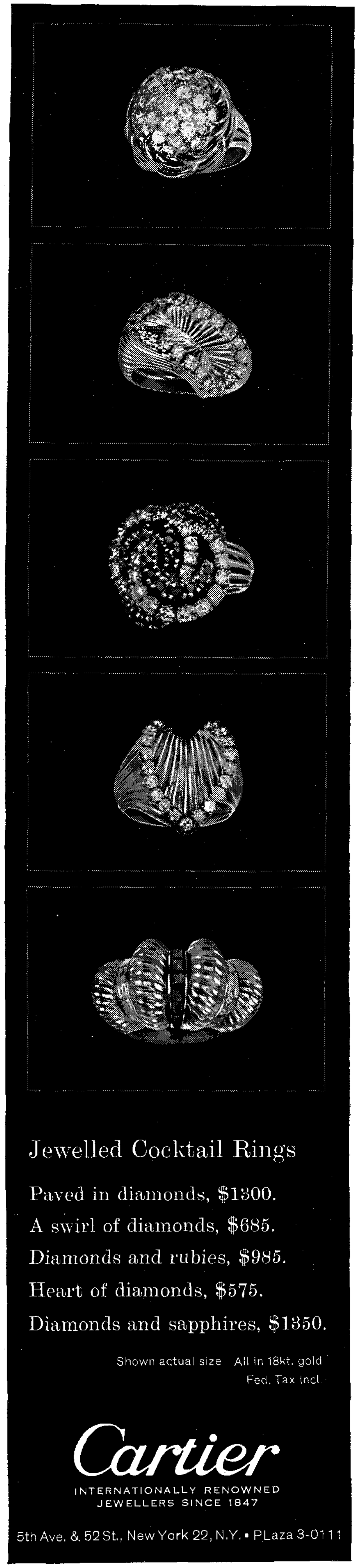
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

miles an hour and stops to pick up any stragglers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Patachou appears in the Maisonette at dinner and supper to sing about the raison d'être of Paris. Other times, these stately walls ring gently to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra, with dance privileges after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent from eight-thirty until two) and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both *plaisances* are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room's new dancing masters—the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch—take turns all evening, and at dinner and supper, the Parisienne known as Geneviève, whose lifelong non-speaking acquaintance with the English language has delighted millions, runs through a musicale. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Walldorfkeller, an inn that would be quite at ease on an Austrian Alp, is filled with the sound of Josef Seidl's well-played zither until ten every evening but Sunday.

Note—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast can be found in the Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio and a solo piano that start at four-thirty and continue through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Marty Berns, who knows the sort of piano that goes with this charade, begins at eight. On Tuesday, Oct. 10, Budd Gregg will succeed Mr. Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Dear old golden school-of-life days. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight, and from then on Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and strike-me-pink double piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a minute opera company Tuesdays through Saturdays and a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Among many other things, there's the patter of tiny Latin feet, setting innumerable little stamps of disapproval on everything that's wrong with life and love life. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred by the tenor of Tibor Rakossy, the trillings of Lili France, and the voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that becomes sprightly whenever Cal Bostic sits down at the house piano and begins singing anything that comes to mind. Whenever Danny Apolinar starts singing, it becomes madhouse. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, with somnambulist piano, which, after Tuesday, Oct. 10, will be the work of George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The knowing little pub of the Hotel Stanhope is the scene—from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday—of an intense communion between a Latin lover and his guitar. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually addressed by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue. Its saving grace is the guilelessness with which its song and instrumental music are set forth. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (PL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the down-to-earth bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The brand-new eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, piano by Steven Weltner, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A quartet of flamenco singers and dancers shows up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. No flamenco on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A South Sea Islands resort where one cannot help suspecting that half the lovely indigenes are vacationing airline hostesses. The proper stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through supper every night of the week; Jorge Rios, the pianist, guitarist, and singer in the bar, fries other fish on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): An inexhaustible supply of unselfconsciously deciduous young ladies, who take their night's work seriously and strenuously under the supervision of Gloria Le Roy, the most hoyden of them all. There are also a couple of the Continental acrobatic acts that now seem to show up only at the Latin Quarter, plus a manic extravaganza put on by Billy Williams and his troupe of singers, dancers, and vaudevillians. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The inside history of Joe E. Lewis, millionaire sportsman, millionaire plunger, who refuses to quit when he's far behind. With it go the ballads of Adam Wade. Their final night is Wednesday, Oct. 11; next evening's arrival is Sid Caesar, the adroit but gloomy dean of American humor. The eight woodland nymphs who execute (and all that this

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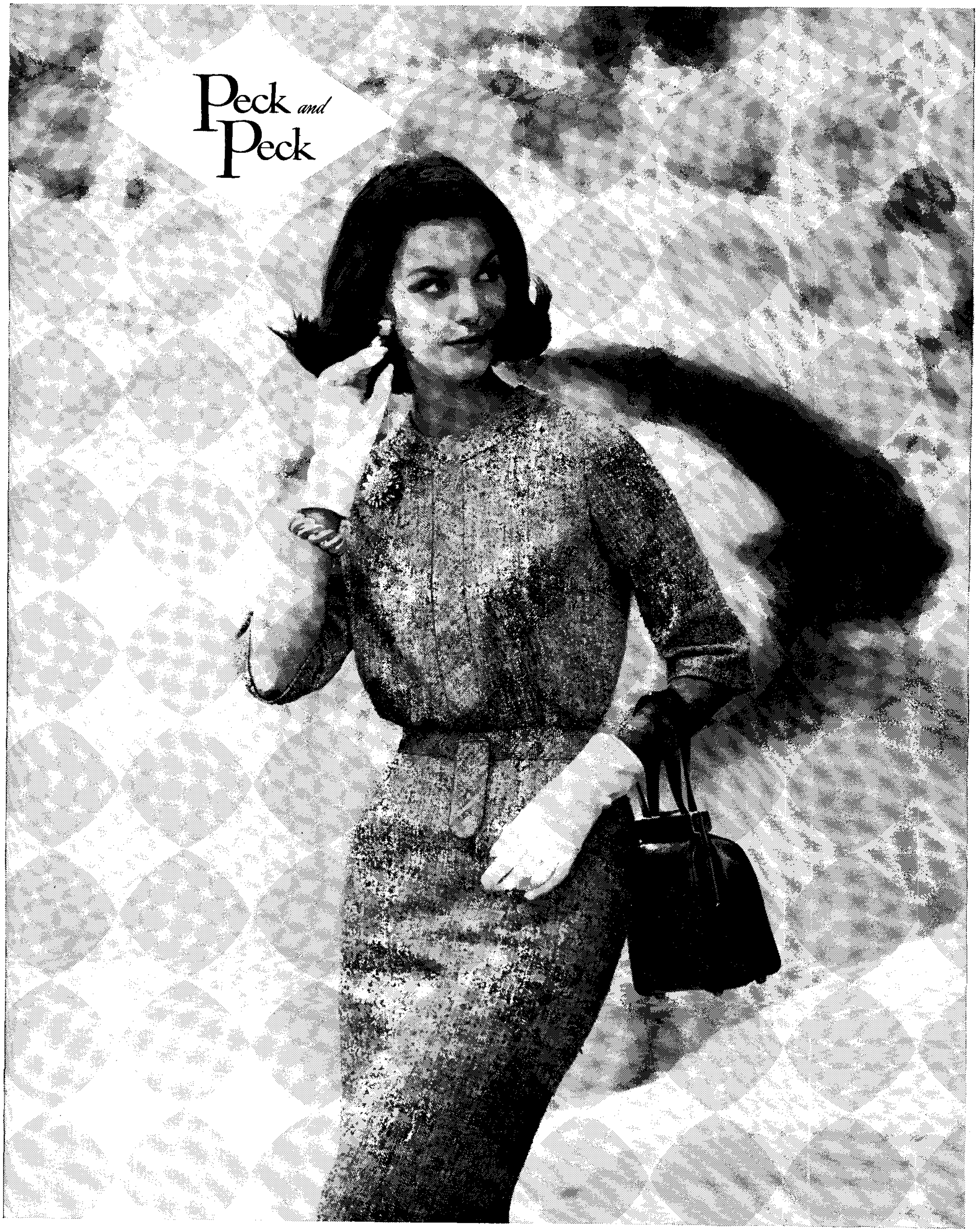

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

implies) the choreography will be kept on as household pets, and why not? Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Riches upon riches; that is to say: Phyllis Diller, a most uncommon American scold, and Adam Keefe, an out-of-his-clever-little-mind wit. Jimmy Lyons and his trio (that's Beverly Peer and Joe Puma) and the piano of Otis Clements are the foundation. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's dinnertime piano is *mis en bouteille au château*. Saturday is his holiday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest revue, "Seven Come Eleven," could pass as a banner issue of a revived *Town Topics*. Its sporting element is comprised of two long-term inhabitants of the Monk household (Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson), plus two former Yalies (Rex Robbins and Philip Bruns) and two recent graduates of "Do Re Mi" (Donna Sanders and Steve Roland). It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are once more the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dressed to the Nines" is Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue, now a year old but still young in spirit, happens twice a night, too. The female impishness in it is the work of a small brush fire named Freddie Weber, and the female sorcery for the two merry ganders—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon—is provided by the handsome Lovey Powell. The double piano set forth by Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood is a liberal education in the arts. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Another revue in miniature, in this instance a very, very social history written by the impious R. G. Brown, who also serves as half of the extremely satisfactory cast. Marian Mercer, as a free-as-air social butterfly, is the other half. The score, by Baldwin Bergersen, whose piano is the orchestra, is *premier cru*. Weekdays at 11:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11:30. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Well-remembered and almost forgotten Rodgers and Hart, reverently left in its pristine state, is the notion behind "Too Good for the Average Man," in which Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van take part. Buster Davis and John Bunch are at the pianos. Sundays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 12:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 10, 12, and 2. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, a nomadic group of musicians and multilingual choristers, have the run of the main room. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, a cannon of ear-crashing size, is doing the songs that remind us what fun it is to be young, foolish, and able to stay up all night. There is also a revue operating on the assumption that the audience is easily amused. The music is by Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): On Monday, Oct. 9, Isobel Robins, a Goldilocks troupial and spitfire, will check in.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The new group of graybeards that gathers here to reminisce about the early days is led by Max Kaminsky, who knew Mr. Condon when. Mr. C.'s classic guitar is often added to the mixture. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, a phoenix much too infrequent, is uttering her strange and wonderful night cries for the education of all, and Bobby Timmons' just-hatched trio is also at play. They all depart on Sunday, Oct. 8; on Tuesday, Oct. 10, Chico Hamilton's hot rods, five in all, move in, along with jazz singer Carol Sloane and Don Abney's brisk trio. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): To begin with, there's Billy Eckstine, turning each ballad into a passion play that testifies to the fact that he's in love, in love, in love. And there's Quincy Jones and his amply stocked band, playing a sort of country-gentleman jazz. Also, unaccountably, there's Don Rickles, whose idea of addressing the audience is to be nothing less than insolent. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUND-TABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The main bout pits Dorothy Donegan, 121½, vs. Steinway, 1,601¼, in a match that is truly heavyweight. She will retire, probably the winner, on Saturday, Oct. 7. Meanwhile, she shares the organ loft with Jack Kelly's bumptious trio, which will stay on. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): A survivor on a street that has fainted almost dead away. Here Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares—Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are two of them—are upholding the faith of our forefathers with great emphasis. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the carefully thought-out Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Lord is said to fight on the side that has the heaviest artillery. Gene Krupa's quartet and Cozy Cole's quintet, which are at present doing the Lord's work, take leave on Thursday, Oct. 5; next evening, Lionel Hampton's band and Sol Yaged's quintet will open up. Sundays are devoted to other music. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A family affair (Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano) that, with assists from a pair of sidemen, amounts to a cheerful survey of progress in the new music. The voice of Joe Williams, never one to keep his sorrows to himself, is painting the night sky blue, to the accompaniment of Harry Edison's quintet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin's trio and Red Allen's set of four fire-eaters shut down on Saturday, Oct. 7; on Monday, Oct. 9, Jonah Jones' quintet, which is apt to shoot before it even sees the whites of the customers' eyes, and Ray Bryant's trio, devoted to high-speed modernity, move in. Sundays are potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The folk songs of Pete Seeger (let freedom of the arts ring!) come to an end on Thursday, Oct. 5. Next evening brings on Herbie Mann's sextet, a flute-and-drum corps that is majoring in African folklore, and Aretha Franklin, one of the more personable new singers. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, Horace Silver's quintet will also appear. Mondays are devoted to jam sessions by visiting musicians. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and three cronies are discussing the future of jazz. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, the crew of instructors should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Kenny Davern, Zutty Singleton, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

JOSEF ALBERS—New paintings; through Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Semi-abstract canvases;

through Oct. 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Karel Appel—Gouaches and lithographs by the Dutch artist; through Oct. 21. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Biddle—A fifty-year retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Oct. 28. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Geometric abstractions; through Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Boynton—Non-figurative oils; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

James Byars—Black ink paintings on white linen paper; through Oct. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruce Conner—Assemblages, sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Oct. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Ralston Crawford—A retrospective of his lithographs; through Oct. 21. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Vieira da Silva—Paintings by this Paris abstractionist, in her first New York showing in five years; through Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sue Fuller—Compositions done in string; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 21. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung—Pastels, mostly, by a Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 21. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Abstract oils and water colors make up his fourth solo show here; through Oct. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lindner—Paintings, 1950-61; through Oct. 21. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Mané-Katz—Oils, gouaches, and sculptures by a Russian-born French artist; through Oct. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures; through Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

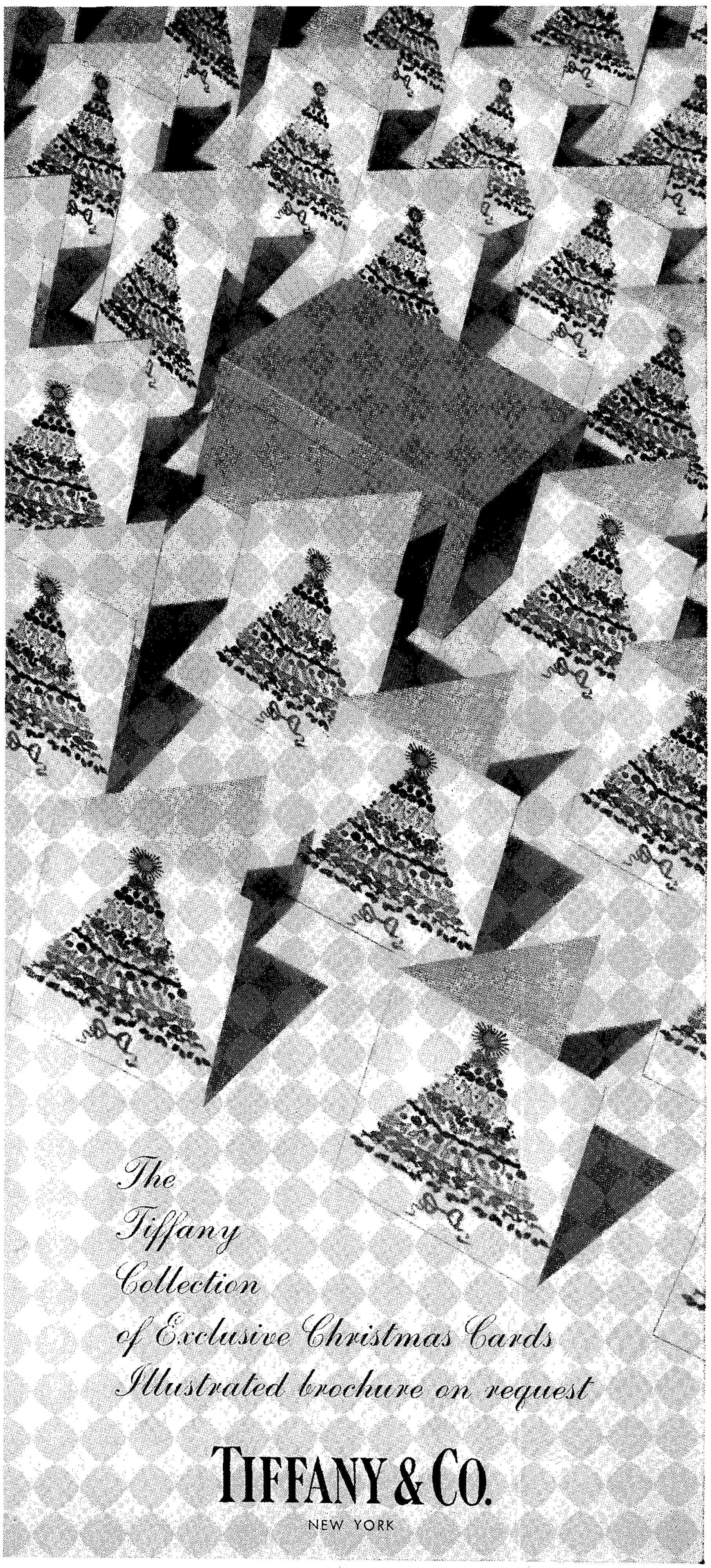
Claude Venard—Recent paintings by a modern French artist; through Thursday, Oct. 5. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Non-objective paintings and collages, in her first showing here in five years; through Oct. 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Abstractions by this Chinese-born French artist; through Oct. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the GREAT JONES GALLERY, 5 Great Jones St.: Heads by Peter Agostini, Reuben Kadish, and others; through Oct. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Henry DiSpirito, Cleo Hartwig, Barbara Lekberg, and others; through Thursday, Oct. 12. . . . STABLE, 33 E. 74th St.: Rhys Caparn, Louise Nevelson, Richard Stankiewicz, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by such artists as Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, and Leonard Baskin, plus a group of nineteenth-century art and a collection of Shaker artifacts; through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Philipp, and Priscilla Roberts; through Oct. 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 8 W. 56th St.: Painters and sculptors—Byron Browne, George Morrison, Hugo Robus, and others; through Oct. 26. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . SMOLIN, 230 E. 80th St.: Paintings done during the thirties under the Federal Arts Project, including works by Ben Zion, Mark Rothko, and Adolph Gott-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lieb; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Benjamin J. Benno, Giorgio de Chirico, and René Magritte are three of the exhibitors in a show called "The Poetic Image;" through Oct. 21. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Martin Barré, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Pascin, Vlaminck, Calder, and other modern French and American painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Renato Birolli, Leonardo Cremonini, Joseph Glasco, and Peter Lanyon, together with sculptures by Luciano Minguzzi; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Pascin, Chagall, Miró, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Art Treasures," consisting of more than two hundred and fifty items once in the national museums of Peking and Nanking. In the show are paintings, porcelains, bronzes, silk tapestries, jades, and lacquer ware, some of them dating back to the eleventh century B.C. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Assemblage," a showing of collages and other varieties of art put together from paper, cloth, wood, metal, manufactured objects, and whatnot. Some of the artists are Picasso, Duchamp, Severini, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Two small exhibits of works from the Museum's collection: "Modern Allegories," comprising pieces by, among others, Gauguin, Tchelitchew, and Klee; and "Recent American Paintings," a selection of canvases by Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, and other leading Abstract Expressionists. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings, sculptures, and prints, by former members of the Brooklyn Museum Art School who have won awards and grants from foundations here and in Europe. William King, Angelo Ippolito, and Harry Jackson are three of the artists; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ "The Nude in American Paintings;" starting Tuesday, Oct. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Peasant and Nomad Rugs of Asia," an exhibit composed of thirty-five examples principally from the Near East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia; through Nov. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by such modern masters as Chagall, Feininger, and Brancusi. After Sunday, Oct. 8, no special exhibition, while a new show (scheduled to open on Friday, Oct. 13) is being installed. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Medieval Masterpieces," an exhibition of thirty illuminated manuscripts, notably the Lindau Gospels and the Berthold Missal; through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ "Unusual Books, 1450-1555;" starting Wednesday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5. Closed Thursday, Oct. 12.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Contemporary Craftsmen of the Far West," a display of jewelry, fabrics, wall hangings, ceramic sculptures, and other objects, from Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, and so on; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Previously unexhibited works of art (stone sculpture, terra-cotta figurines, ritual vessels, and ornamental goldwork) from the several rich and varied civilizations of ancient Mexico; through Nov. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.—The annual Art Faculty Show of paintings, sculptures, and woodcuts by, among others, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, and Chaim Gross; through Friday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ An exhibition, in the Courtyard, of sculptures depicting the relationship between man and machine, by Saul Baizerman, Alicia Penalba, David Smith, and others; through Oct. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"John Hill, Master of Aquatint," an exhibit of early-nineteenth-century engravings of the American scene; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A Bernard Reder retrospective, made up of sculptures in stone and bronze, drawings, woodcuts, and architectural models; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: The company's première of Puccini's "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"). A benefit for the New York City Opera's Production Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Aida." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8: The première of Douglas Moore's "The Wings of the Dove." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: A new production of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." (City Center. 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3 (all with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3 (all with Seymour Lipkin, piano; Vera Zorina, narrator; Irene Jordan, soprano; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

NETHERLANDS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Szymon Goldberg conducting and acting as violin soloist in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Joan Sutherland, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Calvin Marsh, baritone, and Gaston Dubois, cello. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERT OF NEW AMERICAN MUSIC—Arnold Gamson conducting an orchestra in a program of works by Ned Rorem, Virgil Thomson, and others, with Calvin Marsh, baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

CHARLES BRESSLER—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

KIMIO ETO—Koto player, with assisting artists from the New York Philharmonic. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 5:15.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:40.)

MIRIAM MAKEBA—African singer, plus folk songs by the Chad Mitchell Trio. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Oct. 5: Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Ray Bryant's trio, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12: To be announced. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Cincinnati. The second game, Thursday, Oct. 5, at Yankee Stadium; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in Cincinnati, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 7-9. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to Yankee Stadium for final games on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11-12. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Professional Basketball—Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. College All-Stars. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.)

Boxing—Jorge Fernandez vs. Bruno Visintin, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 7: Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Penn State vs. Army, at University Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 14.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 28. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 7; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 11; the Manhattan Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 7, through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

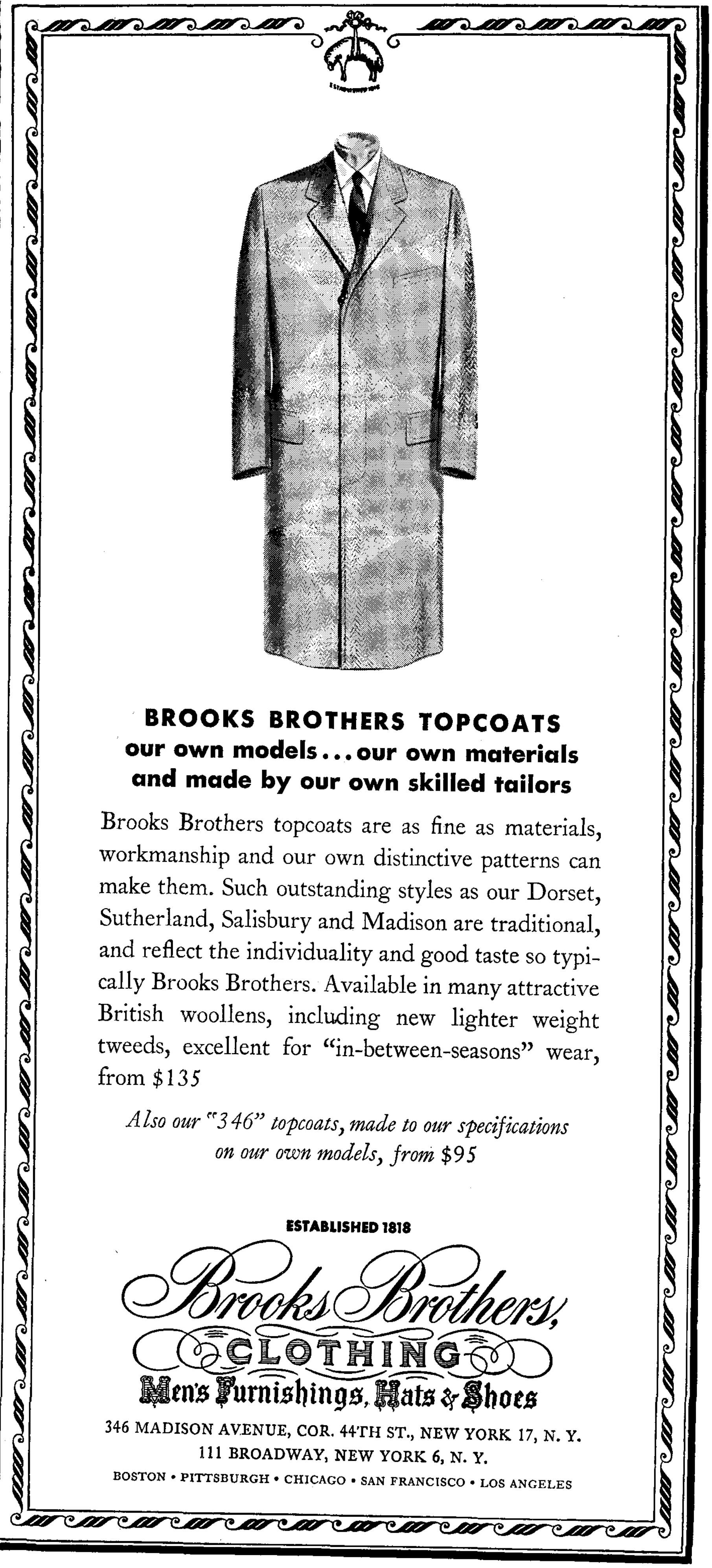
FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 14, at noon.)

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting three programs primarily for children. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30: "Peter and the Wolf" and "Giselle." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787.)

Stage Shows—By the HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Rumpelstiltskin!" (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Peter and the Wolf." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.)

Children's Zoos—Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the Central Park Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thing—can now retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Central Park. Daily 10 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ A miniature menagerie, where lambs, kids, ducklings, chickens, and other tame animals can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Man in Space," explores the problems of putting a man into orbit and returning him safely to earth. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 1:45: Early American furniture, silver, table porcelains and china, American and other paintings, decorative objects, and Oriental rugs; the property of Mrs. Robert E. Dickerman and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 1:45: French and English furniture, porcelains, Chinese and Japanese art, glass and linens, etchings and sporting prints, paintings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Mrs. Walter P. Bliss. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Picasso, Rodin, and Matisse, together with a small group of bronzes by Jacob Epstein, Aristide Maillol, and Emilio Greco; collected by Ross R. De Vean and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 6.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections will be Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 11-13, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

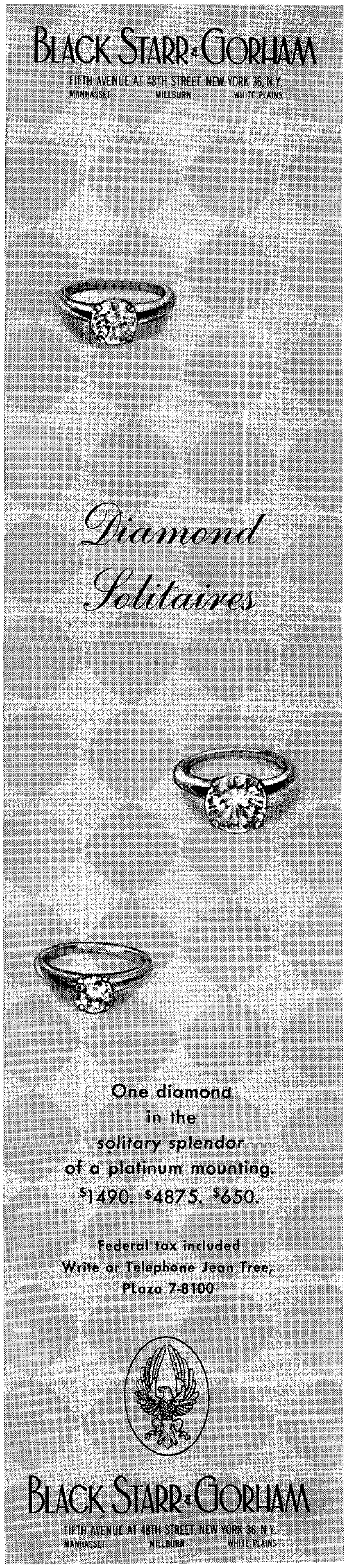
NOTE—Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 83rd Street, starting at 11:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 19, 24, and 26, and Nov. 10 and 14.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Titans vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Oakland Raiders, Nov. 11. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins,



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Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 12.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 15, 18, 22, 25, and 29, and Nov. 8 and 12.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 14 and Oct. 16-21.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 24-29.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 31-Nov. 7.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 21.). . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 28.). . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 4.). . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 10.)

RACING—At Laurel, Md.: Oct. 25-Nov. 11.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 15. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 21.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 23, with Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West," and will run through April 14. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 6. . . . ¶ Sidney Foster, piano, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ A performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor by the Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Samson François, piano, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic, Oct. 27 and 29. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Oct. 30 and Nov. 1, 3, 6, and 10. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Charles Munch conducting, Nov. 15 and 18. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 16 and Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Stell Andersen, piano, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ The Limeliters, folk singers, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Geza Anda, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Shoshana Damari, Israeli folk singer, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Charles Rosen, piano, Nov. 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Daniel Abrams, piano, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and Robert Gerle, violin, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck Bach Series (performed on the harpsichord, clavichord, and piano), Oct. 27 and Nov. 3 and 10. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Nov. 9. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): George London, baritone, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Oct. 28.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Do You Know the Milky Way?," a play by Karl Wittlinger; Hal Holbrook and George Voskovec are the entire cast. . . . ¶ Julie Harris and William Shatner in "A Shot in the Dark," a comedy adapted by Harry Kurnitz from Marcel Achard's French play "L'Idiote.". . . ¶ A comedy by Steven Gethers called "A Cook for Mr. General," with an all-male cast headed by Bill Travers. . . . ¶ A musical, "Kwamina," with a book by Robert Alan Aurthur and music and lyrics by Richard Adler. Sally Ann Howes and Terry Carter have the leading roles. . . . ¶ Yves Montand, the French singer and actor, in a limited solo engagement of songs. . . . ¶ Hugh Wheeler's play "Look, We've Come Through," in which Collin Wilcox will appear. . . . ¶ "Write Me a Murder," a new play by Frederick Knott, with James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies. . . . ¶ Katina Paxinou in a play, "The Garden of Sweets," by Waldemar Hansen. . . . ¶ A Graham Greene comedy, "The Complaisant Lover," imported from London and starring Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, and Richard Johnson. . . . ¶ Alfred Drake in "Kean," a musical with a book by Peter Stone, taken from a comedy by Jean-Paul Sartre, which, in turn, was based on a play by Alexandre Dumas. Robert Wright and George Forrest wrote the lyrics and music. . . . ¶ Paddy Chayefsky's comedy "Gideon," with Fredric March.

POETRY READINGS—Marianne Moore. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. Oct. 15.)

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 16-21. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Show, at Essex House, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Saturday, Nov. 11.

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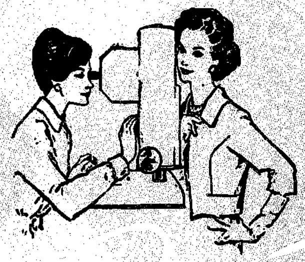

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and occasionally very funny picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella*. Audrey Hepburn is beautiful, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is handsome and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A brightly spinning pinwheel of life among the passionate Marseillais, as seen through the eyes of Josh Logan. Nothing here is to be believed, but nearly all of it is to be enjoyed. Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer ham it up with elderly, boyish high spirits, and Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz play the not very star-crossed lovers. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 11, tentative.)

The Hustler—Though not a success as a whole, this picture provides some of the best scenes you are likely to see all season. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason are utterly convincing as the world's two greatest pool sharks, and George C. Scott is superb as the gangster-gambler who profits from both. Also on hand are Piper Laurie and Myron McCormick. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Joker—Nothing is rarer these days than comedy, especially comedy based on neither sadism nor overwrought nerves. "The Joker" is immensely funny and immensely wholesome, celebrating the thesis that the pursuit of women is a fit occupation for grown men. The setting is Paris, and among the happy inhabitants are Jean-Pierre Cassel, Anouk Aimée, and an elderly scene-stealer named Palau. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a fearful crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A widowed mother and her many sons leave their wretched farm in the south of Italy to find work and an improved social position in the urban north. Luchino Visconti, whose creation this splendid movie is, takes a dark view of the possibilities of life and love, and though you won't be entertained by his long and harsh statement, you will almost certainly wind up feeling glad that you endured it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, who plays the leading role, is a fine embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 11, tentative.)

The Truth—A brilliant study of the young folk of Paris, some beatnik, some not. Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique," has directed the picture in a firm, classical style, and has won from Brigitte Bardot an unexpected and stunning performance as a wanton murderess. Also admirable are Charles Vanel, Paul Meurisse, and Sami Frey. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 11.)

Behind the Great Wall (1959)—A travelogue about modern China, made by the Italian documentary expert Leonardo Bonzi. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Captain's Paradise (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 9.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 5.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 9-10.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 10, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 10, tentative.)

The Key (1958)—Carol Reed directed this Anglo-American film about the Royal Navy's seagoing tugs in action against the Nazis. With William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Sophia Loren. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Oct. 6-10.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 11.)

Little Fugitive (1953)—Richie Andrusco as a little boy who has himself a day at Coney Island despite the thought that he *may* have killed his brother. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 10.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 11.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 5.)

The Pickwick Papers (1954)—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, with James Hayter and Nigel Patrick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 8.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 10.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 6-9.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film, in which a pair of detectives solve the murder of a girl, half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through Oct. 10.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 7: "Male and Female" (1919), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 8: "The Idol Dancer" (1920), with Richard Barthelmess. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 9: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.
From Oct. 10: "Town Without Pity," Kirk Douglas, E. G. Marshall.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 11: "A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Oct. 10: "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.
From Oct. 11: "Blood and Roses," Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BEHIND THE GREAT WALL, revival.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 10: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "This Earth Is Mine," revival, Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
THE HUSTLER.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Oct. 5: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.
Oct. 6-11: Theatre closed.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 9: "God's Little Acre," revival, Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "La Parisienne," revival, Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
From Oct. 10: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 6: **FANNY**; and "The Hypnotic Eye," Jacques Bergerac.
Oct. 7-10: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.
From Oct. 11: "Greyfriars Bobby," Donald Crisp; and "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 10 (tentative): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.
From Oct. 11 (tentative): **FANNY.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Oct. 9: "The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.
From Oct. 10: "Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE MARK.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 7: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.
Oct. 8-10: "Armored Command," Howard Keel, Tina Louise; and "David and Goliath," Orson Welles.
From Oct. 11: "Greyfriars Bobby," Donald Crisp; and "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 9: "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.
From Oct. 10: "Town Without Pity," Kirk Douglas, E. G. Marshall.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE HUSTLER.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 6: **FANNY.**
Oct. 7-10: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.
From Oct. 11: "Greyfriars Bobby," Donald Crisp; and "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Oct. 5: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.
Oct. 6-10: "Armored Command," Howard Keel, Tina Louise; and "David and Goliath," Orson Welles.
From Oct. 11: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen; and "The Secret Partner," Stewart Granger.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 5: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Oct. 6-9: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From Oct. 10: **THE QUIET ONE**, revival; and **LITTLE FUGITIVE**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 8: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand; and "Antarctic Crossing," revival, a documentary film.
Oct. 9-10: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
From Oct. 11: **FANNY.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 10 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Macario" (in Spanish), Ignacio López Tarso, Pina Pellicer.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Oct. 5: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.
Oct. 6-10: "Armored Command," Howard Keel, Tina Louise; and "David and Goliath," Orson Welles.
From Oct. 11: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen; and "The Secret Partner," Stewart Granger.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 11: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Question 7," Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 10: "The Ninth Circle" (in Yugoslav).
From Oct. 11: "Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 10: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.
From Oct. 11: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen; and "The Secret Partner," Stewart Granger.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 11: **M** (in German), revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 10: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.
From Oct. 11: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and another feature, to be announced.

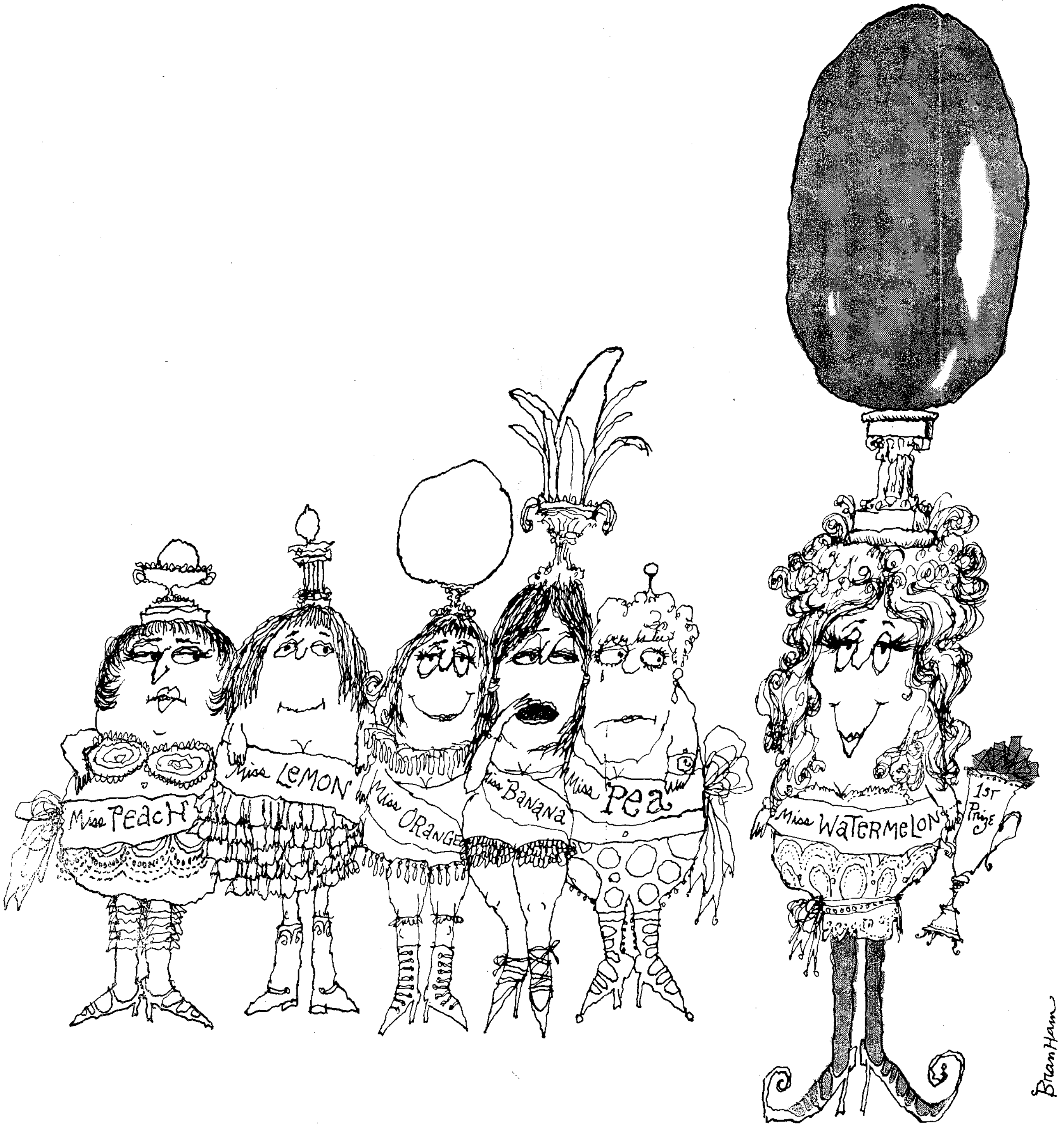
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 5: "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.
Oct. 6: "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival; and "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 7: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring, Maria Schell.
Oct. 8: **THE PICKWICK PAPERS**, revival; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
Oct. 9: **THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**, revival; and "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.
Oct. 10: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and "Strangers in the House" (in French), revival, Raimu.
Oct. 11: "The Cat" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul; and "Sinners of Paris" (in French), revival, Bela Darvi, Charles Vanel.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 10: **FANNY**; and "The Hypnotic Eye," Jacques Bergerac.
From Oct. 11: "Greyfriars Bobby," Donald Crisp; and "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 11: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Oct. 5: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.
Oct. 6-10: **THE KEY**, revival; and "Jeanne Eagels," revival, Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler.
From Oct. 11: "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen; and "The Secret Partner," Stewart Granger.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 6: **FANNY.**
Oct. 7-10: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.
From Oct. 11: "Greyfriars Bobby," Donald Crisp; and "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.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Her problem is dry skin! Yet her complexion looks young and water-lily fresh due to moisture-giving *Revenescence*. It is well known, that to keep your skin looking soft, supple and moist, you must retain or recapture the natural dewiness of a young skin. Revenescence helps replenish this precious moisture. It quenches your skin's thirst quickly; beauty-treats it all day under make-up; silkens and protects against aging dryness. Takes seconds before make-up, a few drops to guard your skin all day long! The smallest size goes a long, long way. As a cream, $3.50 to $45.00. As a liquid, $6.00 to $17.50. Prices plus tax. This superb product . . . and a personal, complimentary analysis of your skin and cosmetic needs by our skilled consultant . . . await you at our beauty bar in favored department and specialty stores.

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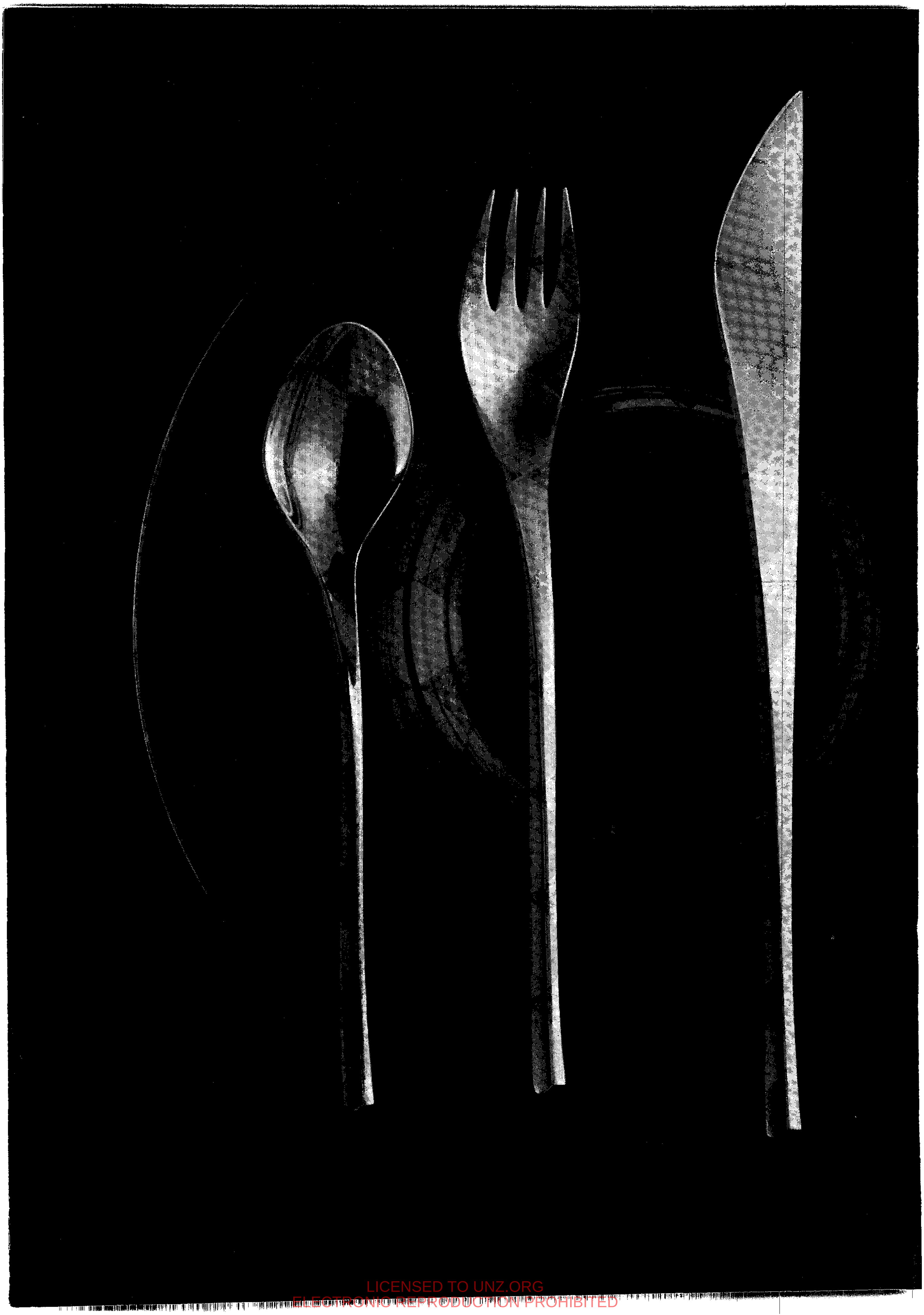

*Can you imagine
what dreams, what hopes are captured here...
can you imagine
with what eloquence the silver speaks
of beauty and of love.
The love of an artist who shaped it proud and pure
into new forms designed for solid silver
in a skyward age.
The love of craftsmen who poured into the mould
a tradition of quality bred deep in them.
The love of the woman who will own it.
Can you imagine...
can it be you?*

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in the first International Design Competition
co-sponsored by the
American Craftsmen's Council
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206 designs from 17 countries the world over:
the Design...Vision
the Laureate...Ronald Hayes Pearson
of the United States.
5-piece place setting $50. Federal tax included*

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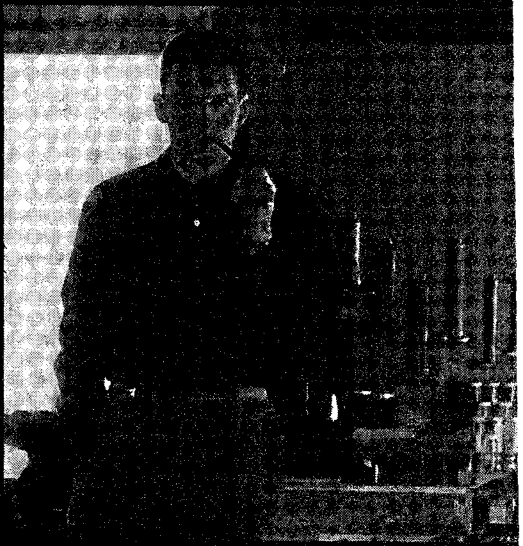

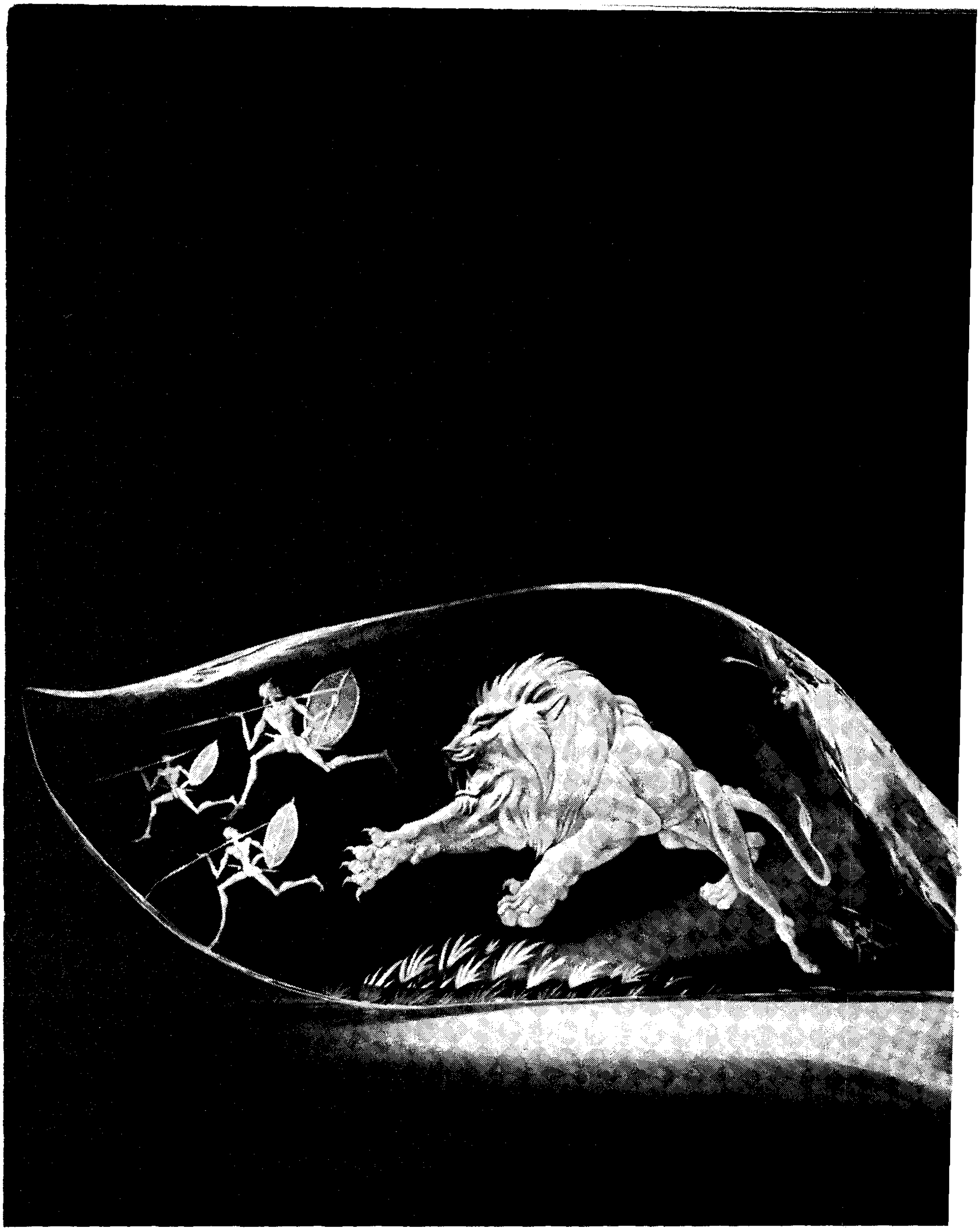

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African hunting scene engraved upon a leaf of crystal. "Ngatuny" is the Massai word for "lion." Glass design by George Thompson; *engraving design by* Bruce Moore. Length 15 inches. $3,000.

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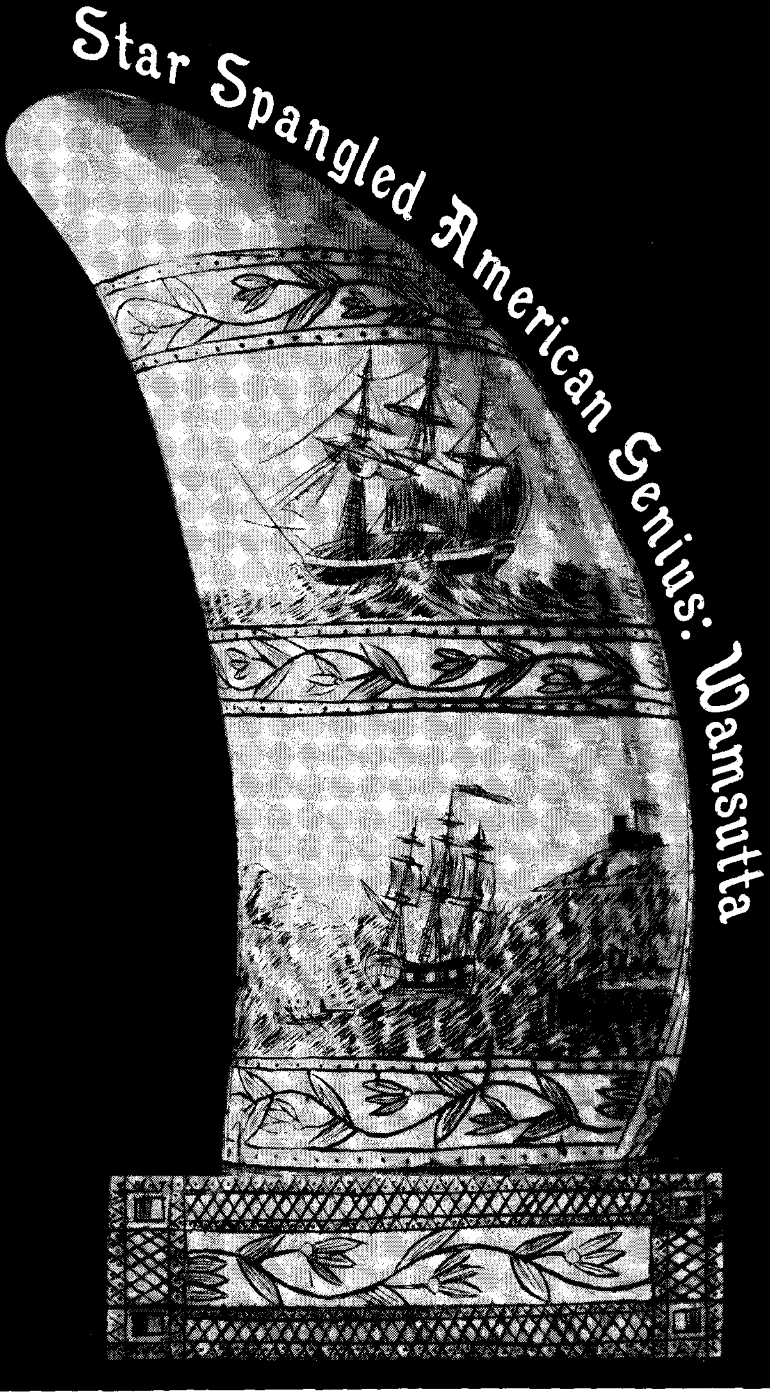
American Fortnight
Oct. 16-28
DALLAS, TEXAS

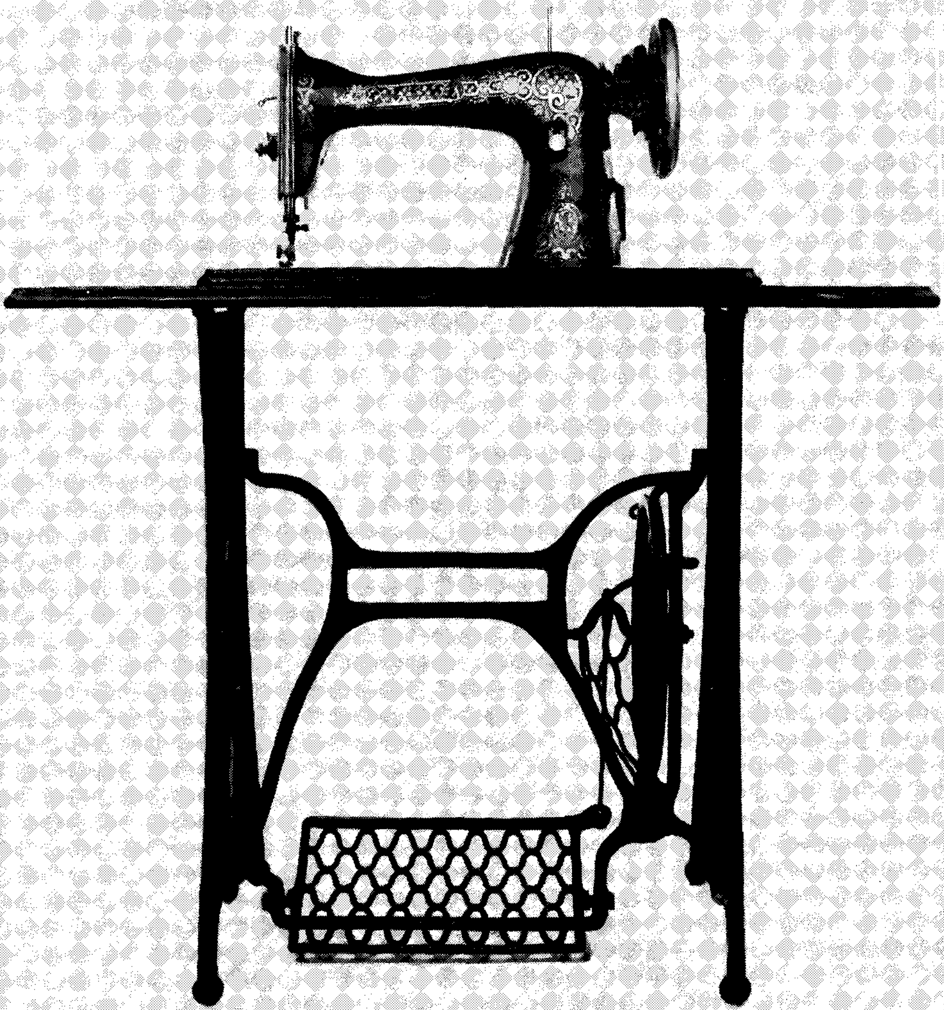
Hats Off to Star Spangled American Genius

We tip our sou'westers to America's whaling forebears whose industry and skill helped carve the way to leadership in global commerce! Sou'westers tip again to Wamsutta of New Bedford, for sails and fine cotton sheetings that circled the world in Yankee Clipper days. The **WAMSUTTA SUPERCALE** sheets and cases of today are an internationally treasured heritage. Lucky people who slumber on Supercale have a lifetime of sweet dreams ahead; for soft, flawlessly smooth Supercale sheets and cases are habit forming. Wamsutta uses only the longest, silkiest, combed cotton fibers for percale sheeting of an unequivocal standard. In honor of the American Fortnight they have created the Jefferson Eagle and Early American Paisley designs, embroidered on Supercale, patterns from the past—for contemporary usage—available only at **NEIMAN-MARCUS.**


Star Spangled American Genius: Wamsutta

SCRIMSHAW COURTESY OF H. HARRISON HUSTER FROM HIS PRIVATE COLLECTION. "WAMSUTTA" AND "SUPERCALE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF WAMSUTTA MILLS.

Skimmers sail for the Sewing Machine . . . revolutionary, American-perfected rapid stitcher, sparking one of the greatest industrial changes since the cotton gin. Skimmers sail for **SUPIMA®**, the world's finest cotton. Revolutionary, American extra-long staple cotton, perfected by painstaking U. S. research in fiber improvement through cross-breeding; cultivated only in our Southwest by quality conscious planters, Supima sets the high style pace in cotton fashions . . . outperforms all others in smoothness, silkiness, and strength. Skimmers sail for the button-down collar shirt, neat points scored by American ingenuity. Neat, too, the man in the Supima cotton shirt, for it keeps its pristine personality in the highest heat and humidity. Supima cotton fabrics for men, women, and children retain that fresh-pressed, clean-lined, clear-cut, well-dressed, appearance for which Americans are famed, on dress parade at **NEIMAN-MARCUS.**



STAR SPANGLED AMERICAN GENIUS

☆SUPIMA☆

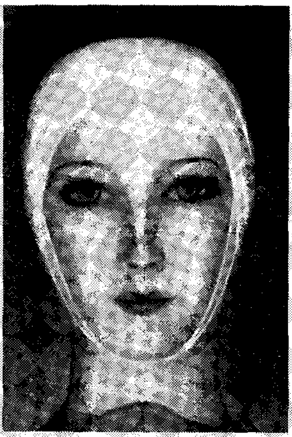
SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED CERTIFICATION MARK FOR PRODUCTS MADE OF SOUTHWESTERN EXTRA-LONG STAPLE COTTON

Toss up your beavers for America's Prairie Schooner, for pathfinders and pioneers, and their months long westward trek. Toss up beavers for American Airlines, their **ASTROJET***—the world's most advanced jetliner—today brings east to west in 5 hours and 20 minutes, dependably, luxuriously, quickly. Superb complimentary meals, spacious lounge seats, courteous trained-in-Texas stewardesses—other reasons for American's popularity with experienced travelers. Aviation pathfinders, American's know-how sets the pace with its great Astrojet fleet, latest contribution to air age supremacy, as fashion leadership is paced by **NEIMAN-MARCUS.**

American Airlines
A
Star Spangled American Genius
PRAIRIE WAGON

*SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC

Bonnets bow to long-stemmed American Beauty, flowering in glass through the iridescent magic of Louis C. Tiffany! Bonnets bow to American Beauty which flowers in life through the enchanting industry of **ELIZABETH ARDEN**, who founded the beauty empire that now extends the length and breadth of the civilized world; an empire built on the premise that good looks need not be the gift of fortune, but rather the reward of regular skin care and body exercise



Elizabeth Arden beauty means a glowing complexion born of scientific protection and nurture—the very methods that have made Elizabeth Arden's name world famous. The range of Elizabeth Arden products is as vast as her global market. All are designed for specific needs, to complement or correct; are uniform only in excellence of quality. For bestowing the bloom of American Beauty on so many women, Elizabeth Arden will be cherished always by **NEIMAN-MARCUS.**

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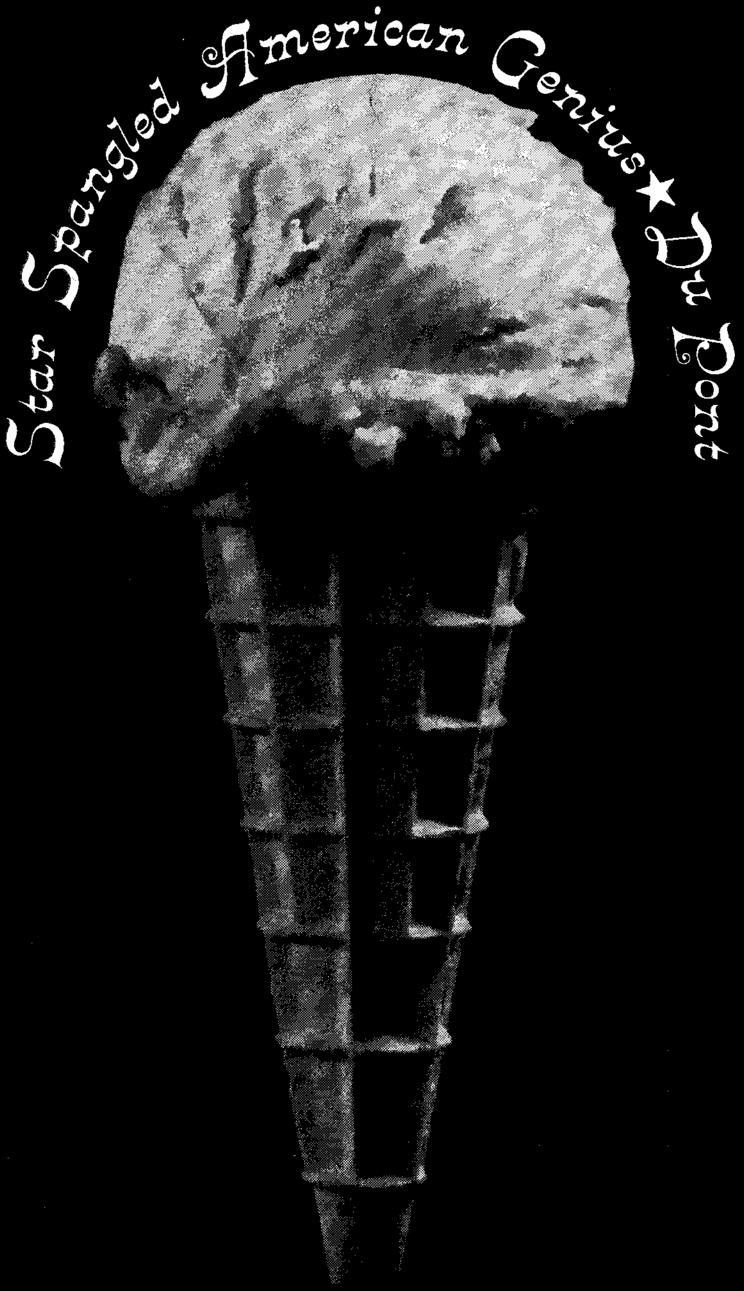
Star Spangled American Genius ★ Du Pont

"ANTRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL MULTIFILAMENT NYLON YARN. "LYCRA" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS SPANDEX FIBER.

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Star Spangled American Genius: Du Pont

"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. "ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. "ORLON SAYELLE" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS BI-COMPONENT ACRYLIC FIBER.

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Star Spangled American Genius: Fouke Fur

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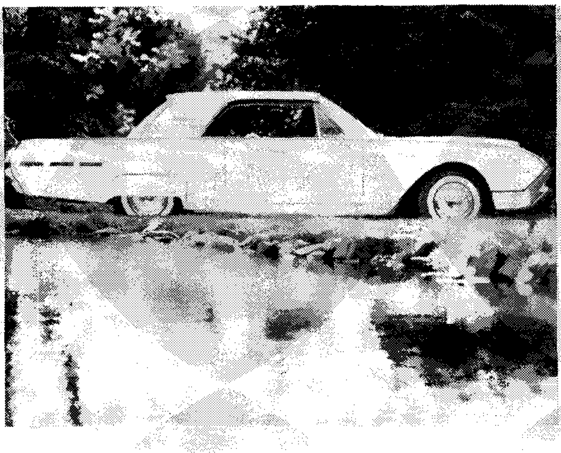

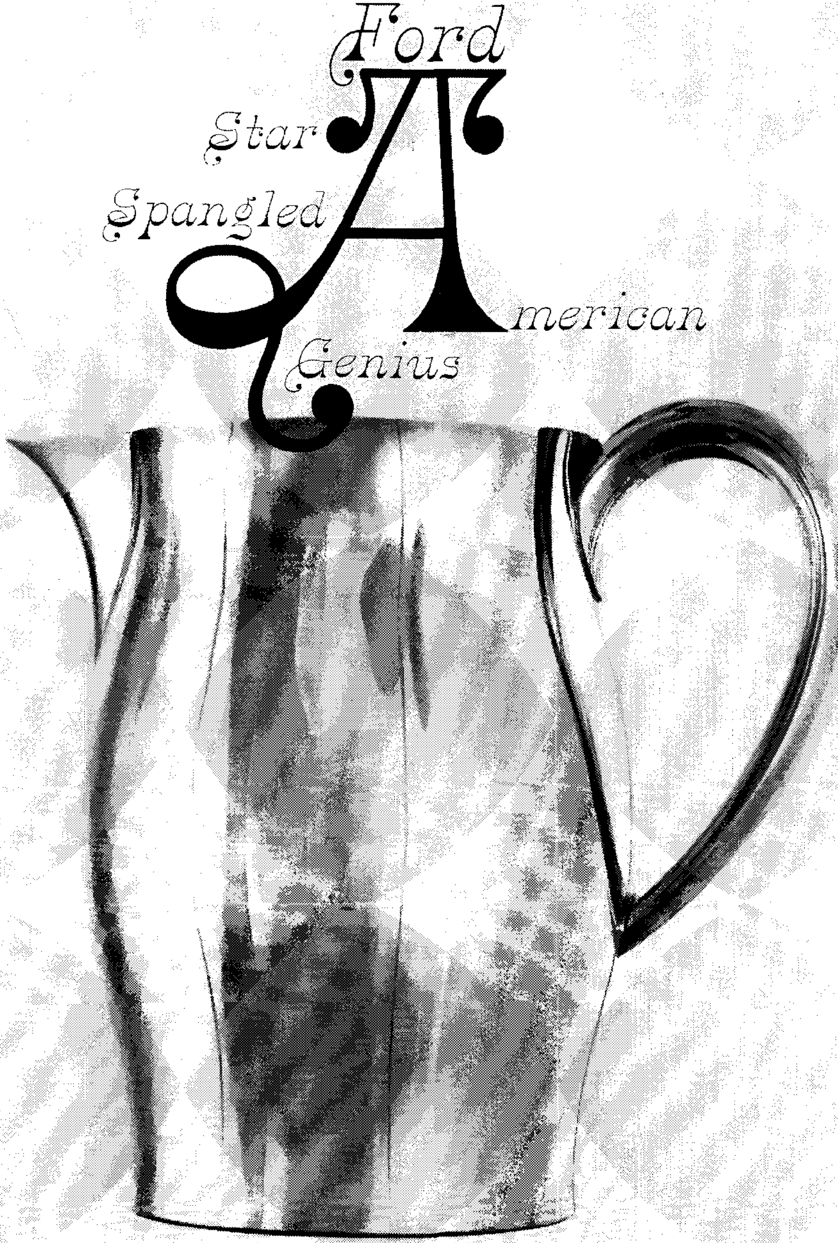

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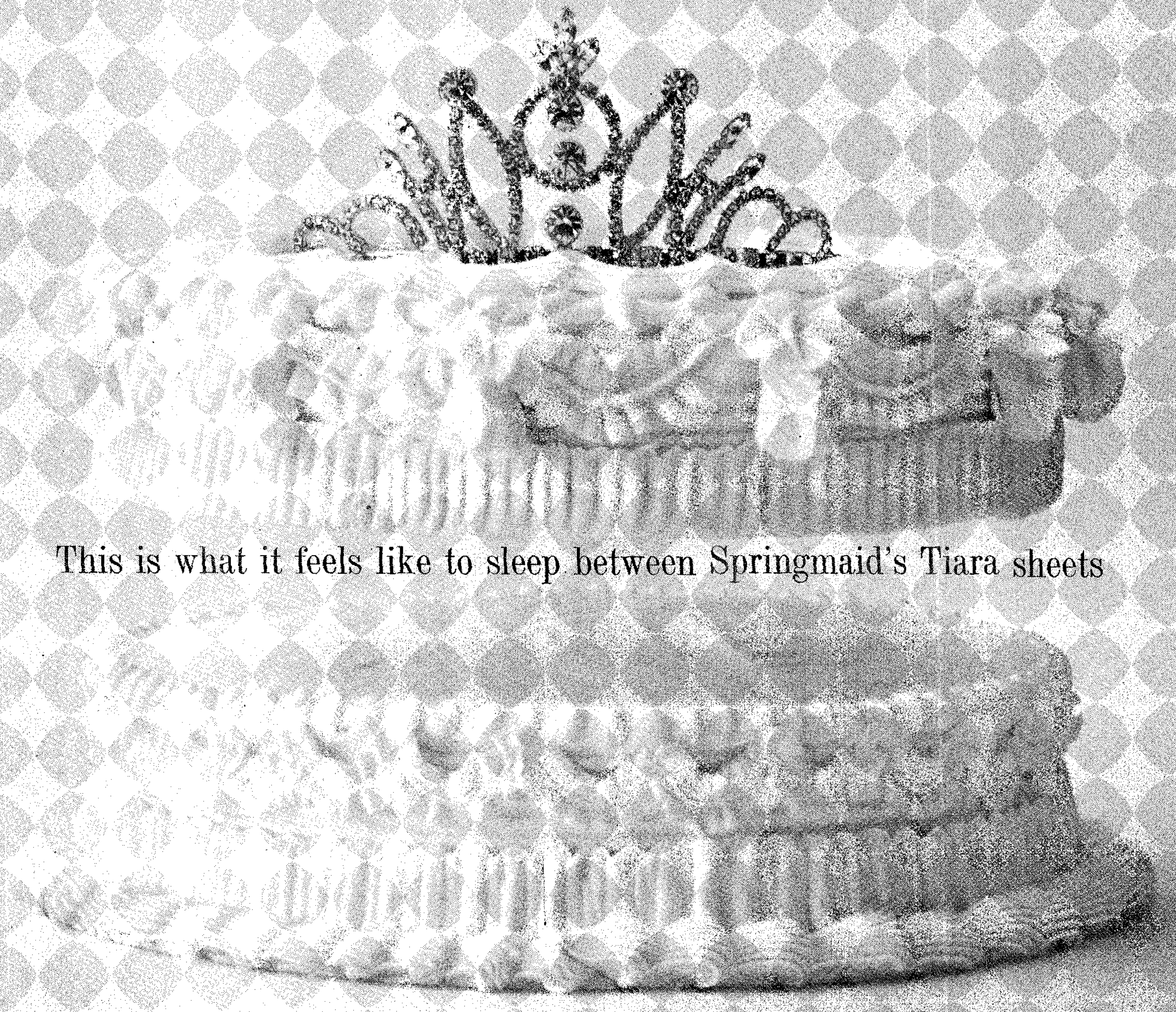
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Imagine the texture of whipped cream, and then imagine sheets of it, made in the famous Springmaid manner. Tiara—first sheets ever made of 100% supima, world's finest cotton. Tiara's softness starts with the seed itself, cultivated to blossom into the longest cotton fibers known. Woven with over 220 threads to every square inch, then treated to an extravagant new finish—and the sensation is unbelievable. Are you a Springmaid? Then enjoy a new depth of sleeping pleasure with Springmaid's Tiara sheets—tonight. White, apricot, spring blue, rosepetal, aqua or buttercup, twin size, $5.95. For store nearest you, write: Springmaid, 200 Church St., New York

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in the fortress beauty conquered . . .

Nassau
and the Bahamas

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The tranquillizing magic of these islands casts its spell upon you the moment you set foot on them. The gracious hospitality at your hotel, villa or guest house proves to you that you are not dreaming. Suddenly, life is buoyant.

There's room to roam. The islands of the Bahamas are scattered across 70,000 square miles of crystal-clear seas . . . and only 50 miles off the Florida coast. In Nassau, the cosmopolitan capital, or in any of the "outer" Resort Islands, the only decisions you'll face will be pleasant ones: To laze on a palm-shaded patio? To cultivate a golden tan on a soft, pink beach? To enjoy the sailing, skin diving, fishing and other sports which abound? Or to listen to the islands' renowned calypso singers?

Search the world over, you'll find few places left where life is as placid as it is in these nearby islands. Come see for yourself.

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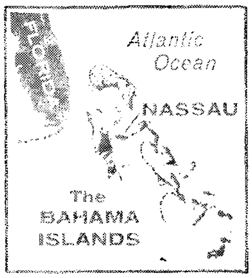
* * *

Other offices located in Miami, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Toronto, Canada and London, England.



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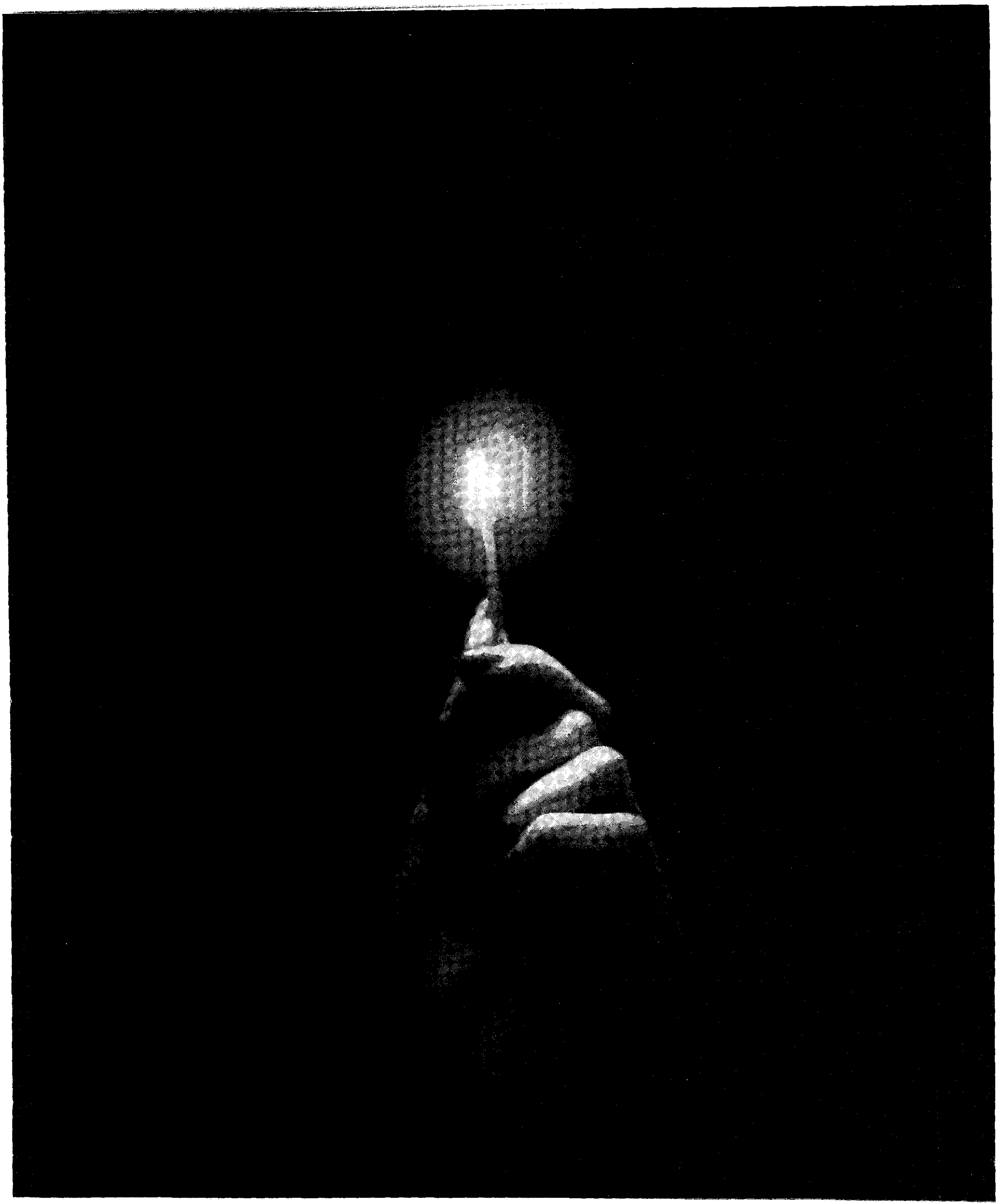
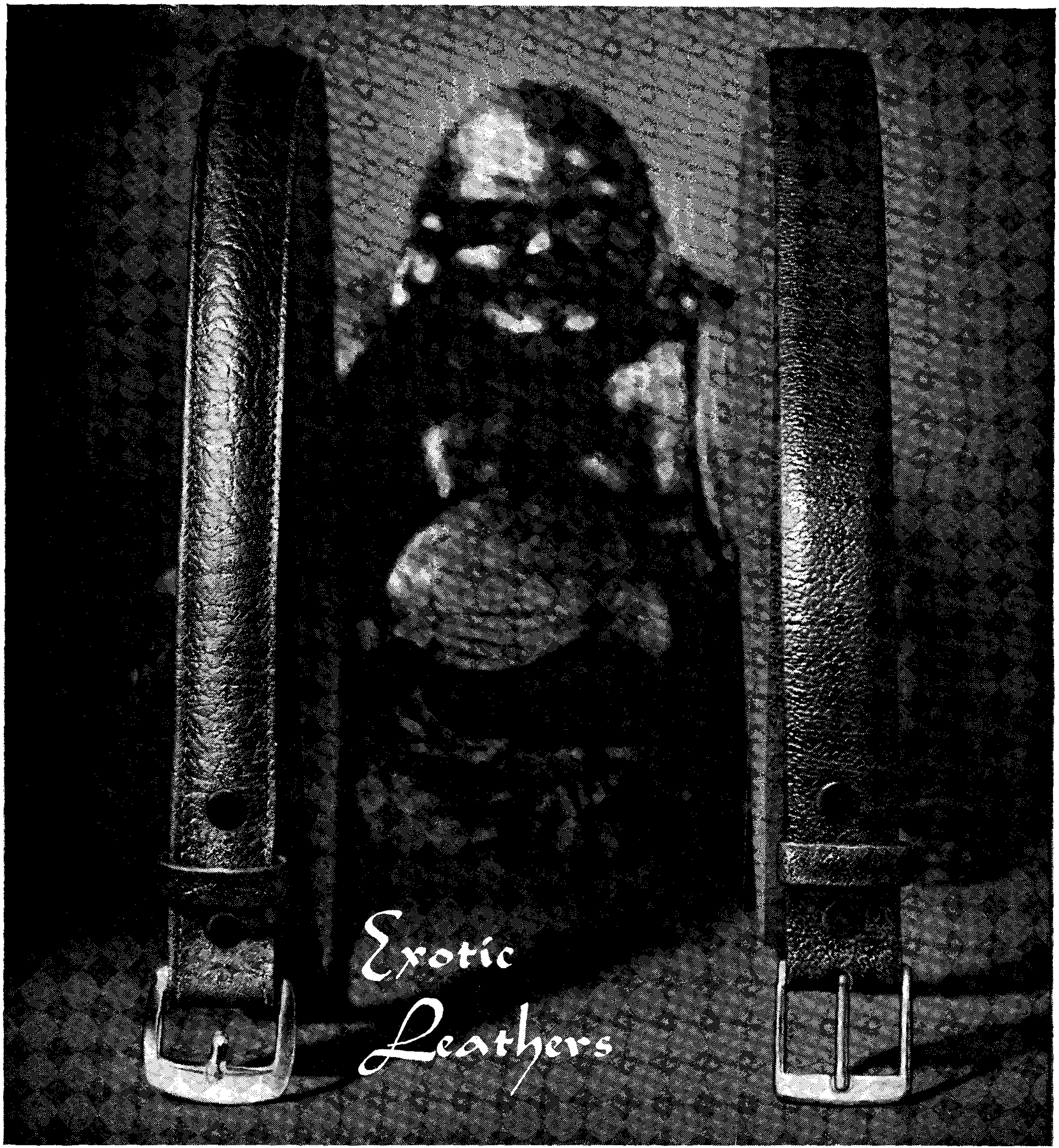


light of her life — dark ranch mink

Because it pays the most glowing compliments to her complexion, because it displays her faultless taste and elegance, because it is the most coveted mink in the fashion capitals of the world — the lady loves and lives in American natural dark mink. ☐ Born and bred to cast its radiance in high places, each Great Lakes natural dark mink is pampered like a potentate on American ranches to opulent maturity. No wonder the precious pelts are deeper, glossier, most magnificent. ☐ No wonder the light of her life is dark, and natural, and ranch, and American. No wonder it's Great Lakes Mink.

GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, PRODUCERS OF AMERICAN NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK



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These lush leathers found by Paris in Marrakech and Poona are rich and supple to your touch

Paris Belts have many imitators, but no equals. Why haven't the copy cats been successful? Because only Paris has a passion for perfection. ✓ Consider the leather. Paris shops the world markets to seek out only perfect hides. It takes a well-bred, hardy animal years to grow a hide worthy of a Paris belt. The Morocco leather you see above right is as exotic and intriguing as the market in Marrakech in which it was found. ✓ Equally distinctive is the second belt, crafted from a rare, almost improbable leather—East India Buffalo, discovered near fabled Poona. If you look carefully, you can still actually see the natural hide markings. With plush foam padding $4. The Morocco belt is $5. ✓ Only at the very nicest stores, of course.

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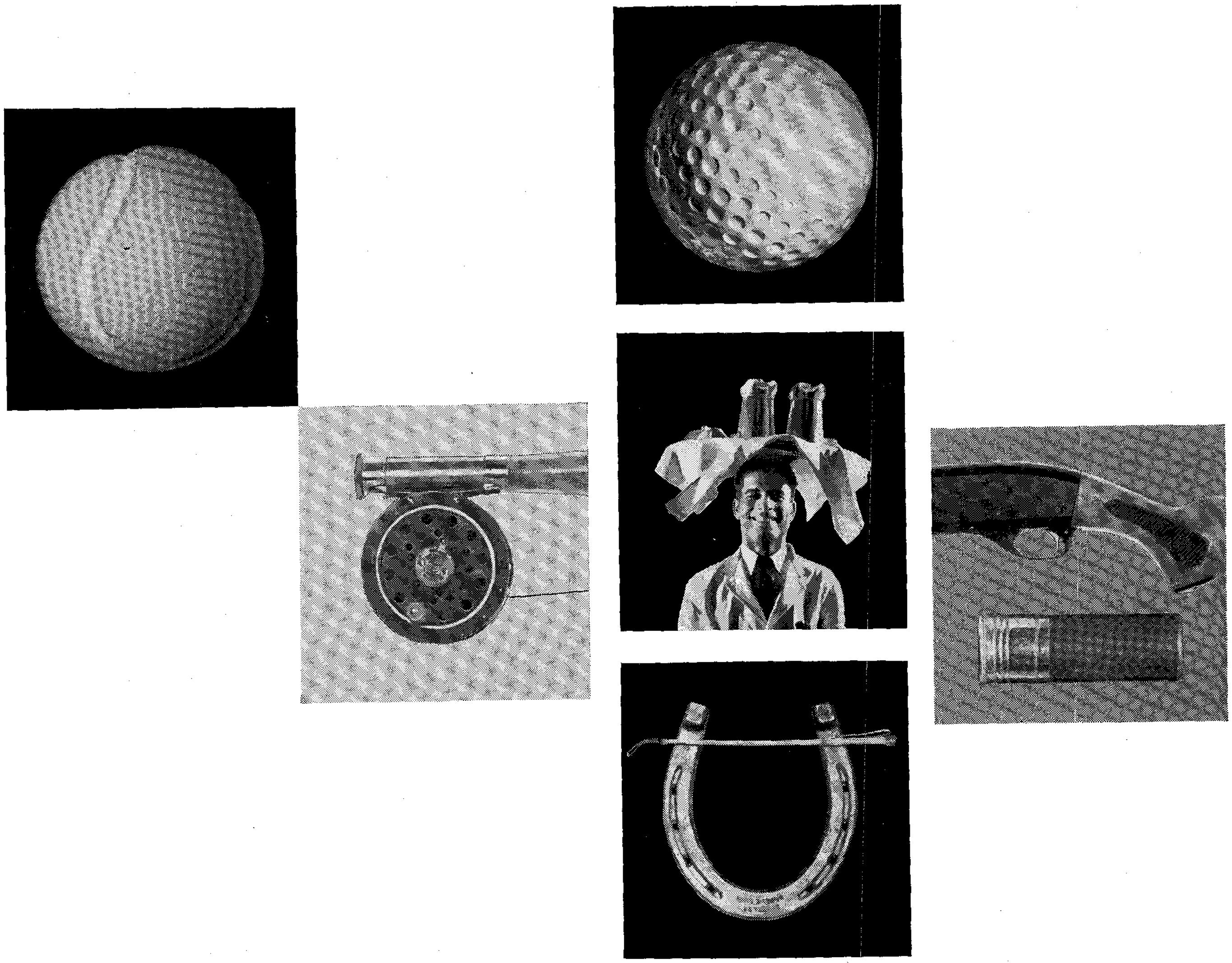
For free style booklet and name of nearest franchised store, write to Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. 37, 12 E. 14th St., New York 3, N.Y. In Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. In Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.



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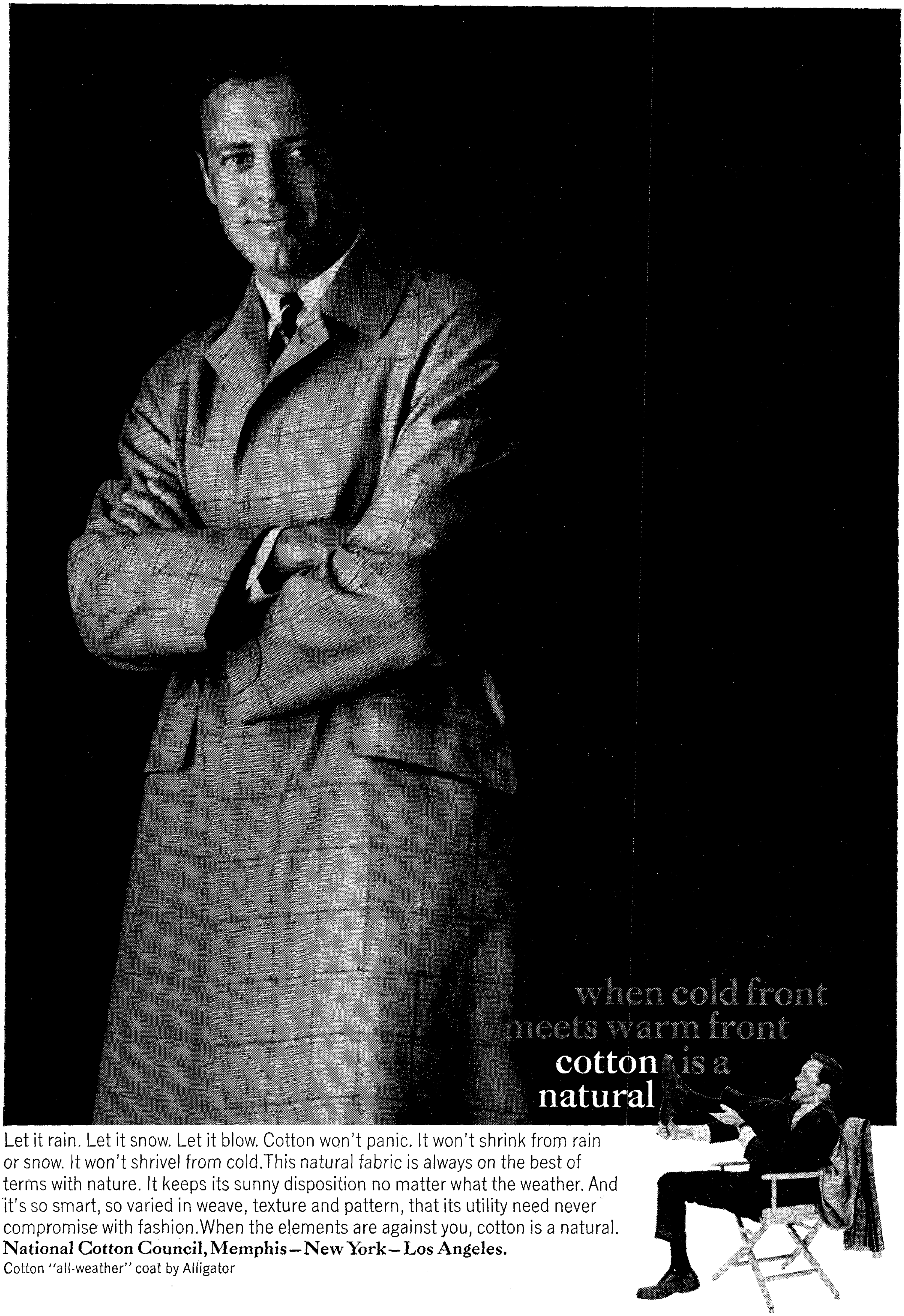

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National Cotton Council, Memphis–New York–Los Angeles.

Cotton "all-weather" coat by Alligator

Harold Lamb is a familiar figure the world over as historian, writer and reconstructor of the ancient and medieval past. His fifteen books include HANNIBAL, CYRUS THE GREAT, GENGHIS KHAN, CHARLEMAGNE and THE CRUSADES.

"El Cid"

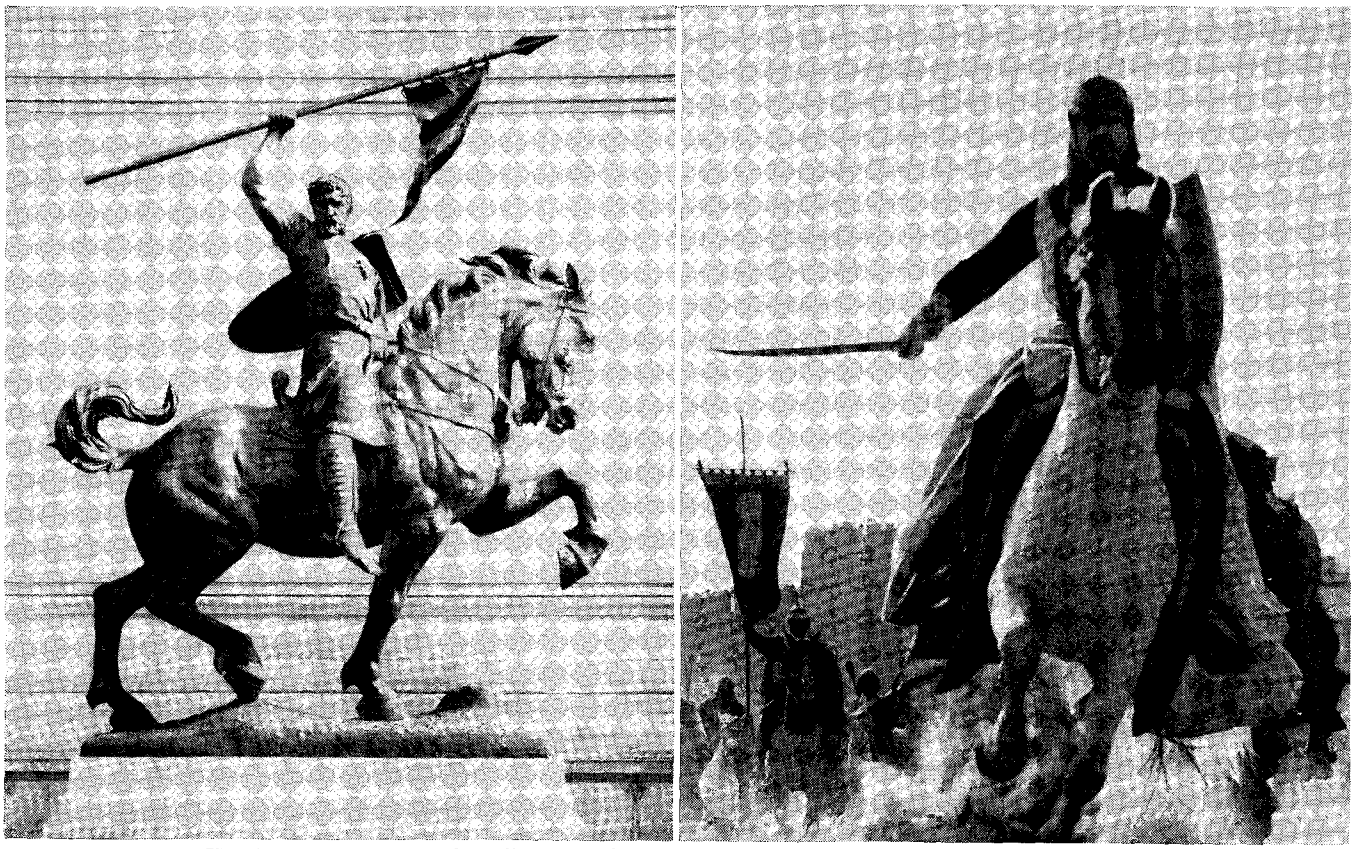
by

HAROLD LAMB

No one, ever, was quite like him.

He came out of the provinces beneath the Pyrenees nine hundred years ago to become the invincible champion of his people—it is said that "no foe prevailed against him". Spain, the nation he helped create, made him its hero. Europe wove his story into a deathless legend. Yet we Americans hardly know who he was, much less what he did. Only in the last few years has history made clear the life of this man, Rodrigo de Bivar.

REPRODUCTION COURTESY OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Heroic statue represents the valiant El Cid—and motion picture captures his glory and gallantry.

The times of El Cid Campeador

His enemies named him *El Cid,* which means *The Lord*—from the Arabic *el seid*—and they added Campeador which means victor of the battlefield. So, in the opinion of his foes, he was at the same time a merciful lord and a ruthless fighter. One of them, a Moor, stated: "This man, the scourge of our time, was by his clear-eyed force, his strength of spirit and heroism, a miracle of the miracles of the Almighty."

It was a merciless age. In the land that would be Spain, successive waves of Moslems had thrown the small Christian kingdoms, Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon, and others, back against the barrier of the Pyrenees. The land itself was drained by petty conflicts wherein Moslems and Christians alike formed kaleidoscopic patterns of alliances and enmities.

Here, the Cid fought his battle, alone. In his youth, he had an odd vision. It seemed to him as if the bloody welter of peoples around him could be brought together in tolerance. And if so, a great nation could be shaped around them. Perhaps ruled by a single Christian king. Unlike Jeanne d'Arc of a later day, Rodrigo knew no name for his nation, nor identity for his king.

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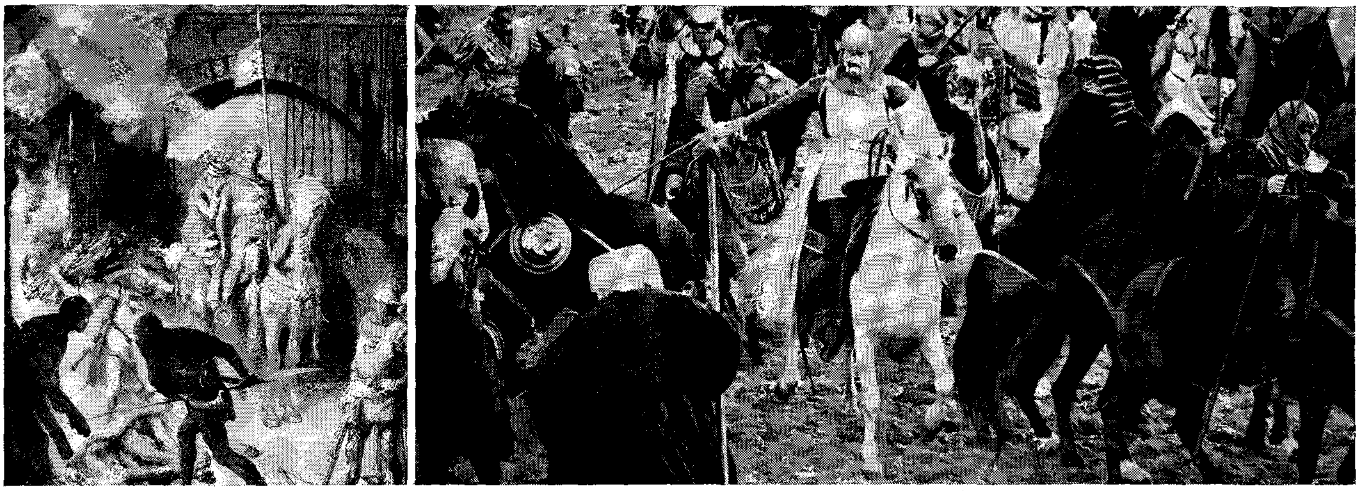

Steel engraving depicts El Cid's entry into citadel and this spectacular scene is now recreated.

Life Story of a World Hero

Like a prophet without honor in his own country, El Cid found himself alone in his convictions. Sparing the lives of some captive Moors, he was branded a traitor. Desperate to remove the stigma from his name, he defeated the champion of a rival kingdom in mortal combat and was hailed "Campeador". Still, as champion in arms, persisting in his fight for mutual tolerance, he faced the enmity of his own peers and the hatred of his beloved Lady Chimene.

The malignant envy of his king, Alfonso of Castile, exiled Rodrigo to wander between castles and battlefields of hostile lands. There Lady Chimene, joining him at last, had to be sent from his outcast army. So misfortune came with each attempt of the Cid to follow out his vision. And, exiled from each other, the love of the Cid and Chimene sustained them with the hope of finding somewhere a place of their own, and each other.

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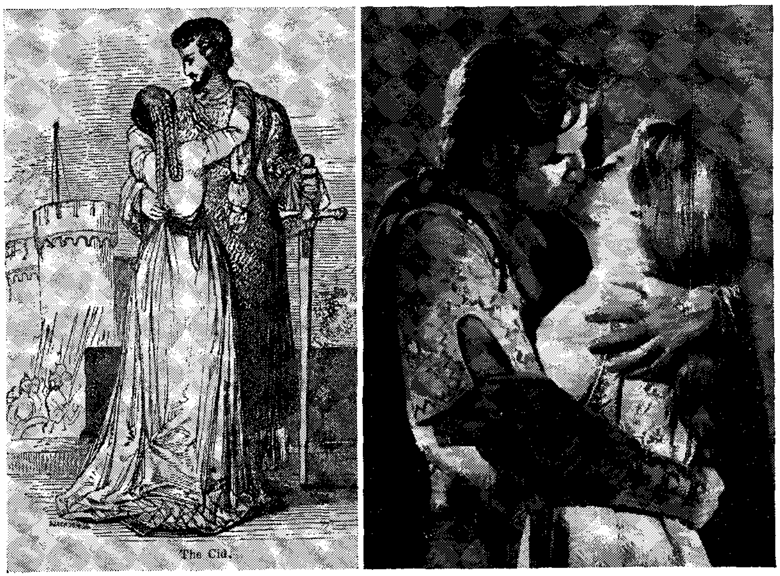


Fabled romance between El Cid and Lady Chimene comes to life!

Their love story has become a legend.

Testimony of a song

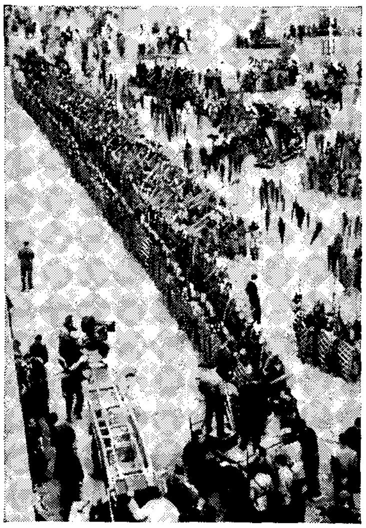
History tells us that the Cid's dream was realized not long after his death, when the great Christian state of Spain began to form around Toledo with Moorish provinces to the south. While the crusades ebbed and flowed in battle upon the coast of Palestine, Spain protected now from invasion, became a junction between the arts of the cultured Arabs and the seeking of a Europe emerging from monasticism to embark upon discovery.

Almost at once, strange voices gave their testimony to the man, now called a hero, who had held his shield before the people of Spain. The *cantares* sang of him that when the ban of the king was laid upon those aiding him a girl of nine years appeared to guide him on his way; when he hungered, a feast was laid in a cottage home. The songs found a name for his horse, surely a white stallion—*Babieca*—and for his swords—*Tizona* and *Colada*. One was surely a Moslem blade and the other Christian! The songs echoed words of his: "Look ye, all, at the bloodied sword, the sweating steed — in this manner are the Moors overcome on the field of battle!"

Out of the songs rose the *Poema del Mio Cid*, the Poem of My Cid. To lords of manors and cottages alike, he had become *My* Cid. Like the *Song of Roland*, it passed national boundaries. Christian Europe knew him as the warrior who would not accept defeat. As happened upon the morning when the knights at his side were stricken by the sight of the invading Almoravides, their foes, and the Cid said to them, "Do not fear! This is a glorious day." And at the coming of death, he said to them with hope, "Let us go among the people who endure forever."

The *Poema* is legend, but it reveals to us the truth, so long obscured by misreading of history, of the vision of the Cid that came to fulfilment only after, and by, his death. The *Poema,* echoing a thousand voices, has made certain that the story of the Cid will endure forever.

Samuel Bronston was the first producer to believe that the stirring human story of the Cid could be filmed. There was no precedent for it, and likewise no understanding on the part of audiences throughout the world of what was being attempted. Bronston, however, had faith that those audiences could be drawn into the world of the Cid, made real. Anthony Mann, director of the great enterprise, was already an eager convert. The story had a way of making converts, perhaps because nothing quite like it had been attempted. Robert Krasker's restless cameras that had revealed the pageantry in *Henry V* and the lovers in *Romeo and Juliet* brought out the lovers and the human conflict in *El Cid* against the backdrop of the armed conflict.



Behind-the-scenes of El Cid.

Star Charlton Heston engages in perilous sword play.

Sophia Loren portrays the lovely Lady Chimene.

To me, after seeing the scenes available in Madrid, the people, Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren and all the others, come alive in their old world setting. Watching them, you are drawn to them and you *feel* for them.

Perhaps because there is nothing familiar in it, this picture gripped me as no other had done.

The country was the stage

Castles in Spain, knights with banners—all become real in the scenes of *El Cid,* leading to the unthinkable climax.

Spain itself contributed to this last appearance of its hero. The bright sun of Spain still sheds a medieval after-glow. Castle backgrounds of *El Cid* are actual survivors of his time, although one cathedral had to be rebuilt. Villagers, still in medieval homes, it seems, found it quite simple to look and behave like their far-off ancestors. So a cavalry charge in *El Cid* looks lifelike, because some seventeen hundred members of the Spanish army did the riding. The black invasion fleet from Africa sails in to the Valencia shore with purpose because it is made up from a fishing fleet of that shore. The skill of the art directors, John Moore and Veniero Colasanti, brought out every vista.

Ranging as they did from coast to coast in the shooting, the makers of *El Cid* have searched out all vestiges of his wanderings. Sight of a roadside shrine, sound of a vespers bell. Swords of the knights were forged in a Toledo foundry; banners and pennants were embroidered in the old patterns by skilled hands of countrywomen. This reality of objects adds to the sense that the whole is real, and that you have been drawn into another age where anything may happen.

The other age

In the eleventh century, a belted knight was no mere fighting machine; he acted also as judge, and protector, or despoiler, of others, as his inclination might be. A country had no vast bureaucracy to govern it; one man, the king, did what he could, with any vassals he could get to help. The Spanish Campeador accepted responsibility for all who joined him—"to be given their bread"—and the burden of defending wounded Spain against the invasion from Africa, while he tried to guide the king who persecuted him.

The Cid took no thought for personal revenge. His victories with the two-handed sword meant nothing unless they brought his vision nearer.

"But if I act with pride—"

So many others looked to the Cid for help that he was forced to act as their ruler, without title. In the deepening crises, his decisions became, as it were, command decisions. People cried out their need of a champion, a just judge, and leader. At Valencia, the Cid was offered the crown of the kingdom. He refused it.

He was a man who followed his conviction without compromise. He endured defeat, but would not accept defeat. He endured the scorn of the nobility of Castile, exile, persecution, and in the end death. He endured in this manner because he had a blind faith that God would strengthen his hand if he did the right thing.

The Cid was thought to be outcast because he spoke the Arab speech and held to Islamic law as well as Christian. But no man was more devout in his Christian faith. When he rode into the hazard of life in the great tournament, he believed that God and not his sword would decide the matter for him.

Archers of El Cid inspire a dramatic tapestry.

So when he had won the key city of Valencia by guile more than force, he explained: "If I act lawfully, God will leave me Valencia; but if I act with pride and injustice, I know He will take the city away from me."

We live today in an age that avoids personal responsibility. What happens to us we blame on others. In the popular skepticism, our theatre and literature seek reality in the cult of the defeated. Unconsciously, in our malaise of mind, we may be drifting back to the archaic Greek concept that man is powerless before Fate – or superior force.

Nine hundred years ago the Cid dedicated himself to responsibility for all others around him, for his country, and king.

This is no drama of a bygone age. It challenges our own time in its dedication of a man to a selfless task. Through the magic of the screen, in light and sound, the vision of the Cid touches us today.

Thousand-year-old costumes and armor are reproduced with authenticity.

CHARLTON HESTON and SOPHIA LOREN in SAMUEL BRONSTON'S **"EL CID"**
also starring RAF VALLONE • GENEVIEVE PAGE
co-starring JOHN FRASER • GARY RAYMOND • HURD HATFIELD • MASSIMO SERATO and HERBERT LOM
music by MIKLOS ROZSA • written by FREDRIC M. FRANK and PHILIP YORDAN • directed by ANTHONY MANN
70mm SUPER TECHNIRAMA • TECHNICOLOR® • a SAMUEL BRONSTON PRODUCTION • in association with DEAR FILMS PRODUCTIONS
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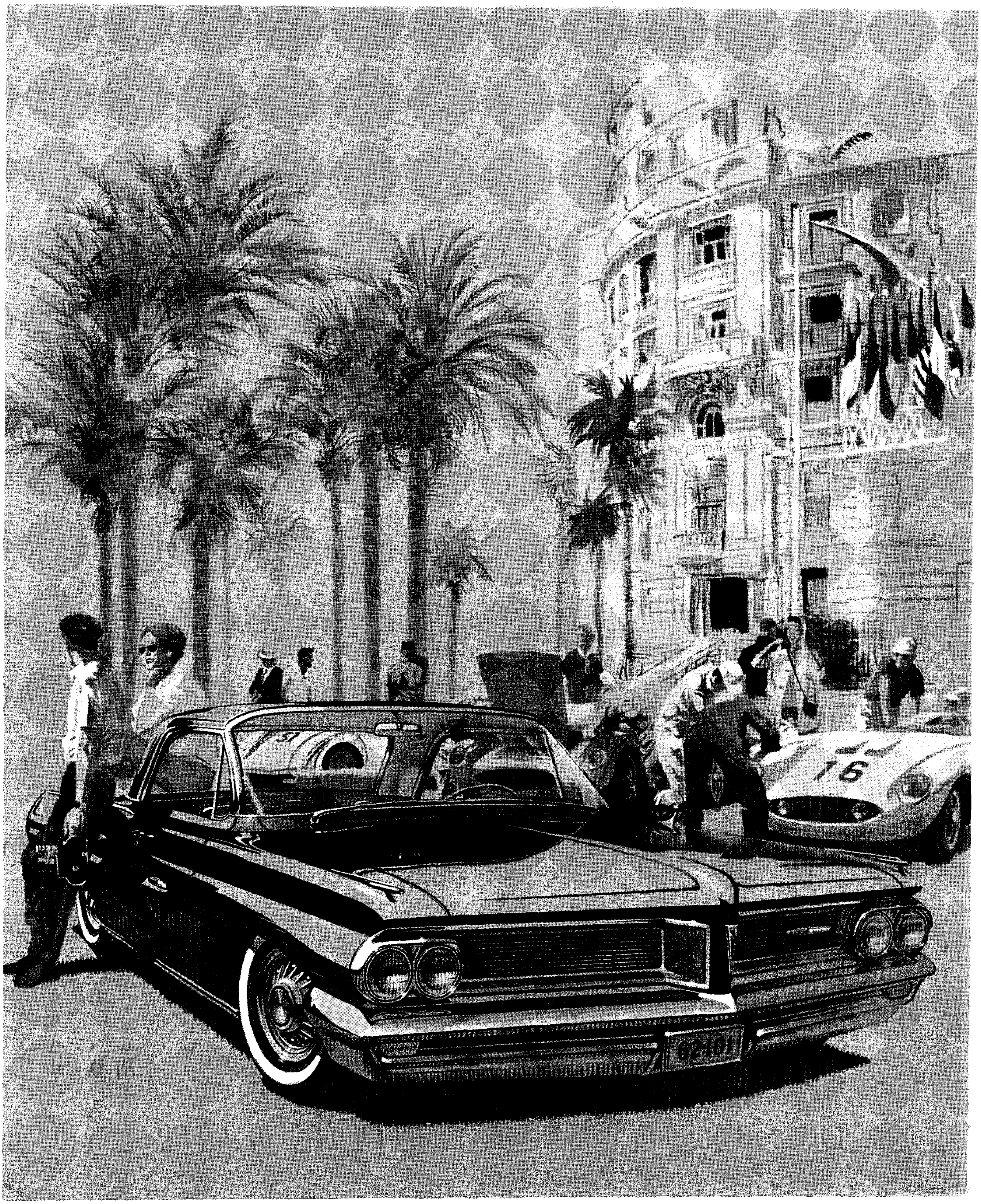
. . . rare, and not often seen in this country! Their magnificent heather colorings make distinctive Gentlemen's Sport Jackets. The style pictured is Gordon-Ford's new Harrier model with hacking pockets. Points of difference: overlapping side and center seams, deep side vents, subtle jacket-flare, fabric lighter in weight than most imported tweeds. Like all Gordon-Ford clothes the cut is unobtrusive, it focuses attention on the wearer rather than the maker. Warning: you may want a jacket in each color at the (about) $50 price. Sold at fine stores right in your own backyard. For example: Lord & Taylor, New York and suburban stores; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Robert Kirk Ltd., San Francisco.

Price slightly higher in west.

GORDON-FORD

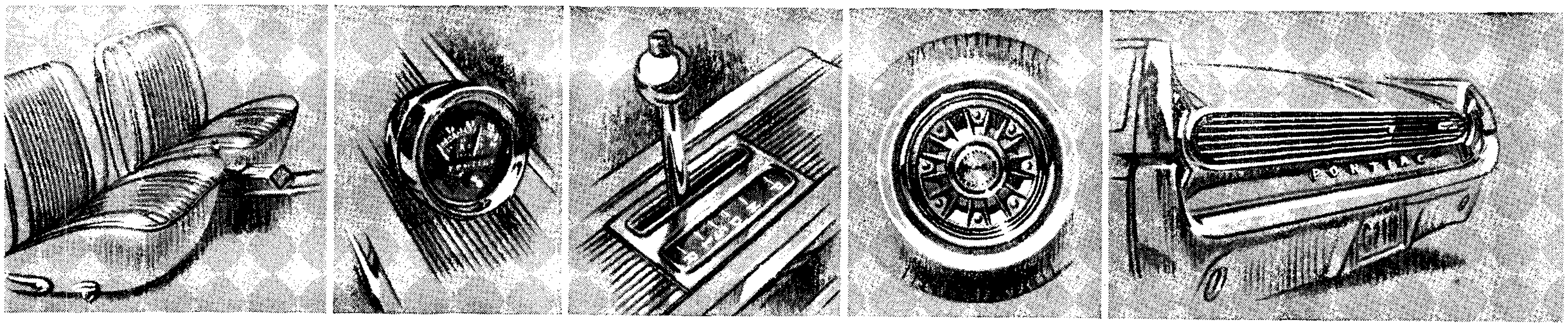
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

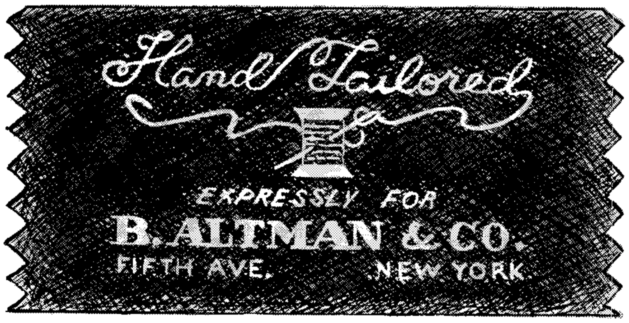


THE PONTIAC GRAND PRIX • PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GP

GRAND PRIX is the name for this new kind of Pontiac. It is a highly personal and specially designed car, added to the famous Wide-Track family. Measures just 4½ feet from road to roofline. Has grille and rear deck styling all its own. It's quick and nimble but much more civilized and comfortable than a sports car, with 303 h.p. V-8, 4-barrel carburetor, dual exhausts, center console, tachometer and performance axle. Aluminum wheels, 4-speed stick, Hydra-Matic are extra-cost options. Snug yourself down in one of its deep-cradling bucket seats, serenely surrounded by one of five solid-color interiors. Here's a car that's luxurious without being a stuffed shirt about it! Push the "go" pedal. Man, this is driving! This is Grand Prix. Who else but Pontiac could have built it? Who else but you could enjoy it so much? The Pontiac Grand Prix is at your Pontiac dealer's now.





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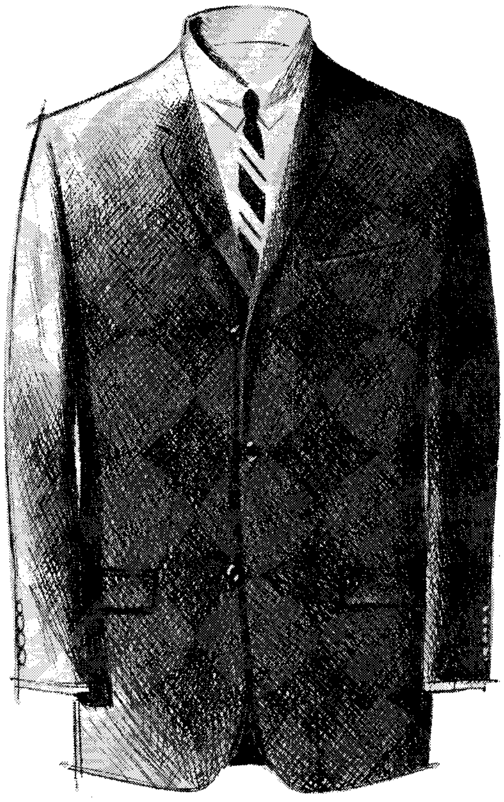
This important new label marks a distinguished collection . . . tailored by hand in the great tradition. Superb materials, expert design and construction . . . needlework of an excellence that is harder to find with each passing year. All this and more . . . much more! It will pay you to pay us a visit.



Two classic models: plain or pleated trousers, complete size ranges. Worsteds, sharkskins, herringbones, flannels, 150.00. Fine Italian lamb's wool, 160.00.

B Altman & Co

**ALTMAN SHOPS FOR MEN, SIXTH FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE,
AND AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET AND SHORT HILLS**

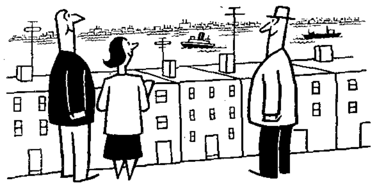
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE paid another call, a few days ago, on the remarkable new acquaintance of ours who has chosen to run for Mayor of New York, anonymously, as a write-in candidate. When we arrived at the abandoned store in the West Forties that is serving as his campaign headquarters, we found a policy meeting under way. Or, to be scrupulously accurate, we found the anonymous candidate addressing a monologue to a small but fervent group of supporters. Without interrupting his discourse, he graciously waved us to a chair.

"It cannot have escaped your attention, gentlemen," he was saying, "that buildings in this city appear to be erected one day and demolished the next. I cannot guess at the economic explanation of this activity, unless it is that the contractors have found it profitable to put up all these structures merely in order to knock them down for what the rubble will bring. Whatever the explanation, the fact of incessant construction offers a splendid opportunity to the urban statesman who wishes to create the framework of an ideal city, for the effect of an ordinance passed today will be visible tomorrow. Now, I have given much thought to this matter, and have devised a plan that is based upon two fundamental judgments of life in this city. My first judgment constitutes a contradiction of the opinion generally held by city planners. I feel that a certain amount of verticality and visual uproar, as it were, are essential to the spirit of New York. Therefore, the skyscraper must remain. My second judgment is that, Manhattan being an island, we residents ought to be given every possible glimpse of our girdling rivers and their lively nautical traffic. These two judgments combine to yield a simple and attractive plan. Here it is. Every building that fronts on Fifth Avenue shall be, above a given minimum, as high as the builder pleases, but the buildings along Madison Avenue, to the east, and Sixth Avenue, to the west, shall be restricted to a lesser height. (Pay attention, please. I may ask questions.) This maximum height will become progressively less, avenue by avenue, as one approaches the river. At York Avenue, for instance, the maximum height, according to my figures, will be about three feet. In this fashion, the upper floors of every single building in Manhattan will afford an unobstructed view of the nearest river, and a great multitude of occupants will refresh their spirits by observing the life of this fascinating port. At every glimpse, they will know themselves to be not mere dwellers in blind canyons but full citizens of a most remarkable island.

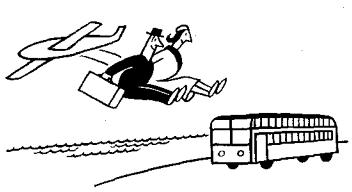


"From these large concerns, let us now descend to details. I mean to make it my particular business, once I am elected Mayor, to seek out the fellow who is responsible for the part of the building code that governs the thickness of walls and ceilings in residential dwellings. To judge by his handiwork, he himself is living in some untypically silent portion of the city—at The Cloisters, perhaps. In order that his rulings may be more adequate to the realities of urban life, I shall make over to him the lease of my present apartment when I move into Gracie Mansion. This apartment is, I think, fairly representative of New York, in that the neighbor to my right is an aspiring baritone, while to my left dwells a lonely and rather deaf insomniac whose principal recreation is television. The couple downstairs are given to uninhibited marital debates, and as for the young bachelor upstairs, the chief business of *his* life appears to be the trundling of loaded wheelbarrows about his uncarpeted apartment. When our building expert has worked out the regulations necessary to insure his comfort in such circumstances, we may take it that the majority of his fellow-citizens will also enjoy some relative measure of quiet.

"My last zoning proposal relates not to buildings but to their occupants. In those sections of Manhattan that are given over largely to stores and offices, I will offer every employer a small reduction in taxes for each pretty girl he hires. For surely you will agree, gentlemen, that lovely women are to the streets of a great city what wild flowers are to a country lane, and that their protection, encouragement, and increase ought to be the perpetual concern of any enlightened city government."

Visit the U. S. A.

LAST week, we received a telegram enjoining us to come next day to Goldie's New York, a *boîte* on East Fifty-third Street, for a party given by Pan American World Airways, the Greyhound Corporation, and the Gray Line Sightseeing Association to launch an assorted group of Americans on a trip to Europe by plane, and through Europe by giant double-deck bus, for the purpose of persuading Europeans to travel to the United States by plane, and through *it* by bus, at reasonable prices—a plan whose symmetry impressed us. We were greeted at the door by Dave Parsons and Dick Barkle, who represented the overseas spirit of Pan American, and who urged everyone to step up to the bar before asking any questions. In the course of our struggle toward the bar, we met P. T. Rennell, head of the Pan American overseas sales department, who is a great-great grandson of



P. T. Barnum, and the originator of the Visit the U.S.A. the Pan Am-Greyhound Way idea. We remarked on the ingenuity of inviting large numbers of people to Goldie's to create the illusion, for those of us who wouldn't be going along, of a Greyhound bus packed to the rafters with tourist-attractors, and Mr. Rennell smiled politely.

When we got to the bar, we were handed a drink and introduced to Arlene Nesbitt, ex-nurse, ex-Miss New York State, ex-model, recently full-fledged Pan American stewardess, and currently Miss Visit U.S.A. Before we had a chance to find out what her duties would be in her latest role, one of the hosts suggested that she put on her satin label ("Miss Visit U.S.A.") and stand appealingly in the doorway. Among the crowd at the bar were A.B.C., C.B.S., N.B.C., U.P.I., *Mademoiselle*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and the *Diners' Club Magazine*. There was also a man from the London *Evening News*, who was anxious to discuss his particular interest in the promotion of United States tourism. "Some time ago, a colleague of mine and I travelled all over the United States and wrote a book about it—a sort of guidebook," he said. "But the publisher in England told us that no one wanted to visit the United States, and that if we were to write the book from *that* point of view, he would publish it. We never did, though."

"The bus is in London this very minute, waiting for us to arrive," a nearby stewardess said. "We're flying tonight, and we'll be in London for the next three days."

"Will they be going to Russia or Berlin?" someone in back of us asked someone else.

"No," the stewardess replied, "but we'll be going just about everywhere else—Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Zurich, Milan . . . Would anyone like a sandwich? Some champagne?"

"It'll be like a medicine show," Mr. Barkle said, popping up beside us. "While the Pan Am and Greyhound representatives discuss business with local travel officials, the bus will be parked somewhere and the rest of our group will be trying to interest the people. There'll be Miss Visit U.S.A., of course, and two United States National Park Rangers (see them over there in the hats?) to talk about the National Parks; two girls who are U.S. Immigration receptionists, and multilingual; a customs inspector, who speaks Italian and French; and the Honorary Mayor of Paris, Texas, who's a cowboy rancher. Oh, yes, and a four-man jazz combo—the ones who are playing now. The drummer is only fourteen, and his mother, father, and whole family are here today. The family is not going on the trip, though."

One of the Immigration receptionists was describing the economics and aesthetics of bus travel to the man from London. "It's probably the best way to see the country," she said. "One Greyhound tour is ninety-nine dollars for ninety-nine days."

"Have you ever travelled around this country by bus?" he asked her.

"Yes. Once I rode all the way to New Orleans."

"Was it comfortable? How did you feel at the end?"

"Well, I was pretty exhausted."

Someone tapped us on the shoulder. "I'm the Honorary Mayor of Paris, Texas," he said. "I'm gonna enjoy goin' along on this trip. Have some chicken. You ever been to Texas?"

"Look over there at that table," someone else whispered to us. "Faye Emerson, Wendy Barrie, Virginia Graham, and Dagmar!"

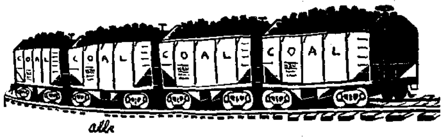
We looked over, and there, to be sure, were Faye Emerson, Wendy Barrie, Virginia Graham, and Dagmar.

•

ACADEMIC INTELLIGENCE: One of the theses for a Master's degree in education accepted by the University of Michigan during 1960 was entitled "Study of the Effects of the Use of a Golf Tee on the Learning of Iron Shots by Beginning Golf Students."

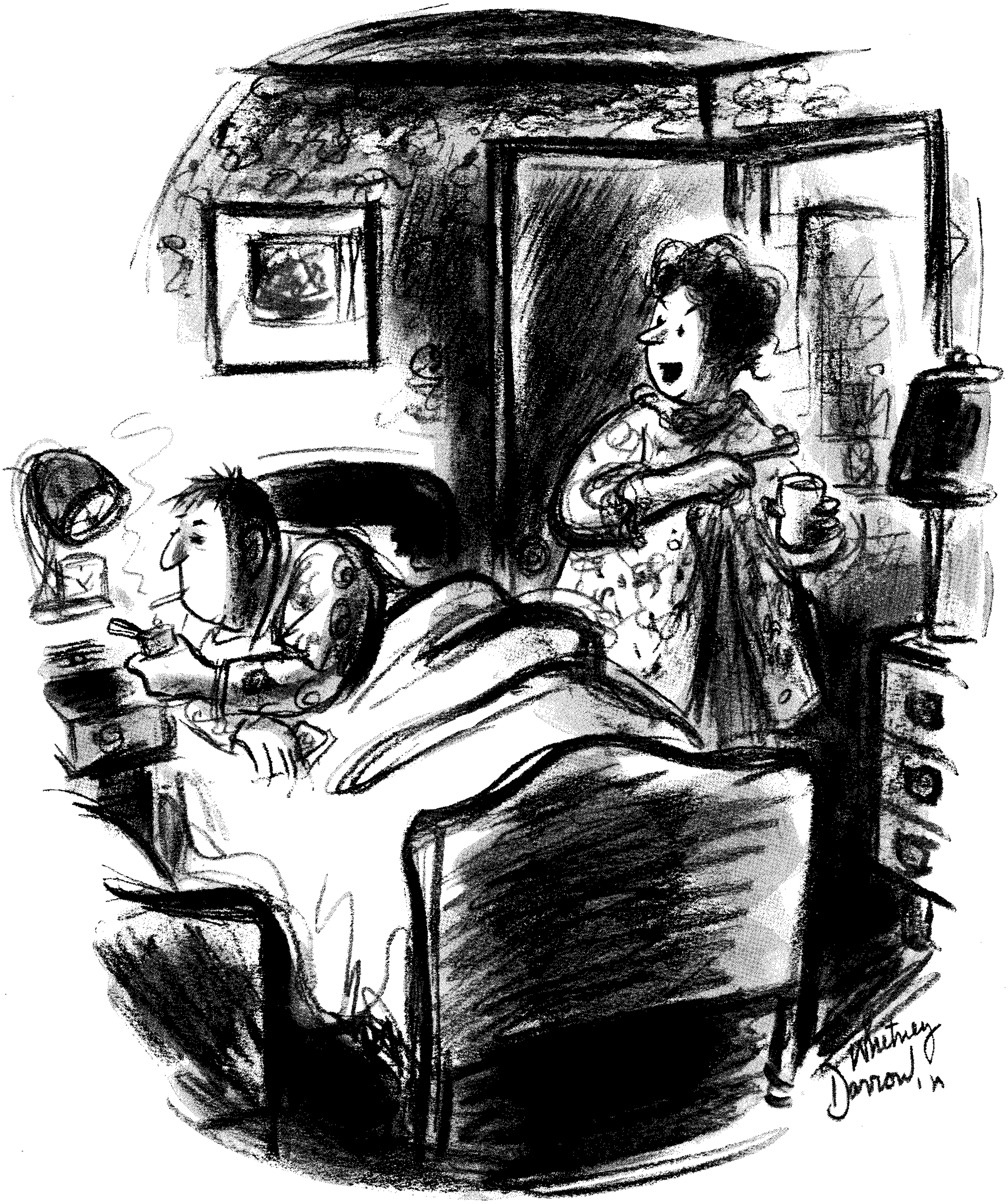
Duncan's Picasso

PICASSO will be eighty on October 25th, and we've been talking with David Douglas Duncan, the photographer, who on that happy anniversary will be bringing out "Picasso's Picassos," a singular work of art. The book, which is a whopping six-and-a-half-pounder and will sell for thirty dollars, is an annotated presentation of never-before-exhibited paintings by the great man. Mr. Duncan, a forty-five-year-old American, spent practically the whole of 1957 at La Californie, Picasso's villa in Cannes, photographing him for another volume, "The Private World of Pablo Picasso," which was published three years ago, but in all that time Picasso didn't once give him a glimpse inside a dark and shuttered storeroom on the second floor of the place. One day in April, 1960, Duncan stopped by La Californie for lunch, and Picasso impulsively said, "Let's look in the next room." He flung open the door and then the blinds, and Duncan saw that the chamber was chock-full of canvases—some three hundred of them. He had heard that Picasso had a flock of paintings stashed away somewhere—a vault in the Bank of France was an often rumored repository—and here they were, and in other parts of the villa there were more. Five hundred and thirty-two proved to be the total, with a current market value, Duncan estimates, of something like twenty-five million dollars. And there is every reason to believe that Picasso has a no less imposing cache at his château in Aix-en-Provence.



That September, with Picasso's blessing, Duncan set up a studio in the attic of the villa and began photographing the paintings. (All appear in his book, but to keep the volume from becoming inordinately expensive only a hundred and two are in color.) Once, with Picasso looking on, a masterpiece slipped out of Duncan's hands while he was putting it on an easel. Duncan gasped. Picasso chuckled, and kicked the painting's frame. "That's good wood!" he exclaimed. "It was all right for *him* to kick it," Duncan told us. "It was his painting." As the photographs were developed, and came back in the form of inch-by-inch-and-a-half transparencies, Duncan would project them on a blank canvas for Picasso and his wife, the former Jacqueline Roques. In each batch of transparencies there would be a couple—from the ends of the roll of film—that had not been completely exposed and had only part of a painting on them. Duncan was for throwing this dross away, but Picasso grabbed it. "No good for you, but good for me!" he cried. Using a paintbrush, and working with infinite precision on the tiny rectangles, he finished off the half photographs in imaginative abandon. "There's no waste around this guy at all," Duncan said. "He utilizes *everything*."

Duncan laid out the book, wrote the text, and had it printed himself, in Switzerland, ultimately selling distribution rights to various publishing houses—Harper's over here. There are also English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian editions. The oldest painting in this literary exhibit, a full-blown "Flight to Egypt," dates back to 1895, when Picasso was fourteen. The newest was done several months ago, after Jacqueline had cooked Picasso and Duncan a *matelote*—a spicy eel dish—for lunch.



"For a man who was going to quit smoking today, you aren't exactly starting off with a bang."

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This work is a four-foot-wide still-life of three eels, a newspaper, an onion, and a woman's purse, with an inscription on the back expressing the artist's fervent appreciation of the *matelote*. In between are paintings completing the sixty-five-year gamut. Up to 1923, Picasso didn't habitually date his canvases, but he went over all the early ones for Duncan and put them in proper chronological order. Duncan knows better than most men how hard Picasso works, but even he was dazed by the painter's prolificacy when he came upon six large canvases all dated "December 4, 1937."

Duncan, who is only mortal, simply couldn't fathom some of the abstractions. "If my book has any value," he told us modestly, "it's because every so often the Maestro would turn to me and say—we speak in Spanish, of course—'This picture means such-and-such.' I was puzzled by one 1918 Cubist number, in which I was sure I could make out an Afghan hound. I asked Picasso if it was a dog, and he laughed and punched me on the shoulder. He stands only five three and he's eighty years old, but he hits like a tank. He said, 'It's not a dog'—bang! 'It's'—bang!—'a table. And that there'—bang!—'is a guitar. And that'—bang!—'is a pitcher.' There was an even older painting of some half-naked bathers, and I said to Picasso, 'Why is that fellow disrobing that girl?' Picasso was amused. 'Disrobing her?' he said. 'He's been swimming, and that's not her clothing but a towel, and he's just drying his own back.' "

Duncan, a collector in his own right, has two Picasso paintings—a portrait of Jacqueline and an impression of the bull ring at Arles—at his home, in Rome, and has also acquired a raft of sketches and other creations of the Master. He showed us one—a dollar bill on which Picasso had superimposed an engraving of a fighting bull. Duncan recalls that he said to Picasso, "Maestro, in many countries, including mine, it's against the law to tamper with currency," and that Picasso replied, "In many countries"—bang! bang!—"including yours, this currency's worth more now than it was before."

Duncan is back in Europe now, but he has no idea how much more he'll be seeing of the artist. "Picasso's still robust and hearty, and filled with laughter and great consideration for other people," he told us, "but he's so terribly busy I hate to interrupt him. Last I heard, he was immersed in sheet-metal sculpture. He said to me not long ago, 'Even if my mother came back from Heaven now, I wouldn't want to see her. I need the time.' He's very special. As Jacqueline once said to me, 'We'—I was pleased that she included me—'we have to protect him.' "

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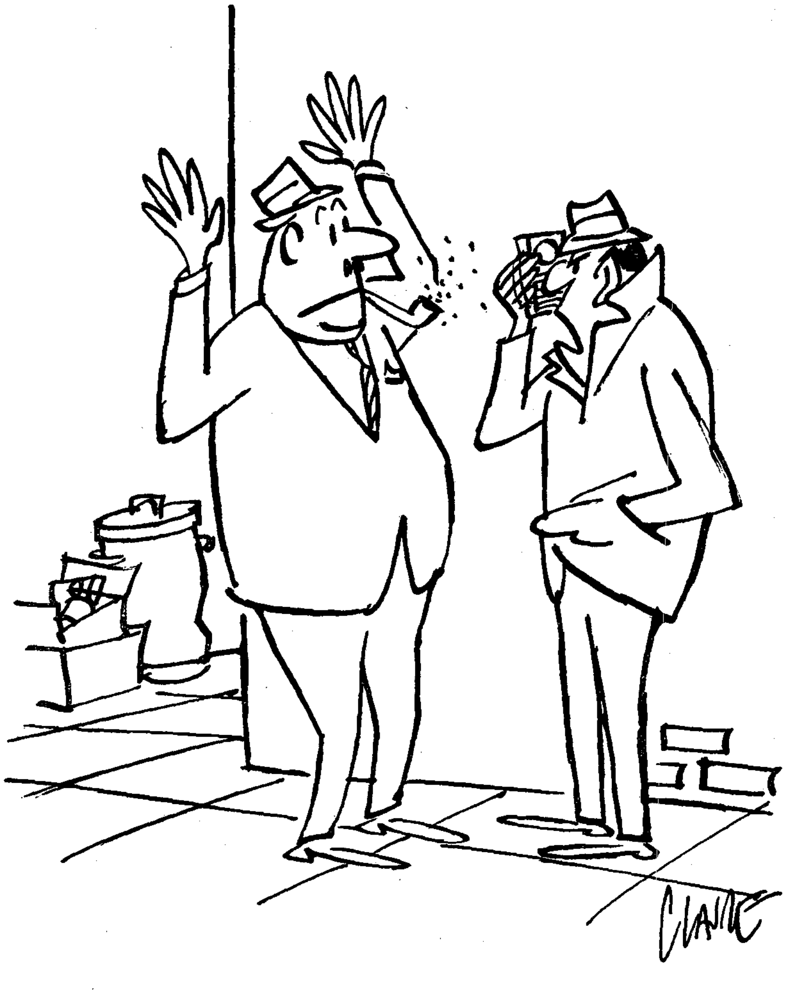
OVERHEARD the other evening at the counter of a hamburger restaurant in the Village, dirty white raincoat and sneakers to dirty white raincoat and sandals: "Of course, he loathes the Army. He totally abominates it. Why, good Lord, he's a boy that has never been yelled in his whole life at!"

Fifth Day

OUR man Stanley came by the office last week, silently circled our desk three times, rather gracefully, then deposited the following dispatch:

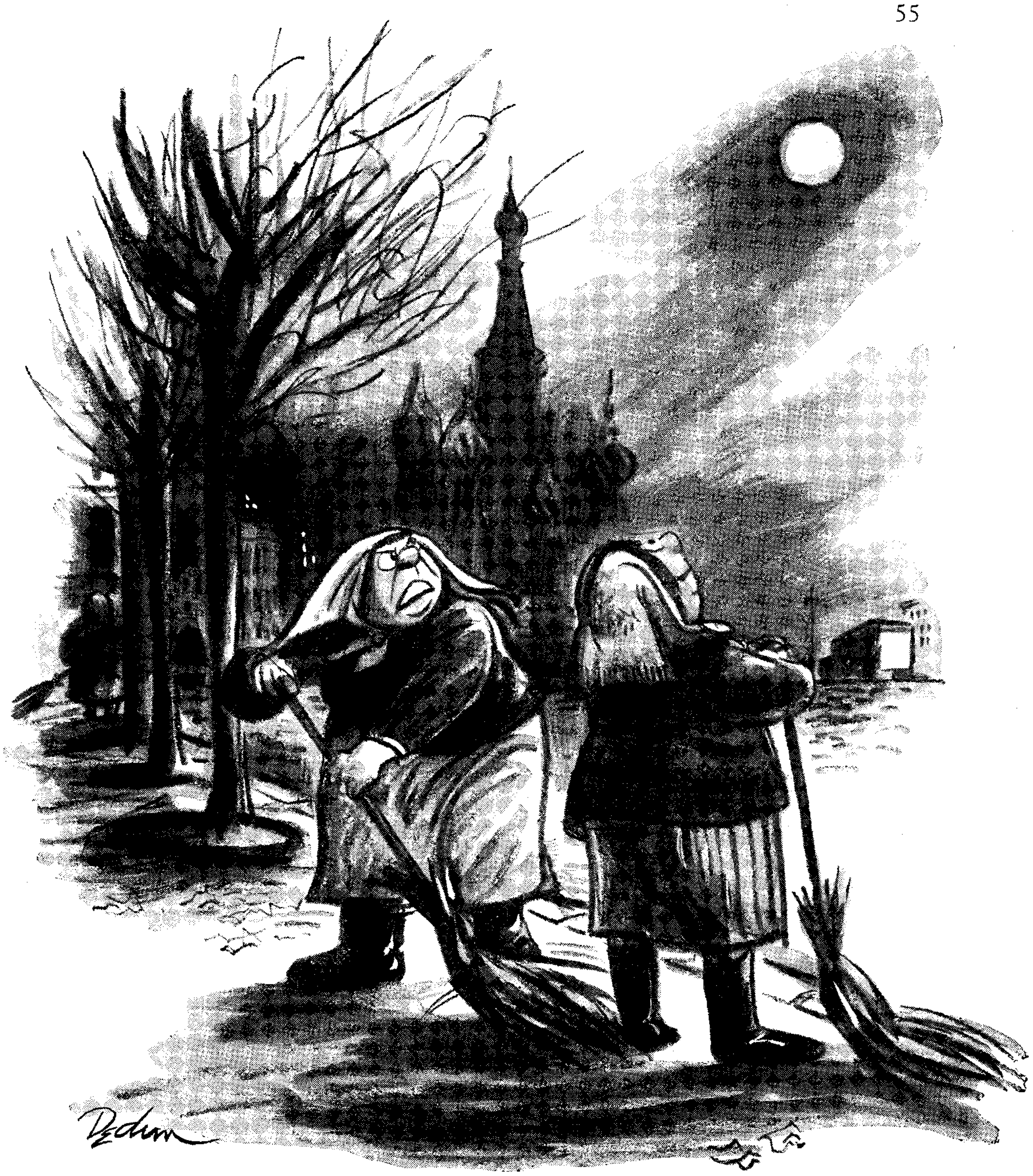
"Have been at Madison Square Garden, watching Six-Day Bike Race. First Six-Day Bike Race at Garden in twenty-two years. Shades of Flo Ziegfeld, hiring a box for six days and six nights and filling it with girls, girls, girls! Shades of Texas Guinan, hiring a box for six days and six nights and filling it with girls, girls, girls! Shades of Damon Runyon, Arthur Brisbane, Harry Richman, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Chester A. Arthur! Shades! I arrived shortly after noon on fifth day—approximately hundred-and-fifth hour and well past sixteen-hundredth mile of race. Hardly any girls in Garden. Hardly *anybody* in Garden. Several hundred people scattered throughout huge flag-bedecked arena, gazing down upon smooth, gleaming, saucer-shaped wooden track, banked high at east and west ends of Garden. Bought souvenir program and settled down in side-arena seat. Gentle, Schrafft-type music coming from loudspeakers in center of arena. Eleven cyclists, wearing varied, brightly colored racing jerseys, slowly circling track in time to music. Some cyclists had one foot on handlebars, others had arms crossed as they pedalled along. Nice, peaceful scene. No rush, no pressure. Cyclists seemed like healthy young men out for ride on country road. Noticed eight wooden bunks, like old-fashioned Pullman lowers, directly in front of me on floor of arena, along inner edge of track; other lowers across arena. Living quarters for riders. Curtains drawn across several bunks, riders presumably inside, dreaming dreams of glory. Spied pair of white socks moving around lower edge of Lower 8. Curtain pulled back, revealing rising cyclist wearing red-and-blue jersey. Cyclist turned around. No. 20. I consulted program. No. 20 Jan Plantaz, a Dutchman. Plantaz stretched, yawned, surveyed house, rubbed eyes, poured himself cup of water from thermos bottle, sat down on edge of berth, opened letter in baby-blue envelope, began to read. Could see enough of Plantaz's digs to know they were comfortable, with lengthwise rack for books, magazines, unguents, and with clothesline for hanging jerseys, socks, shorts. Home away from home. Cyclists rising from all berths now. Man in Lower 6 stuck his head out, stuck it back in. Frenchman. Man in Lower 4 stuck his head out, came out, began pumping air into bicycle tire. Argentine. Extra bicycle wheels hanging on racks outside each berth. Gentle music continued, cyclists kept pedalling around and around. No strain, no fuss, no Roaring Sixties.

"Took soothing cat nap, awoke to find some cyclists speeding around track. Giuseppe Ogna made small, excited burst high onto bank at east end of track. Manfred Donike sailed past, no hands. Donike hitched up pants. Bruno



"This is a stickup! But hold on a moment! The bases are loaded!"

Sivilotti, riding casually, picked up packet of newspapers from attendant beside track, handed them to another attendant, halfway around track. I tried to read rules in souvenir program, got nowhere. Seems idea is to keep going around track, gaining laps, avoiding punctures. In case of puncture, rider may dismount and either fix tire, get new bike, or go into chicken farming. Chopping, hooking, hipping, and not 'holding the pole' are forbidden. The pole is the black line around the inner edge of the track, and the man in the lead must stay close to it. Hipping means swinging the hips in order to force a man behind up the track. Aces are wild, there are three outs to an inning, sixty yards is granted on first down, and when the referee calls 'thirty-love' a bell rings. The mail is delivered twice a day. Victor Herbert music tends to slow down racers, but 'Always' tends to result in spurts, and often wakes up customers. Ate hot dog, caught a few winks.



". . . and when they do, we'll be up there sweeping it."

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"Excitement! Getting on toward 2 P.M. Broadway voice announced through loudspeakers that there would be a series of five sprints of two miles each, that each sprint would consist of twenty turns around track. Voice said gun would signal start of sprint. Voice said ringing of bell would signify last lap in each sprint. Eleven racers on track perked up, turned handlebars down. All racers had hands taped, all racers now wearing helmets. All lower berths now unoccupied. Everybody back from diner and club car, and waiting to replace teammate in relays. Consulted rules again, learned that points are given for winners and runners-up in sprints but that sprints are not to be confused with laps, or laps with finns. Sudden gun! Start of sprint! Tiny, devoted audience, roused from lethargy, leaned forward. '*Achtung, Rudi!*' someone cried. '*Viva Terruzzi!*' cried someone else. 'Did anybody order a cream puff?' Broadway voice asked through loudspeakers. No reply. Riders speeding up now with each turn of track, jockeying for position, riding high and at intense angle on banked ends, wheeling off, ducking, weaving, reaching forty-five miles an hour. Vouter Wagtmans whizzed past. Rudi Altig whizzed past. Oscar Plattner took the lead on bend, José Saura pedalled like mad, Nando Terruzzi rode like a man possessed. Around and around they went, covering miles and miles, heads down, green, white, red, yellow, blue, Acosta, Donike, Forlini, Faggin, Gillen, von Buren, tires scrunching, wheels flashing, turns, turns, incredible skill, incessant motion. I became quite dizzy, and departed."

Lento

AN elderly lady motorist of our acquaintance has informed us of a brush with the law she experienced a few Sundays ago—the first, she insists, in some thirty years of driving. It seems that she was returning to Manhattan from a day's excursion on Long Island when a Brooklyn motorcycle cop overtook her on the Belt Parkway and instructed her to pull over. After finding her papers in order, he declared that the snail's pace at which she'd been travelling was obstructing Sunday traffic for miles behind her. Our friend apologized and explained to the officer that she was listening over her car radio to Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, which was then in its last movement, and had slowed down to avoid the break in reception that her trip through the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel would impose. After some hesitation, the officer ordered her to stay put, on the side of the highway, until the last movement ended. Meanwhile, traffic on the Belt was restored to normal.

CALL ME, CALL ME

HER short steps, that had always called attention to her small stature, now served to conceal the fact that her walk was slower. Now, finally, there was nothing left of the youth that had lasted so long, so well into her middle age. Her hat was small and black, a cut-down modified turban that made only the difference between being hatted and hatless but called no attention to the wearer, did not with spirit of defiance or gaiety proclaim the wearer to be Joan Hamford. Her Persian lamb, a good one bought in prosperous days, was now a serviceable, sensible garment that kept her warm and nothing more. She wore shoes that she called—echoing her mother's designation—"ties." They were very comfortable and they gave her good support.

The greeting by the doorman was precisely accorded. No "Good morning," but "You'll have a taxi, Miss Hamford?" If she wanted a taxi, he was there to get her a taxi; that was one of the things he was paid for; but he could expect no tip now and she gave him little enough at Christmas. She was one of the permanent guests of the hotel, those whom he classified as salary people because he was paid a salary for providing certain services. Salary people. Bread-and-butter people. Not tip people, not big-gravy, expense-account people. Salary people. Budget people. Instant-coffee-and-half-a-pint-of-cream-from-the-delicatessen people. Five-dollars-in-an-envelope-with-his-name-on-it-at-Christmas people. The hotel was coming down in another year, and the hotel that was going up in its place would have no room for salary people. Only expense-account people.

"Taxi? Yes, please, Roy. Or I'd make just as good time walking, wouldn't I?"

"I don't know, Miss Hamford. I don't know where you're going."

"It is a little far," said Joan Hamford. "Yes, a taxi. *There's one!*"

She always did that. She always spotted a taxi, so that it would seem that she had really found it herself, unaided, and really owed him nothing. He was wise to that one. He was wise to all her little tricks and dodges, her ways of saving quarters, her half pints of cream from the delicatessen. She must be on her way to a manager's office today. Most days she would not take a taxi. "Such a nice day, I think a stroll," she would say, and then stroll exactly one block to the bus stop. But today it was a taxi, because she didn't want to be worn out when she applied for a job. Yes, today was a job day; she was wearing her diamond earrings and her pearls, which were usually kept in the hotel safe.

"Six-thirty Fifth Avenue, will you tell him, please, Roy?"

"Six-thirty Fifth," he said to the taxi-driver. She could have given the address herself, but this was a cheap way of queening it. He closed the door behind her and stepped back to the curb.

"Number Six Hundred and Thirty, Avenue Five," said the driver, starting the meter. "Well, you got anything to read, lady, because the traffic on Madison and Fifth, I can't promise you nothing speed-wise. You wanta try Park, we'll make better time going down Park, but I won't guarantee you going west."

"How long will it take us if we go down Fifth?"

"Fifth? You wanta go down Fifth? I give you an honest estimate of between twenty and twenty-five minutes. Them buses, you know. You ever go to the circus and take notice to the elephants, the one holds on to the-one-in-front-of-him's tail with his trunk. That's the way the buses operate. Never no less than four together at the one time, and what they do to congest up the traffic! You see they could straighten that out in two hours if they just handed out a bunch of summons, but then the union would pull the men off the buses and the merchants would holler to the powers-that-be, City Hall. I'm getting out of this city. . . . We'll try Fifth. . . . It's Miss Joan Hamford, isn't it?"

"Why, yes. How nice of you."

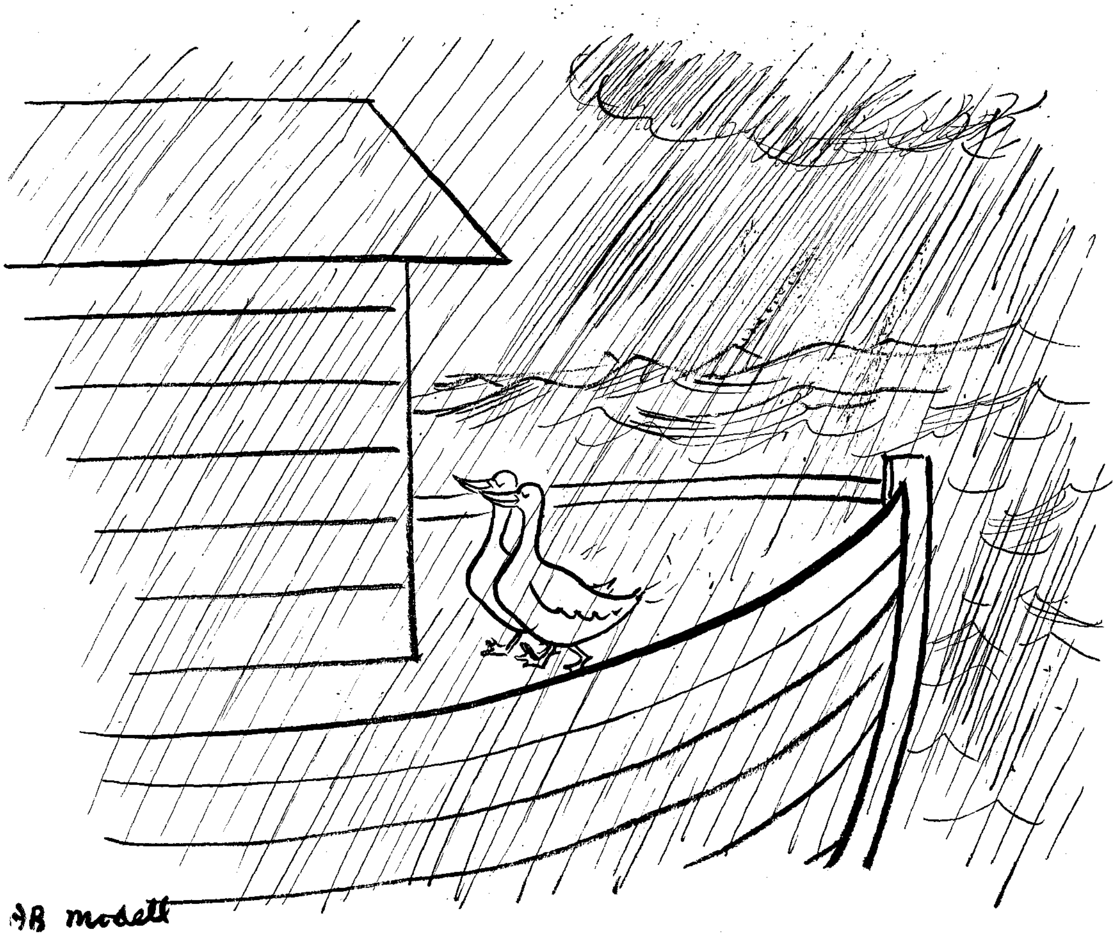
"Oh, I rode you before. You remember when you used to live over near the River? Four-what-is-it? Four-fifty East Fifty-second?"

"Oh, heavens, that long ago?"

"Yeah, I had one of them big Paramounts, twice the size of this little crate. You don't remember Louis?"

"Louis?"

"Me. Louis Jaffee. I used to ride you four-five times a week regular, your apartment to the Henry Miller on Forty-third, east of Broadway. Fifteen-and-five in those days, but you were good for a buck every night. Well, I'm still hacking, but you been in movies and TV



"What would you say you were these days, dear? Harried or harassed or what? I'm writing Aunt Selma."

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and now I guess you're on your way to make another big deal for TV."

"No, as a matter of fact, a play. On Broadway. I'm afraid I can't tell you just what play, but it isn't television. Still a secret, you know."

"Oh, sure. Then you was out in Hollywood all that time, I remember."

"Yes, and I did a few plays in London."

"That I didn't know about. I just remember you rode out the bonnom of the depression in Hollywood. The bonnom of the depression for me, but not for you. You must of made a killing out there. What does it feel like to see some of them pictures now, on TV? You don't get any royalties on them pictures, do you?"

"No."

"Now they all go in for percentages I understand. Be nice to have a percentage of some of them oldies. Is Charles J. Hall still alive?"

"No, poor Charles passed on several years ago."

"You always heard how he was suppose to be a terrific boozer, but I seen him the other night on TV. You were his wife, where you were trying to urge him to give up the Navy and head up this big shipbuilding company."

" 'Glory in Blue.' "

" 'Glory in Blue,' that's the one. How old was Charles J. Hall when you made that picture, do you remember?"

"How old? I should think Charles was in his early forties then."

"Christ! He'd be in his seventies."

"Yes, he would."

"I'm over the sixty mark myself, but I can't picture Charles J. Hall in his seventies."

"Well, he never quite reached them, poor dear."

"Booze, was it?"

"Oh, I don't like to say that."

"There's a lot worse you could say about some of those jerks they got out there now. Male *and* female. What they need out there is another Fatty Arbuckle case, only the trouble is the public is got so used to scandal."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You know, I was just thinking, I wonder how I missed it when Charles J. Hall passed away. Was it during the summer? I go away in the summer and I don't see a paper for two weeks."

"Yes, I think it was."

"They would have had something in."

"They didn't have very much, not as much as he deserved, considering what a really big star he was."

"But there was a long time when he wasn't in anything. That's when I understood he was hitting the booze so bad. Where was he living during that time?"

"In Hollywood. He stayed right there."

"Wouldn't take anything but big parts, I guess. That's where you were smart, Miss Hamford."

"How do you mean?'

"Well, they forgot all about Charles J. Hall. Like my daughter didn't know who the hell he was last week. But she'd know you. She'd know you right away, because from TV, when you were that lady doctor two years ago, that serial."

"Unfortunately only lasted twenty-six weeks."

"I don't care. Your face is still familiar to the new generation. I don't know what any actress fools around with Broadway for."

"Some of us love the theatre."

"Sure, there's that, but I'm speaking as a member of the public. You could be in 'My Fair Lady' and there wouldn't be as many people see you as if you went in one big spectacular. When I see my daughter tomorrow night, when she comes for supper, I'm gunna tell her I rode Joan Hamford. And right away she's gunna say, 'Doctor McAllister? Doctor Virginia McAllister?' So they took it off after twenty-six weeks, but just think of how many million people saw you *before* they took it off. Up there in the millions. The so-called Broadway theatre, that's gettin' to be for amateurs and those that, let's face it, can't get a job in TV."

"Oh, you mustn't say that."

"Well, I'm only telling you what the public thinks, basing it on my own conclusions. Here you are, Six-three-oh. Eighty-five on the clock."

"Here, Louis. I want you to have this."

"The five?"

"For old times' sake."

"Well, thanks. Thanks a lot, Miss Hamford. The best to you, but TV is where you ought to be."

SHE hoarded her strength during the walk to the elevator, and she smiled brightly at the receptionist in the office of Ralph Sanderson-Otto B. Kolber. "Mr. Sanderson is expecting you, Miss Hamford. Go right in."

"Good morning, Ralph," said Joan Hamford.

Sanderson rose. "Good morning, Joan. Nice of you to come down at this hour, but unfortunately it was the only absolutely only time I had. You know anything about this play?"

"Only what I've read about it."

"Well, then you probably don't know anything about the part."

"No, not really. I read the book, the novel, but I understand that's been changed."

"Oh, hell, the novel. We only kept the boy and his uncle, from the novel."

"The boy's aunt? She's not in the play? Then what is there for me, Ralph? Or would you rather have me read the play instead of you telling me?"

"No, I'd just as soon tell you. Do you remember the schoolteacher?"

"The schoolteacher? Let me think. There *was* a schoolteacher in one of the early chapters, but I don't think she had a name."

"In the novel she didn't. But she has in the play."

"You really must have changed the novel. How does the part develop?"

"Well, frankly it doesn't. We only keep the teacher for one scene in the first act."

"Oh, well, Ralph, you didn't bring me down here for that. That isn't like you. Good heavens, even if I'd never done anything else, I was Dr. Virginia McAllister to God knows how many million people, and I got twenty-two fifty for that."

"Three years ago, Joan, and you haven't had much to do since. That's why I thought of you for the teacher. I'd rather give it to you than someone I don't know. I'll pay three-fifty."

"What for? You can't bill me over the others, the part isn't big enough to do that."

"I couldn't anyway. The boy gets top billing, and Michael Ware is co-star. Tom Ruffo in 'Illinois Sonata' *with* Michael Ware. But I admit you'd lead the list of featured players."

"You know how these things are, Ralph. Not a manager in town but will know I'm working for three-fifty."

"But working, and I'll take care of you publicity-wise. The theatre doesn't pay movie or TV salaries, you know that."

"I understand Jackie Gleason got six thousand."

"He may have got more, but Virginia McAllister wasn't Ralph Kramden. I wish you'd think about this, Joan. It's not physically very demanding. You don't have to stand around or do any acrobatics."

"Or act, either, I suppose. No, I'm afraid not, Ralph, and I really think you were rather naughty to bring me down here."

"Joan, this is a fine play, and with this boy Ruffo we're going to run ten months, and maybe a lot longer. For you it would be like a vacation with pay, and you'd be back in the theatre. Stop being a stubborn bitch, and think back to times when I paid you sixty dollars a week for more work."

"In that respect you haven't changed, Ralph."

"Four hundred."

"Take-home that's still only a little over three hundred. No, I'm going right on being a stubborn bitch."

"I'll give you four hundred, and I'll release you any time after the first six months that you find a better part."

"Can you write me into the second and third acts?"

"Impossible. The locale changes, and anyway, I know the author wouldn't do it. And frankly, I wouldn't ask him to. No more tinkering with this play till we open in Boston."

"Well—still friends, Ralph. You tried."

"Yes, I certainly tried."

She reached out her hand. "Give me five dollars for the taxi."

"Joan, are you that broke?"

"No, I'm not broke, but that's what it cost me to come here."

Sanderson pulled a bill from a money clip. "If it cost you five to get here, it'll cost you another five to get home. Here's a sawbuck."

"I only wanted five, but of course I'll take the ten. In the old days you would have spent more than that on taking me to lunch."

"Considering where we usually ended up after lunch, the price wasn't high."

"I guess that's a compliment."

"You know, you have delusions of Laurette Taylor in 'Menagerie.' All you senior girls have that."

"Senior girls. That sounds so Camp Fire-y."

"You're going to be sore as hell when you see who gets this part. I don't know who it'll be, but I'm going to pick somebody you hate."

"Good. Don't pick anybody I like, because I'll hate her if the play runs."

"And yourself."

"Oh—well, I hate myself already. Do you think I like going back to that hotel, feeling sure you have a hit, *hoping* you have a hit, and stuck with my own stubborn pride? But you know I can't take this job, Ralph."

"Yes, I guess I do."

"You wouldn't stretch a point and take me to lunch, would you?"

"No, I can't, Joan."

"Then—will you give me a kiss?"

"Any time." He came around from behind his desk and put his arms around her.

"On the lips," she said.

He bent down, she stood on tiptoe, and his mouth pressed on hers.

"Thank you, dear," she said. "Call me, call me."

"I hope so," he said, as she went out.

—John O'Hara

•

THE MOVEMENT OF FISH

No water is still, on top.
Without wind, even, it is full
Of a chill, superficial agitation.
It is easy to forget,
Or not to know at all

That fish do not move
By means of this rippling
Along the outside of water, or
By anything touching on air.
Where they are, it is still,

Under a wooden bridge,
Under the poised oar
Of a boat, while the rower leans
And blows his mistaken breath
To make the surface shake,

Or yells at it, or sings,
Half believing the brilliant scan
Of ripples will carry the fish away
On his voice like a buried wind.
Or it may be that a fish

Is simply lying under
The ocean-broad sun,
Which comes down onto him
Like a tremendous, suffusing
Open shadow

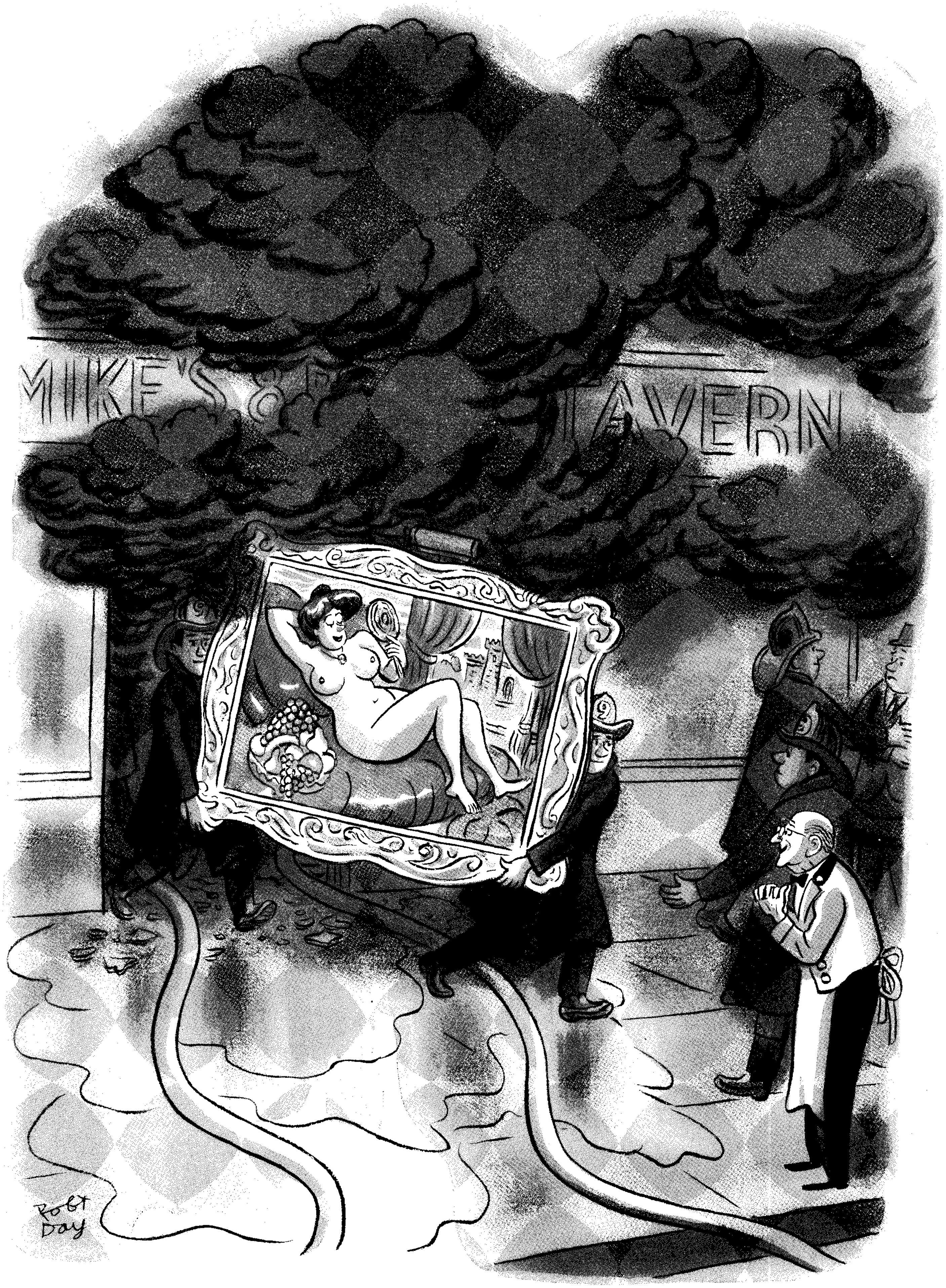
Of gold, where nothing is,
Sinking into the water,
Becoming dark around
His body. Where he is now
Could be gold mixed

With absolute blackness.
The surface at mid-sea shivers,
But he does not feel it
Like a breath, or like anything.
Yet suddenly his frame shakes,

Convulses the whole ocean
Under the trivial, quivering
Surface, and he is
Hundreds of feet away,
Still picking up speed, still shooting

Through half-gold,
Going nowhere. Nothing sees him.
One must think of this to understand
The instinct of fear and trembling,
And, of its one movement, the depth.

—James Dickey


MIKE'S &
TAVERN
9
9
Robt Day

"God bless you, gentlemen! God bless you!"

COME ON OUT OF THERE

"GET me my glasses, would you, dear, please?" His mother's voice drew Dale's attention from his book, and the mood of troikas and snow vanished. He didn't hear all she said. "They're on the table upstairs by my bed." The way she spoke said that she herself couldn't quite face the stairs.

"What?"

"My glasses."

He was satisfied that she knew she'd disturbed him, and he went upstairs. Running errands annoyed him; he felt he was being made a convenience of. He did not find the glasses. He looked in the bedroom, and they weren't on the table. He looked on the bureau and the bed and another table, and called, "They're not here."

"Look in my straw purse in the closet."

He couldn't find it. "That's not here either!"

"Wait a minute; it may be down on the hall table. Wait a minute." He heard her get up and cross the room. "Yes, here it is, they're in here." He came downstairs. "I'm sorry, dear," she said.

He grumbled something she could take to be acknowledgment, and picked up his book again. As if she'd been waiting for that moment, she added, "When your father is away, you must be the man of the house. So don't be cross, dear."

Bonfires had been built on street corners in St. Petersburg, and passersby would pause and warm themselves before going on. Horse-drawn streetcars were crossing the Neva River, which was frozen, the rails being laid right on the ice.

"Would you like—I won't bother you again—would you like to go shopping with me tomorrow? I thought I'd get a roast for tomorrow night, if you'd like it." She looked up from her cookbook.

"No, I was going to do something else. Steve's taking me out in his boat. Thanks, though." Dale suddenly was lonely, sitting alone with her, and became bored and restless. Across the parlor she read her cookbook and from time to time gently cleared her throat.

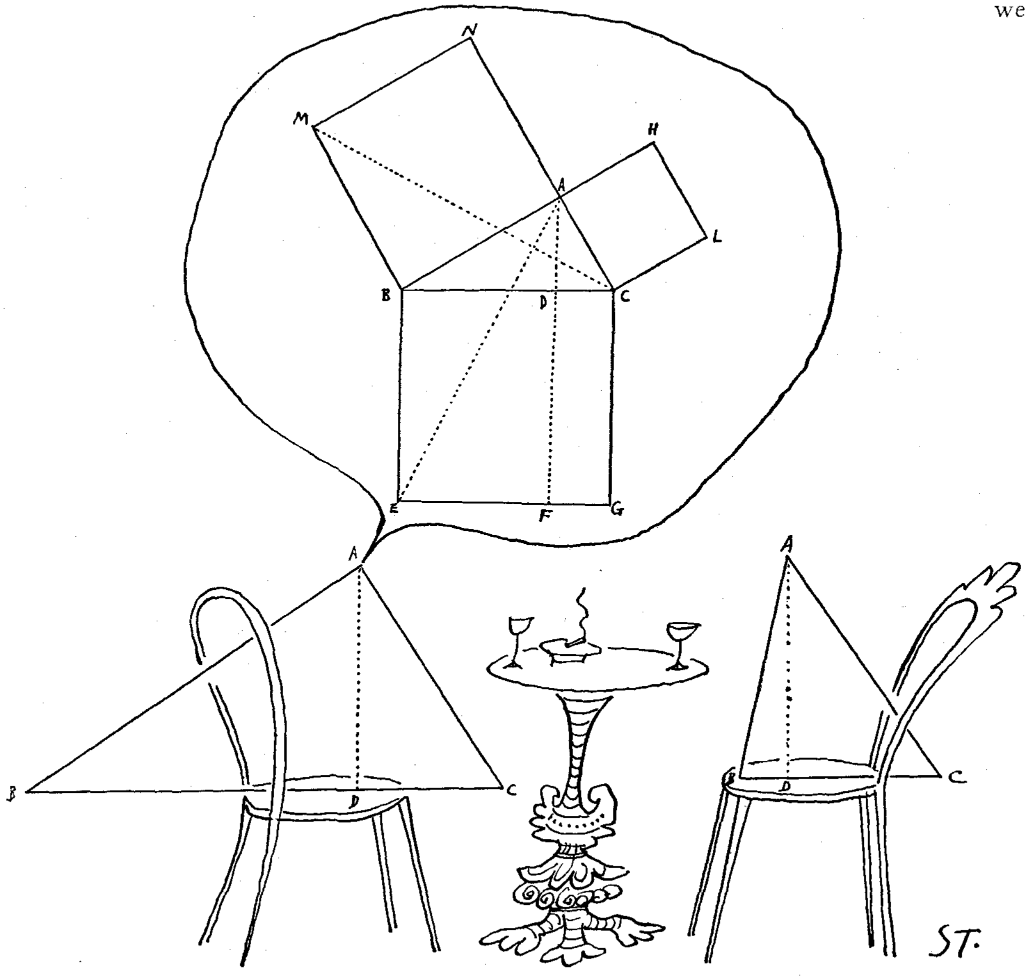
He went next door, wondering why he would be restless with a novel. He loved Russian novels.

Steve was there, just finishing the dinner dishes, and glad Dale had come. In the morning, they were going to sail to the Isles of Shoals, which were off the coast, just visible from their houses on very clear days. They talked about strategy and weather. They had been in a race in the afternoon, as on most weekends, but although they were busy during the day they were usually bored at night. Once they had been happy to play Monopoly as long as they could. They had sometimes played the same game for days, each unwilling to make the other lose. Now they were lonely together, which to Dale was worse than each being lonely by himself.

The only girl within walking distance was fantastically ugly, but she did have records and Scrabble, and she played bridge. Steve phoned her, but she was going out that night.

Steve said, "Let's see what Mike's doing. Maybe his grandmother will play bridge." They went out the back door and through a clump of lilac trees. "I feel like Chicken-Licken," said Dale.

Mike came out and stood on the kitchen doorstep. It was nearly dark. "Naw, no bridge tonight; they're having guests. You can't even come in the house. You guys want a tonic? I'll bring 'em out." Mike drawled out his words—as if holding his chin up made the sounds slide back somewhere behind his nose—because he was stronger, and younger, than the other two and they came to him when they were looking for something to do. "I was just starting a Sayers novel that looks great. What were you guys thinking of doing?"



Light from inside filtered out to them, leaning against the house, where the dusk was almost gone.

"I don't know, bridge. Nothing now, I guess," Steve said.

"Well, I expect I'll go on reading, then."

"No, come on, the three of us will think of something," Steve said. This inevitable coaxing of Mike made Dale uncomfortable, and he tried to leave it to Steve.

"Like what?" Mike had gray eyes and a crew cut. He looked like a blond Indian.

"What's wrong with just walking around? It might be fun at night, too, you know." Dale thought to himself that they might end by calling on someone who was still up.

"Naw, I don't want to go for a *walk*. I'd rather read." Mike let his voice break frequently, making the others feel an idea hadn't met his expectations.

"How about cutting through the moors again to the cove?" Steve said.

"Look, Dale and I had so many

cat briars in us— I mean it's just not a bright thing to do twice."

"Mike, can you climb the radar tower?" Dale asked.

"I suppose you can if no one stops you. I've never done it."

"I think I will. It should be fun; you can probably see the whole cape."

"O.K., we'll go. Steve and I can watch Dale dangle." Mike came grudgingly.

THEY had walked down the driveway to the road; now they started toward the point and the tower. The road was wet, there were few houses near it, and the street lights, spaced far apart, gave a misty light. It was also the coast highway, and it followed the shore very carefully. They walked in the road; Dale walked on the edge, pulling up stalks of long grass that grew alongside. The air smelled of salt, and their clothes were soon damp with the mist.

"I'm going to break a window tonight," Dale said. "The summer's almost over."

Mike said, "Yeah," daring him, and the idea didn't seem as much fun to Dale as before—mainly worth doing to shut Mike up.

The fog reflected the lights of a car ahead of them, and then abruptly the car appeared and swept past them, veering into the other lane as it did so.

"He's going too fast," Steve said.

"Well, tell him to stop. Show him he's stupid," said Mike.

"We used to at school," Dale said. "We strung toilet paper over the road, and when a car came we looked as if we had a cable or something in front of them and they'd try to stop, and if they were going too fast they couldn't in time. I don't know what they thought was going on, but it almost always worked. You don't even have to have the toilet paper, you just stand and look as if you were pulling something. Of course they were madder than hell and we had to disappear sometimes until they went away. Maybe they thought they were going to be robbed or murdered or something."

"What if they stop at the next police station?" Steve said.

"They don't. Actually, we're doing a damn public service with these guys that can't stop. I mean they might really have to sometime, and they'd still think they could."

"We'll still need a place to go after," Mike said. "Where'll we go?"

They stopped by the little cemetery halfway to the point and waited for a car. Mike pushed over one of the thick granite tombstones while they waited. When they saw lights coming, they grouped themselves opposite a tree and assumed strained attitudes, pretending to tug mightily on some invisible rope. The car came to the top of a shallow rise, saw them at the last minute, and came squealing to a stop fifty feet beyond them. It had scarcely stopped when it was forced into reverse and came shooting back at them. Dale ran into the cemetery, followed by Steve, who was slow, and Mike, who waited to see what was going to happen.

"He's not coming," Mike said. "Pretty mad, wasn't he?"

They sat down to rest and wait for the car to drive off, and Steve, who was excited, pushed over two more fancy tombstones. "I've always wanted to be in a cemetery at night," he said.

"Very exciting. Aren't you afraid of being haunted?" Mike said.

When they were sure the car had

"Just goes to show you can't please all of the people all of the time."

• •

gone for good, they went back to the street. It was already after ten. They played with the cars several times more as they walked toward the radar tower, and found they could dispense with the tree if one of them stood on the opposite side of the road and pretended to tug on the other end of the rope. Most of the cars drove on after stopping, but one woman screamed at them for several minutes from the side of the road, drove away, then came back in ten minutes and called some more, as though there were a cop with her.

"The trouble is," Dale said, as the road came from under trees to a broad cleared area, "people have no respect for the decorum of things." Ahead of them was an old stone pier that looked across the water onto a wooded neck of land. The road turned sharply right here, marking the base of the point. Beyond the turn ahead, on the point itself, a string of yellow-painted tourist cabins stuck up among the low bushes. On the pier was a restaurant, closed for the night, its sign unlit, at which Dale pointed. "There are strings in their chocolate ice cream. I would rather look the other way when I come from town. Before they built that, there was a dance hall they called the La Rendezvous. It burned down, and my mother said no one liked that being there either."

"Well, we can't burn the place down, but I'll heave a few rocks into the cabins," Mike said.

"There'll be people in them," Dale said.

"Naw, they're closed already. Nobody stays in them," Mike said.

They agreed the cabins must be empty and walked toward them, past the pier, on the gravel road that went from the street into the point. The radar tower loomed over them, farther along the road, red lights blinking on and off high up on it. A light went on in the cabin closest to the street. All the others were dark.

"Well?" Steve said. He wanted to leave, and Dale was beginning to, but neither wanted to admit to more than he had to. Then the light went off again. The light gravel of the road seemed to shine, and the bushes beside the road were only a little blacker than the landscape behind them. There were lights across the water and on the tower.

"I'm going to throw a rock. Through a window," Mike said, as they walked toward the cabins, with Steve lagging a little behind.

"They'll hear in the next cabin, stupid," Dale said.

"I'm going to the farthest one. How about it?"

"I'll see how much noise you make."

"That means you'll run. You scared or something? Nobody's going to catch us."

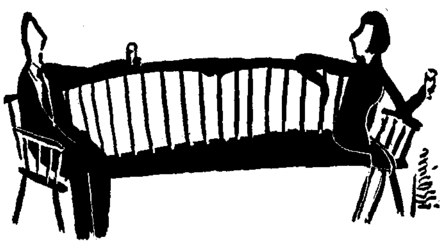
Dale waited with Steve while Mike went closer and with great gentleness lobbed the rock through the window. It shattered and rang, a metal sound, suddenly filling the night, the only sound. He picked a boulder, Dale thought; he broke the whole frame. On the porch at home, the Chinese glass bell would break in a high wind, each pane twanging, a smaller sound. They ran.

"You didn't have to make so much noise," Dale said when Mike caught up.

"No one heard. There's no one around. Let's do another."

"Hell, there's another light on." They started running again, farther into the point. The loose stones made hard footing.

"There's no phone in those places, so we're all right," Mike said. "Cut across the point and back onto the highway." By the time they passed the pier and the cabins again, no one would be looking for them. They didn't pause as they passed the tower, but hurried deeper into the point. Eventually, out of breath, they sat and rested in some high grass. "We might as well give them time to settle down," Dale said. The red blinking lights of the tower still seemed right above them. For several minutes, they heard an owl nearby. They waited a while longer, then worked their way through the woods across the point.



WHEN they got back to the road, it was late. Mike wanted to play with the cars again. "I'm getting a little sick of this," Dale said; the game had lost interest, and he was less restless than when they'd started. Steve was nervous. They walked along the highway toward the cabins and home. A car coming around the turn behind them caught the bushes across the road in its lights.

"Let's do this one," Mike said.

"I don't think they're going fast enough," Dale said.

"There won't be another for an hour."

The car appeared around the curve,

MARGARET'S CHOICE

When Margaret Fuller said, "I accept the universe,"
Carlyle remarked, "She does! By God, she'd better."
He was wrong. He meant mere woman, or for that matter
Man, submits unquestioning, for better or for worse,

Or meant that that vastness overhead and roundabout
But suffers mankind, or is, more probably, unaware
This form of life exists, so could not care
What even Carlyle, much less a Margaret Fuller, thought.

She claimed what he denied she had, the choice.
Magnificent Margaret—arrogant, one-willed, human,
Well-read, simple, not-to-be-silenced Cambridge woman!
It obviously needed saying. She gave it voice.

It takes us all our lives to accept what we are,
If we ever do, or large gifts, or geography, or praise.
All our days do not teach us how with unamaze
To face one more, neither with fear nor without fear.

I have come to accept bits and parts of the universe,
Hot food, cumulus cloud, starlight, a woman in bed,
And the thought of other haphazard accepters dead,
Lacking my mathematics, color, time, ice, grass.

I am late. It is enough. I am glad not to forget
One world as in my time. I accept summer and spring,
Autumn and not winter, light and not lightning,
And not Carlyle, but, by God, I accept Margaret.

—JOHN HOLMES

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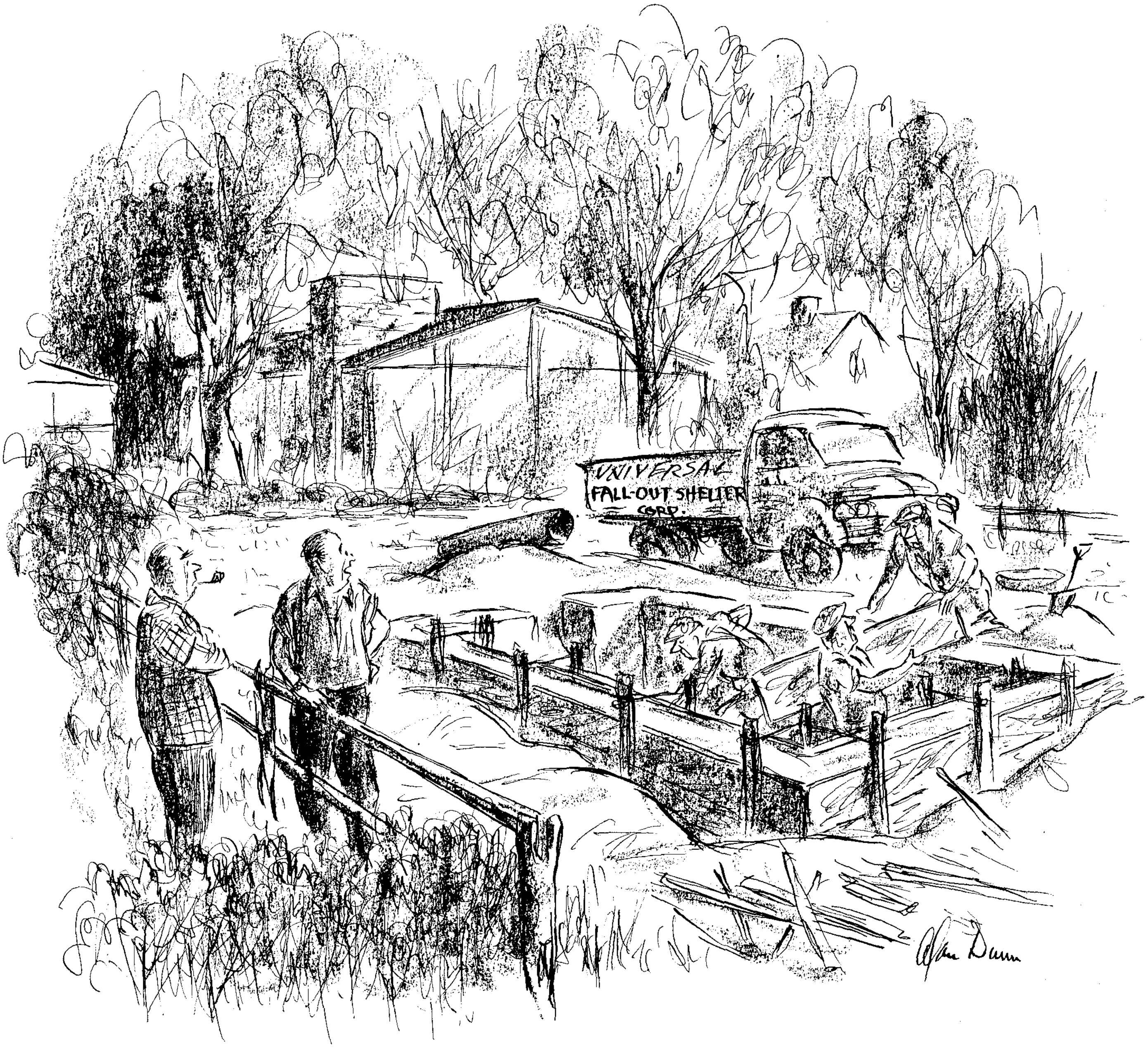

"And, of course, if the world situation takes a brighter turn, I still have a mushroom cellar."

• •

apparently going no faster than thirty.

"I wish there were four of us," Dale said. "Get on the other side before it's too late." Steve ran across the road.

They strained at their imaginary cable as the car came on. Dale, head down, was absorbed in the business of looking as though he was pulling the cable. He waited, expecting the sound of brakes, after which he would dash into the woods. The sound was a little too long in coming. He looked and saw the car had been slowing and was about to stop just abreast of them.

With Mike he bolted around the back of the car and across the street into a meadow, and ran as hard as he could toward a thicket and the woods beyond it. Steve began to run, too. Dale heard men shouting behind him; there seemed a good many of them. "Get those kids," someone called. Jesus, he thought, we picked a bunch of truck drivers. Someone shouted "Halt!" and someone ". . . shoot," and then several shouted "Halt!" again. They weren't far away, and then he heard "Shoot over their heads." Mike had passed him, and Steve was a little behind. Christ, he thought, we're being hunted. He heard Steve shout "Help!" It was as if the men had been waiting to jump out of their car on them. He didn't know who would react this way or why—taking a practical joke so seriously.

He ran harder and quietly. He found himself wishing someone would help him. Mike and Steve were no longer near but had gone off in other directions. He ran until a shoe came off and he fell. He was afraid to take time to put it on again, and afraid of the brambles and rocks he would run over without it. He hid in some bushes and watched and listened to the men getting nearer. They had flashlights; there seemed to be lots of them. Somebody called, "There's one of them over this way." He was afraid; they sounded mean and angry, and he had never been caught like this before, with no way out. He heard another say, "Wait'll I get those kids." He sounded tough. For a minute, Dale thought the loud shouting was to scare them into giving up. What were they doing with guns? He almost burst out laughing, and then wondered what was going to happen to him. He squeezed himself smaller in the leaves and closed his eyes. The smell of the

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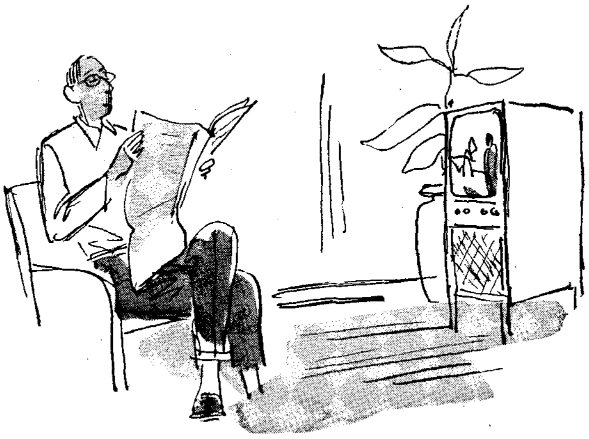

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fresh dirt of a garden close by mingled with the smell of the ocean and mist. His neck and back twitched as if a hand were above him about to strike him. God knows what they would do if they were angry enough to make such a fuss. He thought, They'll beat us up, and the thought of being hit made him more scared.

One of the flashlights was moving around his area. He heard shouts in the distance, from the other side of the field. From the direction of the flashlight someone called, "I've got one." He held his breath. From behind him a voice said, "Come on out of there, you." He held himself perfectly still, not sure it was he who had been seen and not wanting to be bluffed into showing himself. The flashlight was turned on him. He got up stiffly and heard the man grunt.

"C'mere. Hold your arm out." He could think of nothing else to do; feeling caught made him scarcely aware of anything else. The light was held in his eyes; he could see no more than that the man who had caught him was big. He did as he was told. A handcuff was snapped hard around his wrist. For the first time it occurred to him that it was cops; he felt less afraid. He was pulled toward the man by the handcuff; the metal cut his arm.

"I can break your arm so easy like this, so don't get smart."

He said, "You probably can." His wrist was twisted.

"Don't be fresh either, son. Walk close." They walked back toward the road.

"Ever think you might have killed someone?"

He said, "We didn't stop any cars going that fast. You weren't."

The cop took several steps, dragging Dale by the wrist along beside him, before he spoke. "You might have killed somebody. A woman was asleep in bed under that window." Dale suddenly had a sickening feeling that calls had been coming in all evening to bring out the police, who knew everything they'd done.

The cop said, "When you go to heave a rock, you really get one that'll go through the window, don't you? You guys are lucky. She might have been hurt bad."

"I don't know, I didn't throw it."

"Uh-huh, and I suppose we'll find that neither of them did, either."

The policeman seemed to share his feeling that it would be best for him to say something and get out of this spot. It would be worse, he thought, if he lied and then they found out. He wanted to get over the emotions he was having at the moment, to stop feeling in someone else's control. He said that Mike had thrown the rock. He told the policeman his own name and where he lived and about his family, and he told who the others were, too, and what schools they went to. He said they had only wanted to make some trouble for the owner, whom nobody liked. He wasn't able to explain why a bright kid like him was playing kid pranks. Dale suddenly realized that he was speaking in a clear, high voice, wholly without its normal deepness.

They were getting near the car, and he saw another cop bringing Mike back. He was glad to see Mike. By the time they reached the car, he had the impression that the police were actually rather sorry to have caught them, as if they had expected someone more important and thought they had wasted their time. He decided to shut up again.

Dale's cop said, "Don't you ever run from a policeman again, you hear? For what we knew, you could have been intending to rob or assault, not just some silly kids. You're lucky you weren't shot at. We took a chance on a couple of you looking pretty soft." They were unhandcuffed and put in the car, with Mike in the front seat. The two policemen talked a few feet off.

Steve was brought back, and the third cop sat in the back seat between him and Dale, the other two in front, with Mike between them. They were driven to the police station. They weren't to talk, and scarcely looked at each other. Dale wondered if either of the others had told anything. He thought they couldn't have avoided it, but he couldn't see from their faces. He didn't want to be caught taking a good look. They all looked straight ahead.

There were lots of police in the station. The officer in charge was reported to, and Mike was taken into a back room by several men. Dale and Steve were put in chairs in a sort of cockpit surrounded by high counters, and one man stood by them. Mike was brought back looking as though he approved of himself, and they were all given a lecture by the senior officer. When the lecture was over, he said, "Your families are coming to take you home for the night."

They were allowed to sit by themselves, and Dale was afraid Steve and Mike were going to find out that he'd given them away. Mike said, "You guys didn't keep any secrets from our pals, did you?," but he looked first to Steve to answer, and it turned out that he'd told about the graveyard as well.

Dale felt that it was all right to say something—in fact, that he'd better—and he said, "I told them you broke the window."

"Oh, Jesus, what's the matter with you guys?" Mike's voice was a squeak. He turned away again and slumped in his chair with his hands in his pockets, his feet straight out and crossed. Dale had wanted to say something, without really knowing what. Mike's eyes were opened very wide and his eyebrows raised as he settled into his chair. In a minute, he raised his eyebrows even

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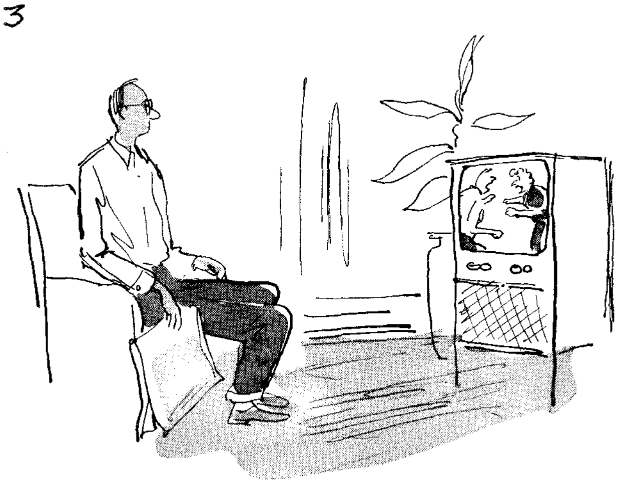

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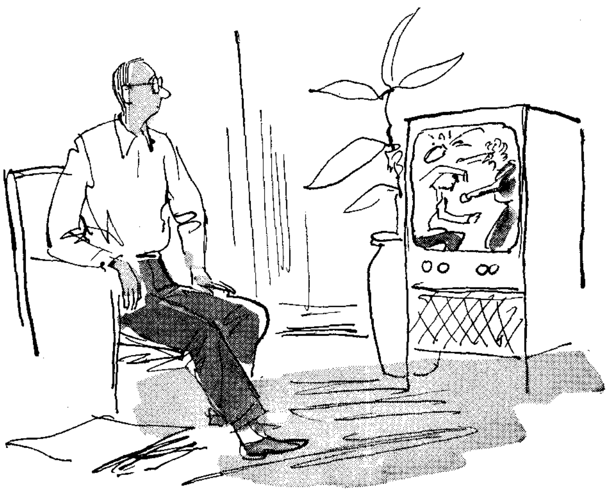

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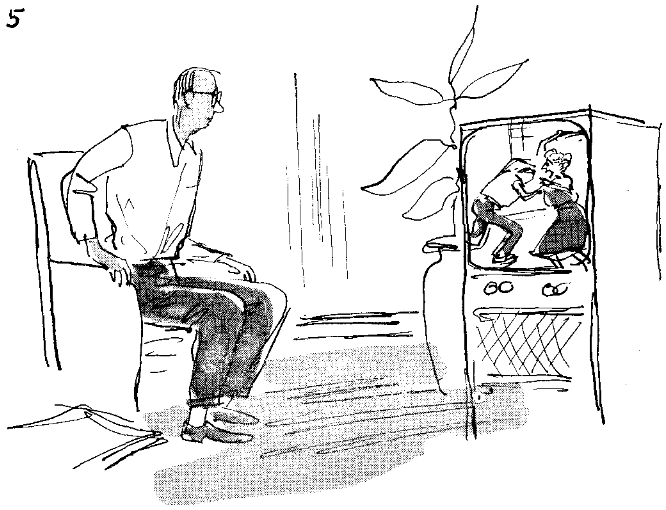

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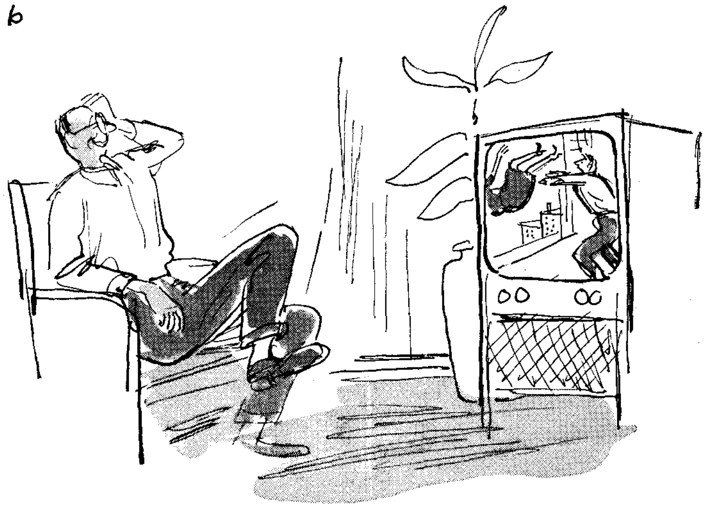

higher, and Dale decided not to interrupt his thoughts.

A car drove up. When no one got out, a policeman went to the window and said, "This for any of you?"

They looked, and Dale said, "It's ours."

The cop went out and returned with Dale's mother, who had just put a coat over her pajamas. He could see she didn't like being there. She looked at the three of them as she came in, and Dale, surprised, saw that her glance appraised the situation without revealing any feeling about it. She went straight to the man behind the highest counter and was taken around behind it. The policeman there talked quietly to her for a long time, so that only she could hear, and at intervals she broke in. Then she came over to Dale and smiled.

"Ready to go? Hello, Steve, Mike. Do you have rides coming?" She did not seem to be offering one.

THEY drove away. Dale didn't speak, because he didn't know how his mother felt. When the silence started making him uncomfortable, she said, "Those men were very nice."

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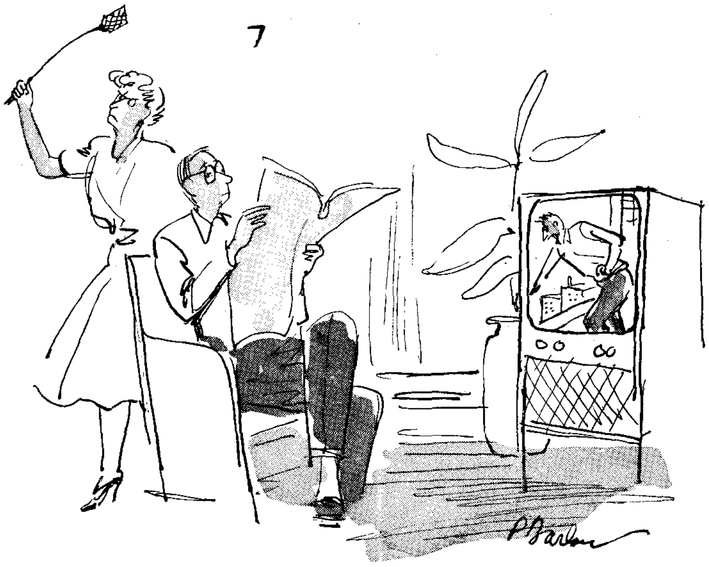


Dale said nothing.

"I'm not going to make an issue out of this thing, Dale," she said, "because I think it was only a kind of prank. But I think I have a right to know about it, and I want you to tell me what went on in your mind. Why did you ever do it?"

He was relieved to find he was not being blamed. He said it *was* just a prank and that they hadn't had anything to do and that it was Mike who threw the rock. He said everybody hated the cabins being there anyway. She didn't respond to his reasons, and he thought he probably hadn't explained well enough.

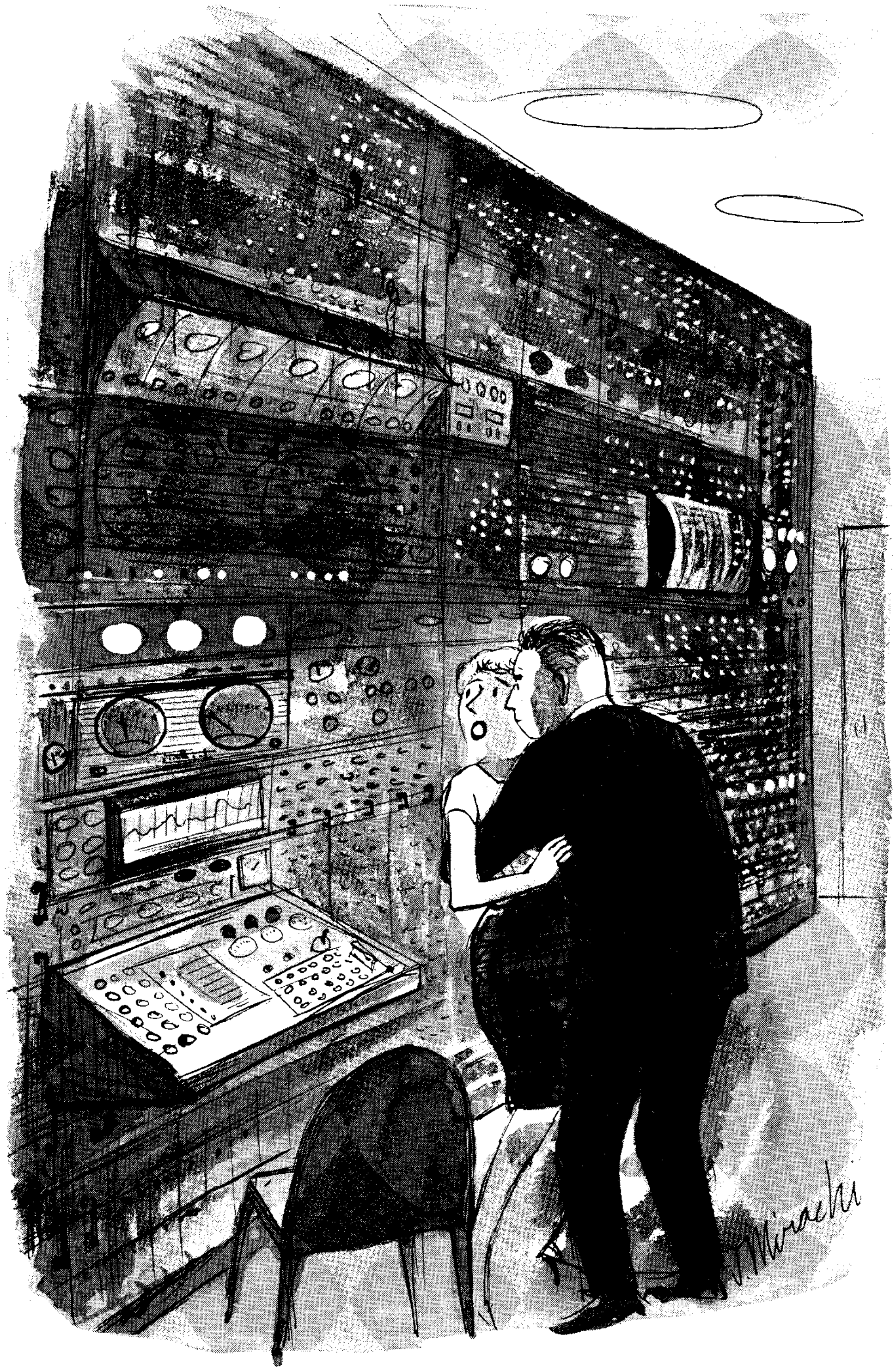
"I won't tell your father when he comes back," she said. "I suppose you'd prefer that I didn't."

He felt still more relieved, though he hadn't thought that possible. He wasn't even disturbed when he realized she *would* tell his father but ask him not to act on the information.

"I'm not going to punish you. I think you're too old for that and should work this out for yourself to your own satisfaction. But I want you to do some thinking about it in the next few days before he comes, and though I'm not forbidding it, perhaps you shouldn't go sailing. I'm not trying to punish you, but it seems somewhat irresponsible to go off without a pause and start enjoying yourself as if nothing had happened."

Dale thought what he had done wasn't of great significance, and he was glad people were going to let him alone, now it was over. He felt very thankful that she hadn't demanded the scene he'd been dreading, and that she was understanding and trusting enough not to worry over him. But he was annoyed at her by the time they were home because he was not entirely convinced that she wasn't just covering her real feelings.

The following morning, the boys began repairing the damage they'd done, the police having considered this punishment sufficient for them. While Mike went into town for the windowpane, Steve and Dale stayed at the cemetery to right the gravestones. But the heavy slabs were more than they could lift, and they waited a long time until Mike came back on the bus with the glass. They had all been denied the use of their family cars for the errand. They spent the rest of the day in the cabin repairing the window, and the tombstones were left until morning. The woman in the cabin, a large, graying Midwesterner, hadn't been hurt by the rock, and instead of being angry with them she talked for several hours about religion.



"*Please, Charles, not here!*"

Dale's mother didn't mention the window-breaking again. They ate their meals together, saying little to each other, and he spent most of the day out of the house. But he realized in a day or two that she couldn't get what he had done out of her head and kept wondering what it meant. He himself felt a little ill when he thought of it, and small, but he thought it was stupid for her to think of them as a bunch of delinquents; he hadn't done much himself and wanted to forget the whole thing. He missed sailing, and was further annoyed by the thought that he did his deepest thinking alone in a boat.

THE evening after they righted the tombstones, Dale's mother asked him if he wanted to meet his father at the airport with her, and the next day they drove to town in the afternoon. Dale drove because he thought he might want something to do during the trip. His mother was nervous, and whenever a car put on its brakes in front of them, she braced her foot against the slanting part of the car floor. When he stepped on the brake, she relaxed. Twice she said "Look . . ." before she caught herself. He had never seen her so nervous about his driving. It made him angry. He could feel her holding on to her thoughts, thinking about him, and trying to know what in him had caused him to go wrong, and where she had failed as a mother. Though she said nothing, the injustice of what she was doing—and pretending not to—made him angrier and angrier, until he wanted to hurt her.

"For God's sake, will you stop making something of it so you can forgive me for it?" he said.

She was so heartbroken, and her apology was so touching, that he was as sorry he'd spoken as he had been frightened three days before. Tears came to her eyes, and she said she couldn't help worrying about his getting into trouble. She had always tried to be a good mother, she said. Didn't he know she loved him no matter what he did?

He forgave her, sorry that he had thought her unjust. He tried to insist that she take the wheel, but he continued driving to the airport, because she overrode his objections.

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

PROFILES

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—II

ON an average day, eighty-two residents of New York City do something, or fail to do something, that forces the persons around them to suspect the presence of a mental disease and to take steps to get them to a public hospital for observation and possible treatment. (Fifteen or twenty more go each day to private hospitals for the same reason.) The moment of crisis and decision takes many forms. On a muggy Wednesday morning last spring, for instance, a plump, rather plain college girl I shall call Miriam Hirsch (all the names of patients and their relatives in this report are fictitious) went into a precinct station near Prospect Park and blurted out to the desk sergeant, "I want my father arrested! The bastard! He smacked me—me, a grownup. Look at my cheek, look!" Her eyes filled with tears.

"What's this all about?" asked the sergeant.

"He told me I'm *cracked!*" she shrieked. "So I told him he made me that way. He wants to wreck me; he doesn't care. He makes me go to a psychiatric clinic, and now I'm staring into space. They've ruined my mind. People stare at me. It's all his fault. I want him arrested!"

"Take it easy, now," said the sergeant. After jotting down some information, he asked her to wait in another room, and in the next few minutes he telephoned first her father and then the psychiatric clinic. Finally, he called her father back to advise him to come at once by cab and take her to Kings County Hospital.

Later that same morning, a telephone, trailing a length of wire, burst through a third-floor window of an apartment house on the Grand Concourse, in the Bronx, and crashed to the pavement, narrowly missing the superintendent, who was lounging near the front door. In the living room of Apartment 3-D, Arnold Peterson, a stringy radio engineer of about forty, giggled, took a long pull at a bottle of bourbon, and, lurching around, hoarsely continued an incoherent but exuberant monologue about his talents and his plans for the future—a monologue that the ringing of the telephone had interrupted. The superintendent stormed upstairs and rang the bell of 3-D, where he was received by Mrs. Peterson. She was in a state of terror but managed to tell him the story. It seemed that her husband, who of late had been sometimes dreadfully moody and sometimes boisterously gay, had been on a non-stop bender for four days, and was so wound up that, except for a few cat naps, he had been talking continuously all that time. The superintendent said there was nothing for it but to call Bellevue, and an hour later two ambulance attendants and a policeman walked into the living room, where Peterson was still declaiming; he stared at them for a moment, and then broke into derisive laughter, pointing a finger at them. Then, with no protest whatever, he accompanied them downstairs.

At noon that same day, in a sparsely furnished but immaculate apartment in Jamaica, Mrs. Thomas Pfeiffer was fixing lunch for herself and her aged mother, Mrs. Olga Janaczek. The previous Friday, Mrs. Janaczek had gone for a walk alone and become completely confused about where she lived. Then, on Tuesday, she had flooded the bathroom, and at 3 A.M. on Wednesday she had made her way into the kitchen and partly opened a gas burner; the pilot light finally ignited it with a whump that rattled every window in the apartment. At lunchtime, Mrs. Pfeiffer put some soup and sandwiches on the table and went to get her mother. The old woman was standing near a living-room window, mumbling to herself; at her feet, on a small Oriental rug, a pool of water was spreading.

"Mama, not *again!*" shouted Mrs. Pfeiffer.

The old lady turned and snapped, "Don't yell at *me*, Marie."

"Mama, I'm not Marie," said Mrs. Pfeiffer. "Marie is dead twenty years. I'm Millie. Now come right to the bathroom and clean yourself up."

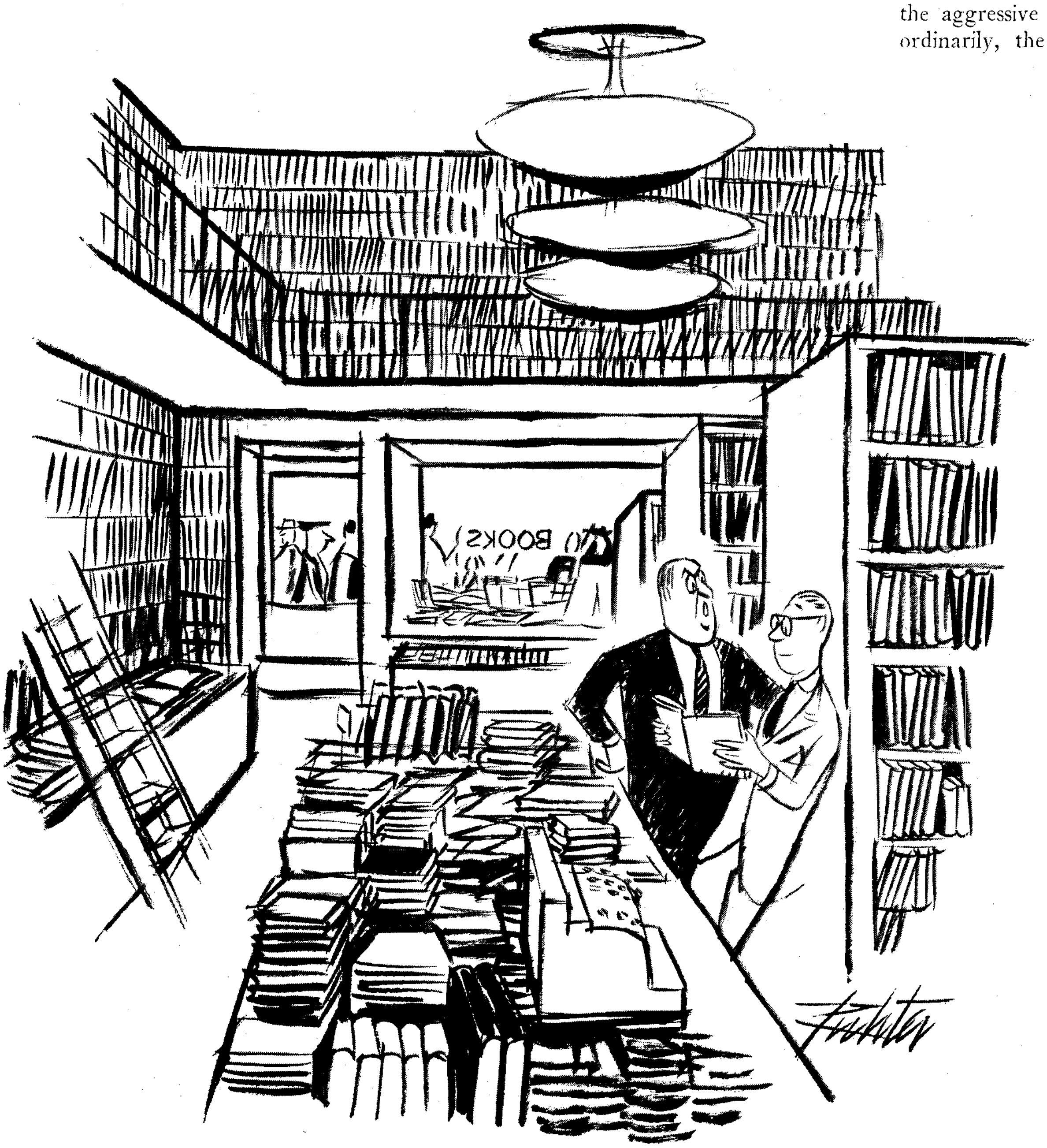
"You leave me alone," said Mrs. Janaczek. "I know who you are. Don't come near me." She began to grit her teeth and shake all over.

Mrs. Pfeiffer ran to the bedroom telephone, dialled her husband's number, and told him she couldn't stand it another minute. Mr. Pfeiffer tried to soothe her, but he finally said he would come right home with the car and take them on the short trip to City Hospital at Elmhurst.

When school let out that afternoon, a seventeen-year-old Negro named Joseph Freeman, ambling homeward along West Ninety-second Street, saw a smaller boy, whom he knew slightly, turn the corner at Amsterdam Avenue and walk toward him, on the opposite side of the street. Although no one was near Freeman at the moment, he heard several voices echoing in his head: "He's one of *them*. Go punch him in the mouth! Let him have it!" He crossed the street, walked casually up to the boy, and hit him full in the mouth and nose. The boy collapsed, screaming and bleeding; Freeman kicked him once in the stomach and ran off. When he got to the building where he lived, sharing a cold-water flat with his sister and brother-in-law (his mother was dead and his father was an alcoholic drifter), he raced up the stairs and told his sister he was going to wait for his brother-in-law and have it out with him. "No wonder I got trouble at school," Joseph said. "No wonder the cops beat up on me last month. *He's* been fixing things, and I'm going to kill the son of a bitch. You wanna watch?" His sister ran into the kitchen and came back holding a long knife awkwardly in her right hand. Joseph began to quiver; then he stiffened and fell heavily to the floor, jerking spasmodically, his eyes rolling up, and foam appearing in the corners of his mouth. His sister rushed to the window and shouted for help, and within a few minutes, seemingly quite recovered, Joseph was marched off by two policemen. An hour or two later, he was transferred by ambulance from the precinct station to Bellevue.

At about the same time, in downtown Brooklyn, a thin, tired-looking barber named Edward Palladino hung up his white coat, locked his shop, and walked slowly home. He and his wife lived alone; they had three children, but all had grown up, married, and left home. For the past several months, Mrs. Palladino had been sleepless, nervous, endlessly complaining and nagging, and full of worries about pains in her breast, abdomen, and head; she felt sure that she was about to die, and she wandered around the apartment for hours in the middle of the night. She had had a thorough medical examination, which showed no disease, but this had not made the least difference. She refused to set foot outside the house, and whenever Palladino tried to find out why, she either snapped at him or merely sighed and said, "What's the use? What's the use?" That evening, when Palladino arrived home, he called out a greeting, but there was no reply. Going into the bedroom, he found his wife on the bed, waxen-faced, openmouthed, and gasping. A large, empty aspirin bottle stood on the night table, along with a water pitcher. Palladino ran to the telephone.

EVERY day, throughout the nation, there are hundreds of similar cases, each of them a variation on one of the basic themes of mental illness—inability to take care of oneself, or behavior that frightens or harms others, or a deep feeling of suffering on the part of the patient himself. In past centuries, the suffering rarely could get help, the incompetent were sent to almshouses, and the aggressive were put in jail; now, ordinarily, the suffering and the incompetent and, if there is any possibility that they are mentally ill, the aggressive, too, wind up in mental hospitals. At the moment, more than half a million Americans are resident patients in mental hospitals or psychiatric wards—more than are in hospitals for all physical ailments combined. In some respects regarding mental illness, New York City represents, perhaps, a microcosm of the nation. Manhattan, or New York County, which is the most densely populated county in the United States, has the highest rate of admission to mental hospitals. In the more thinly populated Bronx, the rate is only half as great, and in quasi-rural Staten Island only a third. This by no means proves, however, that conditions on Staten Island are automatically salubrious; it may indicate that most of the less favored in life—and hence the more vulnerable—live in town, or else that in the densely crowded city mental illness is intolerable, while in a



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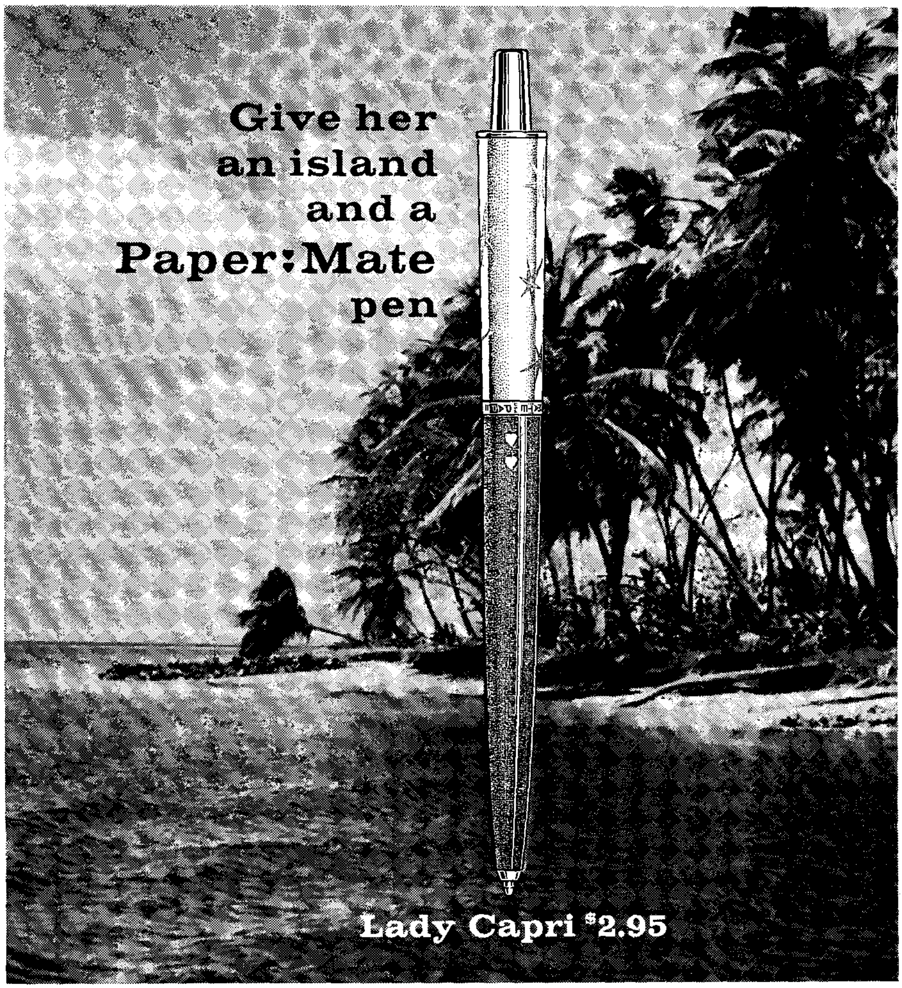

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rural area there is more room for peculiarity. In any event, in the year ending March 31, 1960, over thirty thousand New Yorkers, from all boroughs, went for psychiatric observation to Bellevue, Kings County, or one of several other city hospitals, which provide examination and short-term care for mental patients. A good proportion of these people reported to the hospital on their own initiative, while others were taken there in much the same way as Miriam Hirsch, Arnold Peterson, and the rest. In a matter of days, more than half of the patients were discharged as not being mentally ill (a lot of seeming mental illness is simply bad behavior) or as having quickly recovered from a brief spell of mental illness or as having got over a temporary derangement caused by drink. The remaining 13,462, after being questioned and watched by the doctors on duty for a week or two, were certified—that is, committed to a mental institution. In all such cases, the patient had the right to appear before a judge, with a psychiatrist and other interested persons on hand—in a courtroom in Bellevue, Kings County, or whichever city hospital he had been sent to—and try to convince the judge of his sanity. Few patients exercised this right, and fewer still succeeded in convincing the judge. Those who did not succeed were dispatched—usually by special bus—to one or another of eight state mental hospitals serving the New York metropolitan area. There, after up to sixty days of further observation and treatment, the patient was either released or recertified.

One of these hospitals is the world's largest mental institution—Pilgrim State Hospital, near Brentwood, Long Island, fifty-one miles east of midtown Manhattan. Nearly fourteen thousand mental patients are now living at Pilgrim, making it as large a community as Beacon, Rensselaer, or Rye, and larger by far than Amityville, Haverstraw, Patchogue, or Nyack. For most of the past twenty years, Pilgrim has accepted the largest share of the mentally ill of New York City (as well as a good share of those from its environs), and last year the number of patients received from the city was three thousand and ninety-eight, or about 11.4 per cent of the city's total. Almost all of them came from public hospitals, but a few came from one or another of the licensed private mental hospitals in the state, which number twenty-four, and which, because they cost as much as resort hotels, have relatively few beds; in fact,

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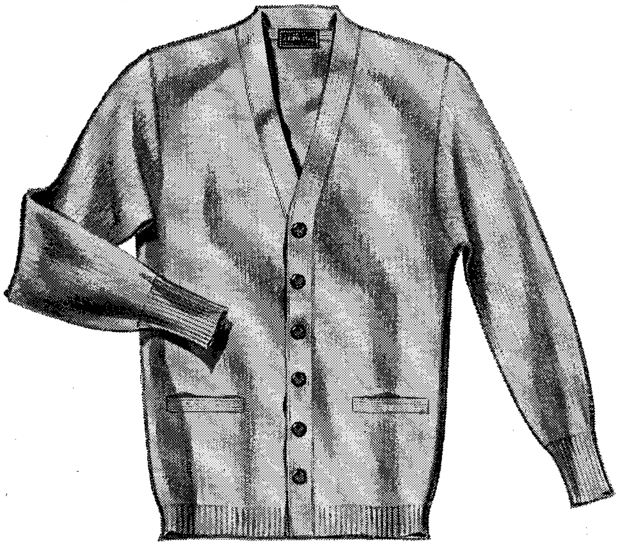

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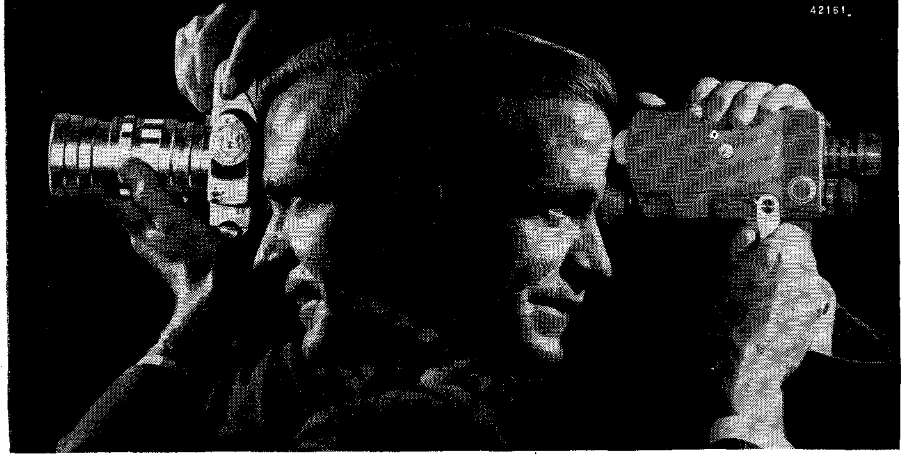
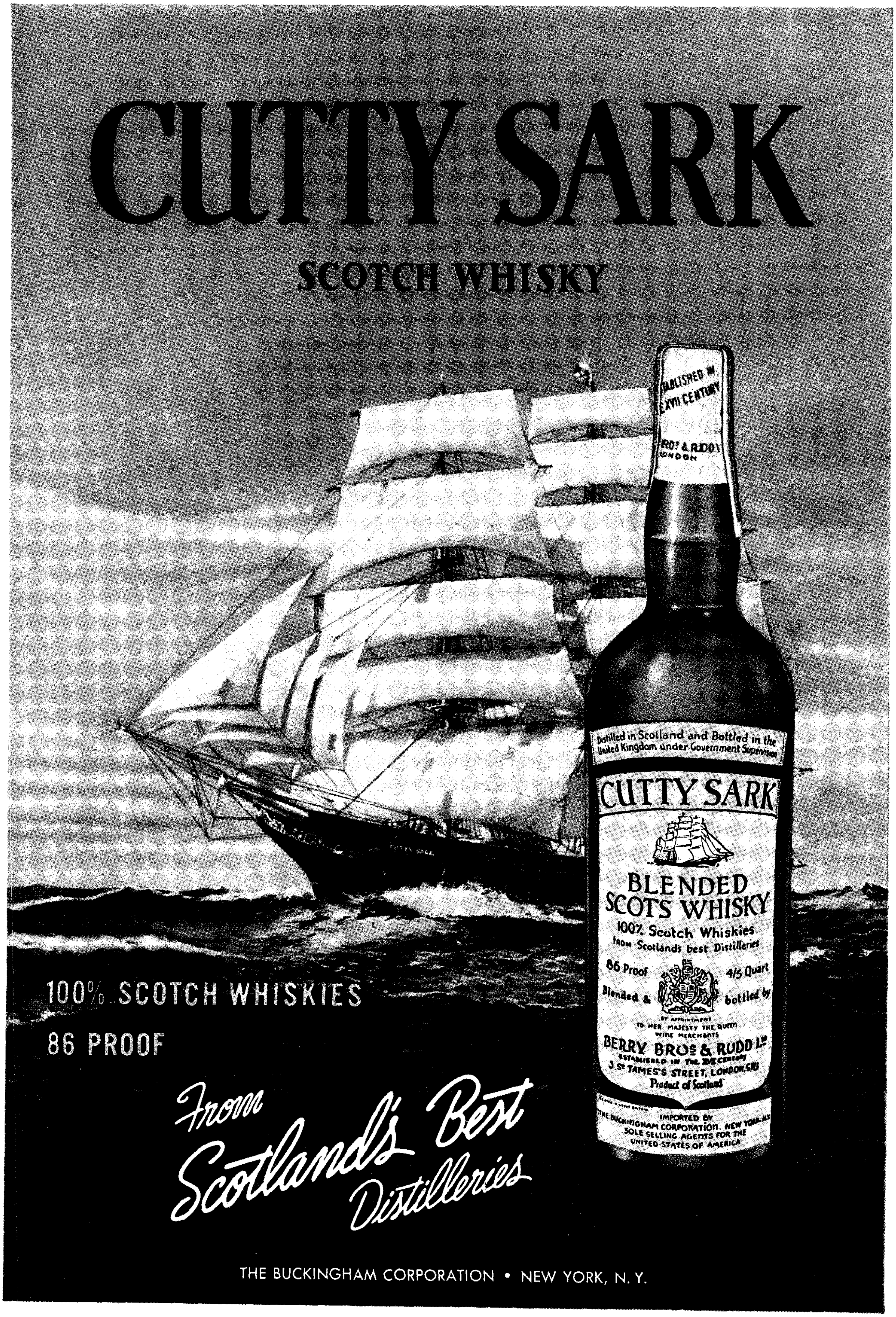


all twenty-four together accommodate only a tenth as many patients as Pilgrim. Most private patients who do not improve rapidly are soon transferred by their families to state hospitals, where charges run from about a hundred and sixty-five dollars a month down to nothing, depending on what the patient or his family is able to pay, as determined by state authorities. (There is, of course, no difference in the treatment of paying and non-paying patients.) Last year, the upkeep of Pilgrim came to $21,177,960, only about a tenth of which was paid by the patients or their families; the outside world contributed the rest.

In certain ways, Pilgrim's population is a cross-section of the city's—there are patients of all nationalities and all occupations, for example—but the cross-section is not altogether a true one. For one thing, the patients on the whole have probably been earning less money than the average city dweller; a recent survey of Manhattan residents, conducted by a sociologist of the Cornell Medical College's Department of Psychiatry, confirmed what psychiatrists have long suspected: faced with great stress, people of lower economic and social status tend to react psychotically (in everyday language, to go crazy), while those of higher status tend to react neurotically (that is, to suffer or to behave peculiarly, but not in a way that involves hallucinations, delusions, or similar symptoms). Then, too, although Pilgrim has its educated and its brilliant patients, public-health psychiatrists have found that the average I.Q. is a trifle lower than that of the New York population at large; a low I.Q. does not directly produce mental illness, of course, but, because of the obstacles it presents to solving the problems of living, it does increase the likelihood that pressures will overwhelm the individual. And the proportion of the various age groups in Pilgrim does not at all correspond to that of New York. For one thing, there are no children under sixteen; disturbed youngsters are sent elsewhere. For another, the proportion of middle-aged people is much higher, partly because involutional psychosis—a disturbance occurring predominantly, though by no means exclusively, in women and entailing a period of involution or regression—is typically a disease of the change of life. The proportion of elderly people is also abnormally high; they account for more than a fifth of all admissions, largely owing to the "psychoses of the *senium*"—the addled wits of old age. Unmarried men with schizophrenia turn up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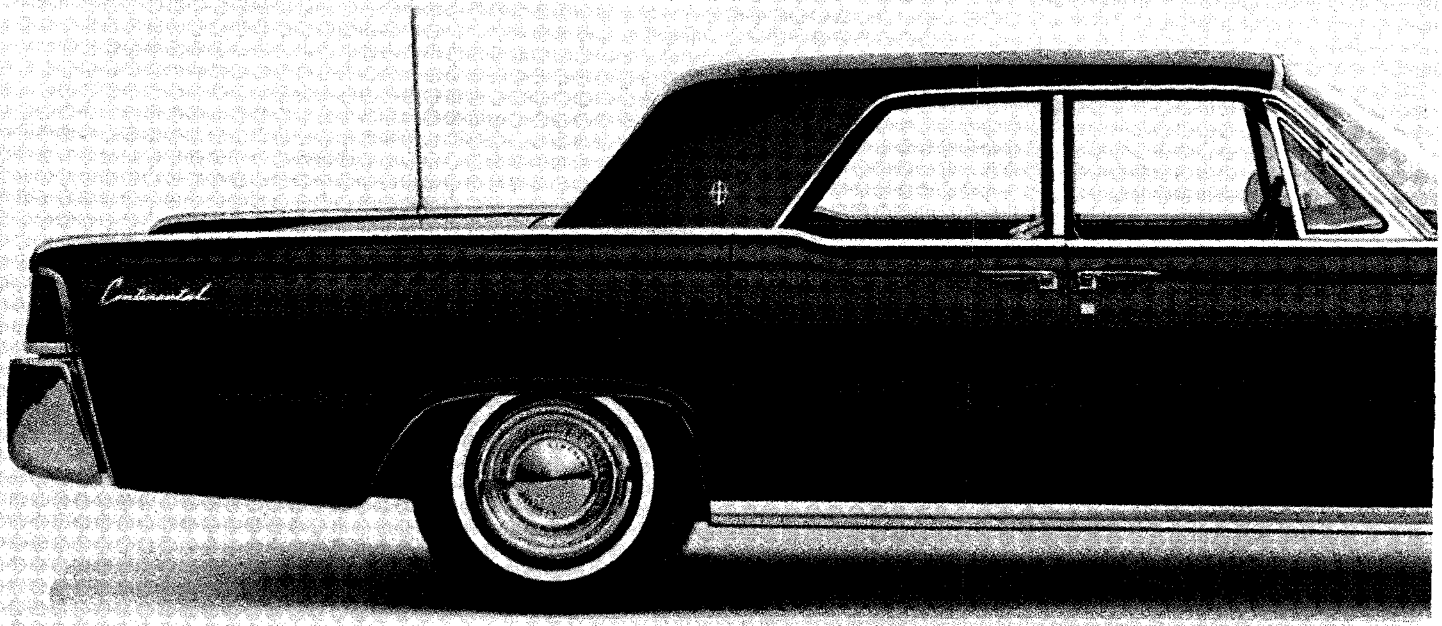

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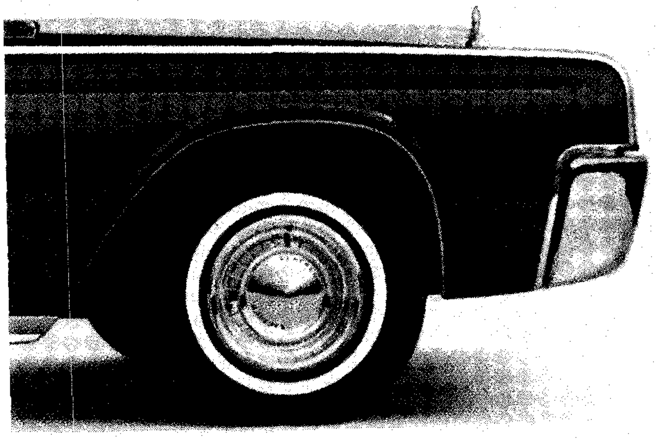

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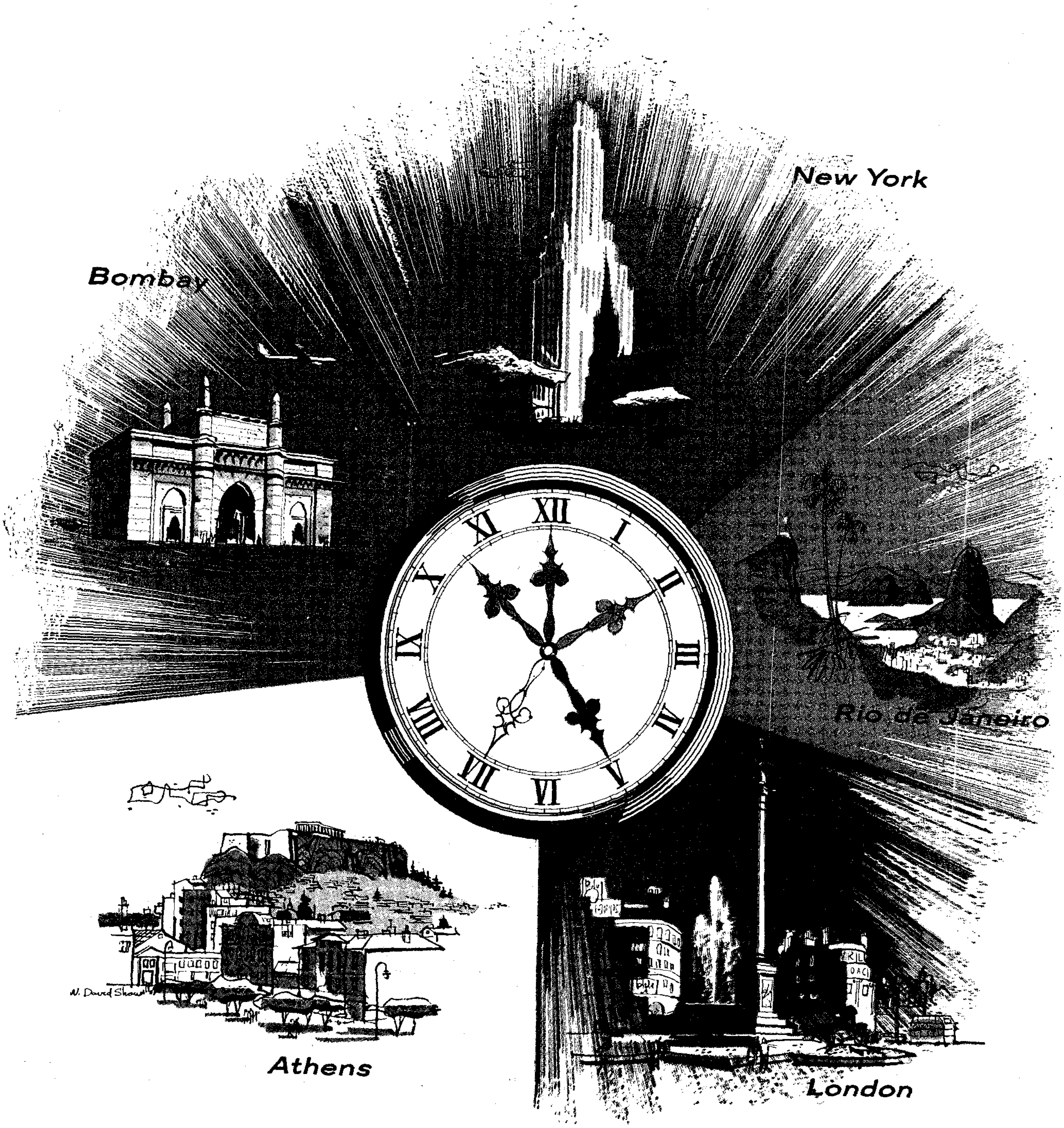
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somewhat out of proportion to their presence in the city's population, though whether bachelorhood causes mental illness or vice versa is undetermined. Women are seemingly more fragile psychologically than men, for more of them enter Pilgrim at almost every age, but since women outnumber men to begin with and are freer to absent themselves from daily life than job-holding men, the matter is far from clear. Men, however, outnumber women in psychoses connected with alcoholism and syphilis, as well as in "behavior disorders"—clearly unreasonable or anti-social conduct that is not accompanied by other symptoms of psychosis.

ERVING GOFFMAN, a sociologist at the University of California, has used the term "total institution" to describe certain self-contained sub-societies within a society; among them are jails, Army camps, sanitariums, and, of course, mental hospitals. Among the most conspicuous characteristics of a total institution is the sharp discontinuity between it and the outer world—in the form not necessarily of walls or bars but of different ways of doing things. Not long ago, having paid several visits to some of the psychiatrists and technicians at Pilgrim, I went back to see more of the place and to find out more about the principles that guide its operation, the way it processes its patients, and the differences between life there and in normal society. There was no sharp physical discontinuity between it and the rest of the world, I knew—it has neither walls nor gates—but in many other ways it is markedly different from a normal community in the United States. For instance, I found that Pilgrim consists of two sharply defined classes—the dominated, or patients, and the rulers, or staff. Pilgrim is also unlike the outer world in that its upper class does a great deal, beneficently but autocratically, to serve its lower class. The Pilgrim patients are awakened, washed and dressed (if necessary), provided with food, medicated, amused, instructed, interviewed, given various therapies, exercised, and bedded down again by 3,949 staff members—90 psychiatrists and 45 consulting doctors, 120 nurses and 19 student nurses, 2,615 attendants, and about 1,000 others, among them 352 cooks, dietitians, and dining-room personnel; 72 carpenters, plumbers, and painters; 48 housekeepers; 21 barbers and beauticians; 18 farm employees; and one shoe-repair man.

Many things within Pilgrim, to be sure, are much as they are outside. Pil-

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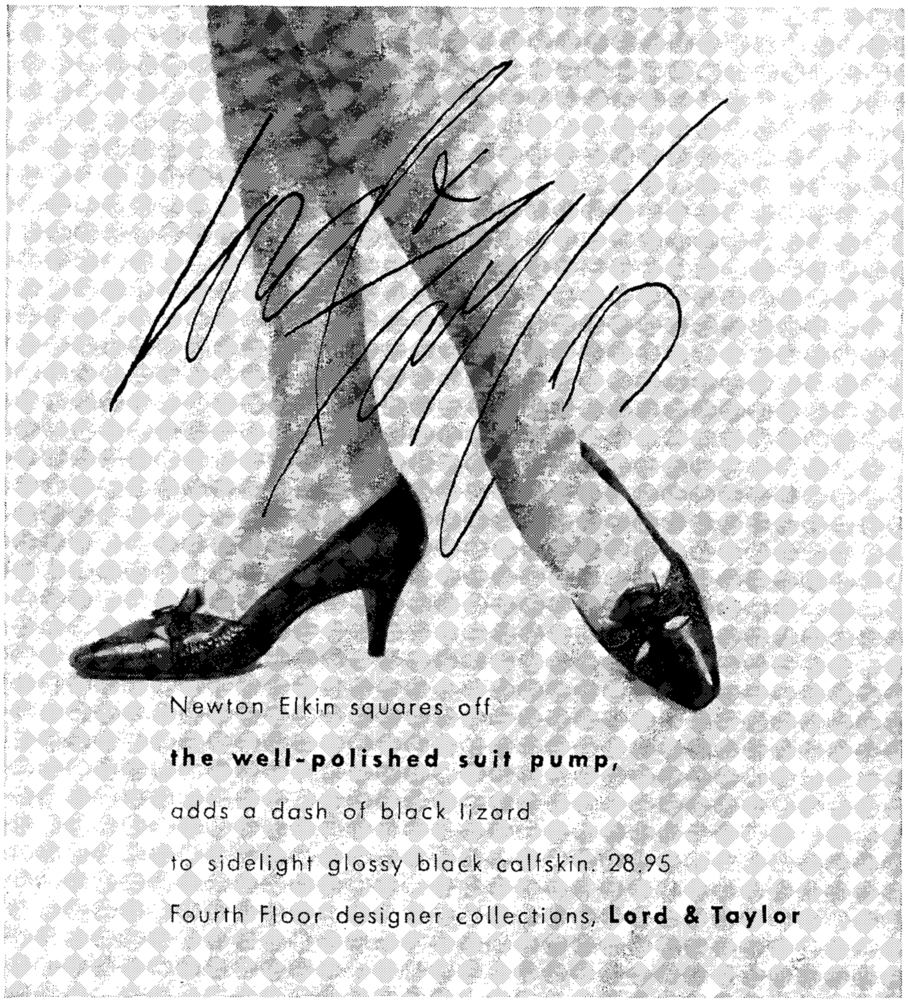

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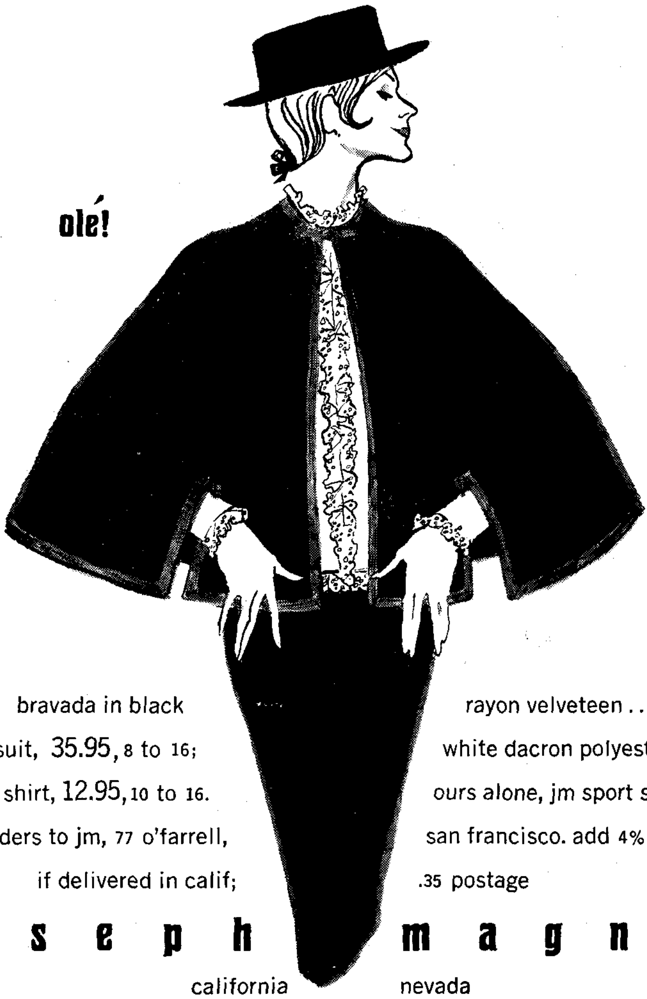

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grim has its own wells, pumps, and sewage plant, and its own power plant. It has TV sets, vending machines, movies, theatres, washing machines, repair shops, a library, and a cemetery (where five thousand people are buried). It has a police force of twenty-five men—just half as many as Scarsdale, which has roughly the same population. Other things at Pilgrim, though they are called by the same names as their counterparts in any other community, are strikingly different. There are streets—eleven miles of them—but they are all straight and none of them have street signs; on official charts they appear merely as Road B, Road C, and so on. (No one seems to know what became of Road A.) There are buildings, but only a hundred and twenty-five of them—there would be several thousand in an average town of Pilgrim's size—and most of them are of dark-red brick and are aridly named Building 1, Building 2, Building 3, and on up. The patients at Pilgrim have twenty-nine telephones (all of them pay phones) ordinarily available to them—a per-capita ratio only about .03 per cent of that in New York City. (The Pilgrim working staff, of course, has hundreds of phones.) A normal town of Pilgrim's size would have thousands of kitchens, and it is unlikely that any two would chance to have exactly the same menu on any given day. Pilgrim has ten kitchens and one menu—a dietitian's master plan calling for, say, eight hundred and twenty-four gallons of farina on a given morning and an avalanche of beef creole in the evening.

Like any community of its size, Pilgrim has a hospital (more properly, a hospital within a hospital) for the physically ailing members of its population—six wards in one central building, where each month about thirteen hundred X-rays are taken, nine and a half thousand laboratory tests done, seventeen thousand injections given, and fifty major operations performed. All of this seems fairly normal, but in Pilgrim only one or two babies are delivered every few months, even though more than thirty-five hundred of the female patients are within the fertile age, and at least half of them are not under lock and key but may mingle with male patients. This is a triumph neither of preventive technique nor of morality. "Contrary to popular opinion," says Dr. Henry Brill, the psychiatrist who is the director of Pilgrim, "much mental illness is a great desexualizer. In particular, schizophrenics—our most numerous group—generally have very little interest in

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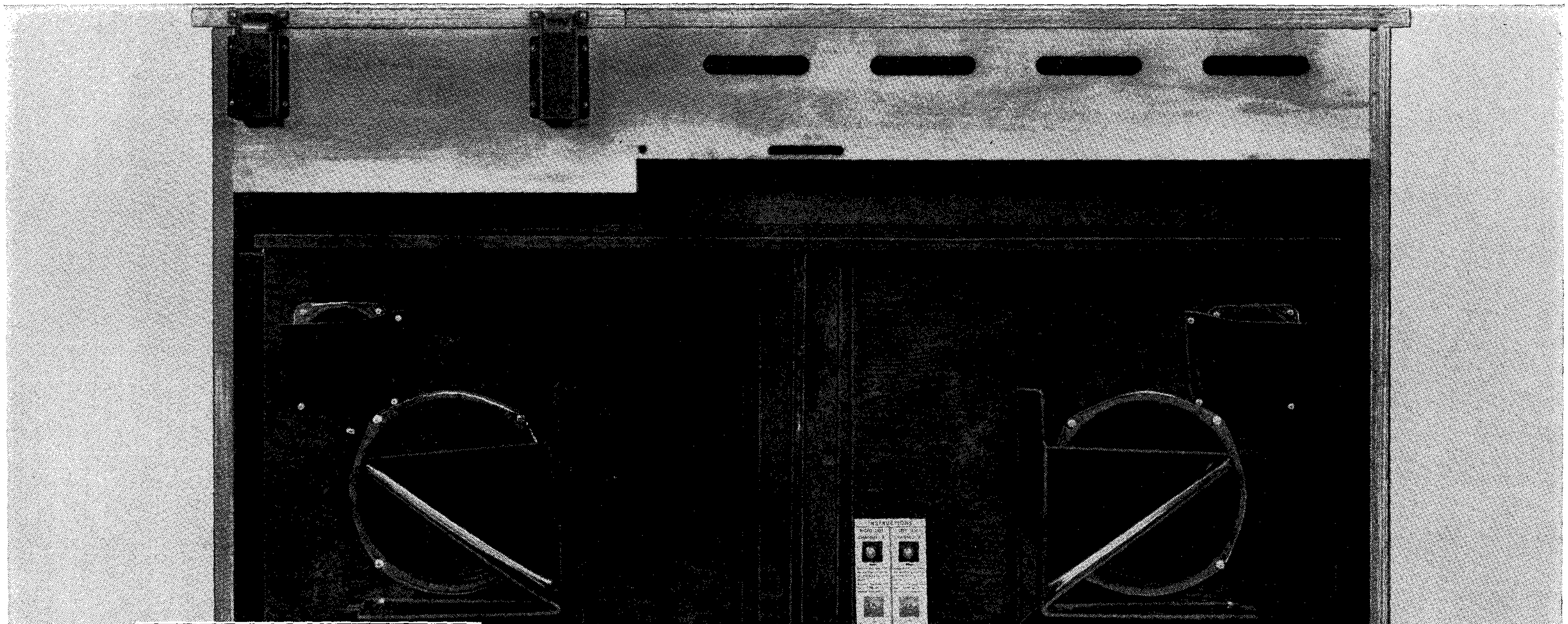

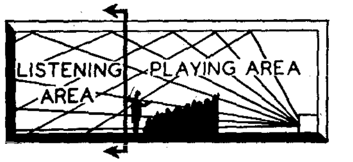

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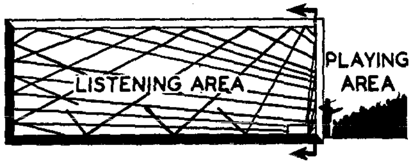

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sex." Moreover, the babies who are born in the community don't stay there more than a few weeks; those who are not turned over to relatives in the outside world are turned over to child-care organizations.

Religious life, too, both parallels and differs from the norm. Three Catholic, three Protestant, and two Jewish chaplains meet with patients individually, hold Bible classes, and conduct services. As in the outside society, no one is forced to attend services or profess a belief, but, by contrast, no one is permitted to change his religious affiliation while in the hospital. The services, too, have their odd aspects. At Jewish services, for instance, one woman who currently sits in the front row stands up at precisely two-minute intervals, salutes the rabbi, and sits down again; this might unnerve some spiritual leaders, but the chaplains at Pilgrim are able to carry on unperturbed.

Despite all these differences, and many others, life at Pilgrim is not nearly as unlike life in New York City as it was half a dozen years ago. In and prior to 1955, when the newly discovered tranquillizing drugs were first put to use in mental hospitals on a large scale, almost every window at Pilgrim was barred; patients clung to the bars and stared out like forgotten political prisoners. The broad, grassy grounds were nearly deserted except when special groups were herded along by attendants to visit the dining rooms, the library, the chapel, or the recreation field. For the most part, in fact, the herdings to the dining rooms were conducted via dismal, ill-lighted underground tunnels to prevent escapes. Most patients wore shapeless gray and brown wool or cotton clothes, bought from the Department of Correction; though these were wretchedly ugly, they were highly practical, for in the throes of severe illness many psychotics would tear or soil their clothing. From the wards for the most deeply disturbed persons, one could always hear a babble of voices punctuated by the screams, enraged shouts, and long-drawn-out moans that had been part of the classic *mise en scène* of every madhouse since the fifteenth century, when London's St. Mary of Bethlehem Hospital, for lunatics, added its name—in the form of the word "bedlam"—to the English language.

Long before 1955, doctors realized that quite a few patients in mental hospitals grew markedly worse after admission. The prisonlike atmosphere and the tedium of the hospitals had almost certainly driven many patients further into

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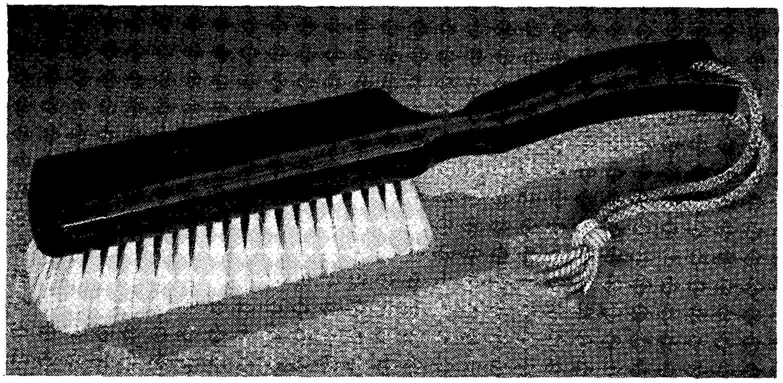

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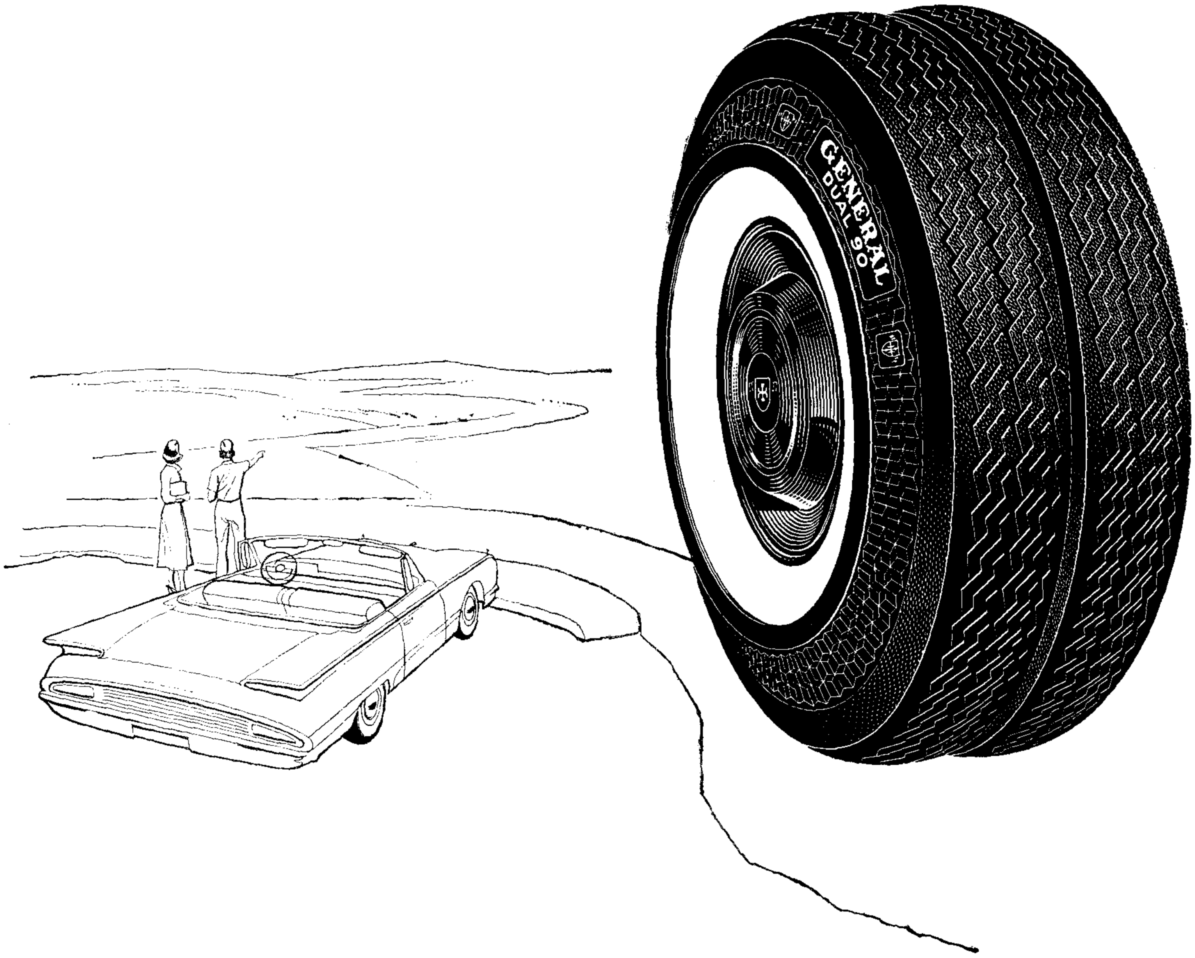
violence or infantilism or whatever their ailments or symptoms were, and had permitted their psychoses to proliferate and sink deep roots. Mental treatment of mental illness being difficult and slow, doctors had long sought physical means of banishing psychoses. The Greeks and Romans, for instance, tried hellebore, henbane, and mandrake, with indifferent success. In 1810, Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, invented a chair, which he called a "tranquillizer"—perhaps the first medical use of the term. He strapped his patients into it and made them totally immobile, on the theory that quieting the body would quiet the mind. The principal physical attacks on disturbed behavior at Pilgrim for several years after it opened, in 1931, were the strait jacket (or "camisole," as it was and is euphemistically called), the tub, and the pack. A wild patient would be jammed into a camisole or kept in solitary confinement for a while—with a walloping dose of barbiturates, for good measure—on much the same theory as that advocated by Dr. Rush. A still wilder patient might be subjected for hours at a time to the sedative pack; inside a cocoon of wet sheets with blankets on top, the psychotic slowly grew warmer and more relaxed, steaming himself into virtual insensibility. An alternative was the "continuous tub"—an immersion, for many hours, in flowing body-temperature water. Totally depressed patients, on the other hand, might be subjected to a tonic in the form of a "Scotch douche"—alternating forceful warm and cold sprays.

Starting in 1937, injections of insulin, which produced coma and in some kinds of cases, as a result, lessened violence and the force of delusions, became a regular method of treatment at Pilgrim, and in 1938 the injection of a drug called Metrazol was added to the list of therapies; it caused convulsions instead of coma but otherwise had somewhat the same effects as insulin and was especially helpful in cases of depression. In 1940, the new technique of electric shock—relatively quick, neat, and easy—began replacing Metrazol. Each of these therapies, however, was successful only in part in some cases and not at all in the rest, and Pilgrim's medical staff next took to the drastic new device of prefrontal lobotomy. Between 1945 and 1955, holes were drilled in the skulls of sixteen hundred intractably ill patients, in each of whom certain bundles of frontal brain fibres were severed. One out of four patients so treated was later able to leave the hospital, though



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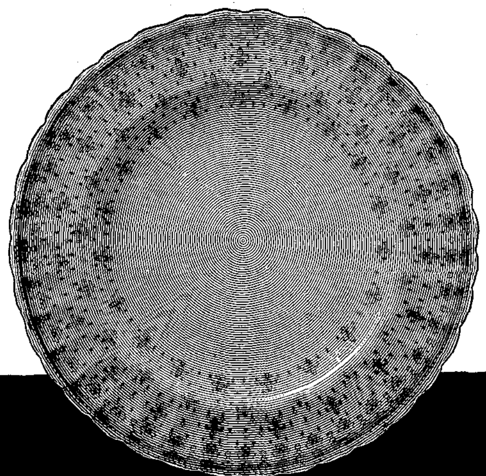

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the operation rendered a small percentage of the discharged men and women doltish. The rest had to remain, but a third of them behaved considerably better than they had previously. And still the population of mental hospitals in New York, which had quadrupled in fifty years, kept growing—and growing so rapidly that the state was unable to keep pace by building new hospitals.

Then, late in 1954, largely on the combined initiative of Dr. Brill, who is now deputy state commissioner of mental hygiene as well as director of Pilgrim, and Dr. Paul H. Hoch, who is now the state commissioner, the state mental hospitals began testing chlorpromazine and reserpine, the first of the tranquillizing drugs, and found them remarkably effective in many cases. In 1955, the drugs started to be used widely, and the effect was immediate. That year, the statewide mental-hospital population topped off at 93,314, and the next year it receded to 92,862. The decrease has continued every year since then, despite continually increasing admissions. The statistical evidence at first seemed incredible. In 1956, Dr. Hoch hedged his bets, saying, in an address to a convention of psychiatrists, "The new drugs are not a specific and not a cure. They are helpful in removing certain symptoms in different mental disorders." Other authorities had more serious reservations. How, after all, could synthetic molecules in the blood stream erase the traumas of the past or expunge old guilts and fears? What did chemistry do to shore up a crumbling ego? Where did hallucinations and hatreds go when a drug seemingly washed them away?

Questions like these are still being asked, but whatever the answers may be, tranquillizers actually have made such a large proportion of recent patients feel and behave better, by eliminating or moderating fears, rages, and phantom voices, that most of the other physical therapies have become curiosa of medical history. (In smaller doses, tranquillizers are also given by private physicians and psychiatrists to their patients, to allay tensions, not necessarily due to mental disturbance.) Tubs and sedative packs had gone out of use at Pilgrim long before the tranquillizers came in, and insulin eventually was dropped, too, though it is still employed by some hospitals. Lobotomies fell off rapidly; there has been only one in the past three years at Pilgrim. The patients who receive electric shock—these are patients who do not respond to the new drugs—have declined in number from about

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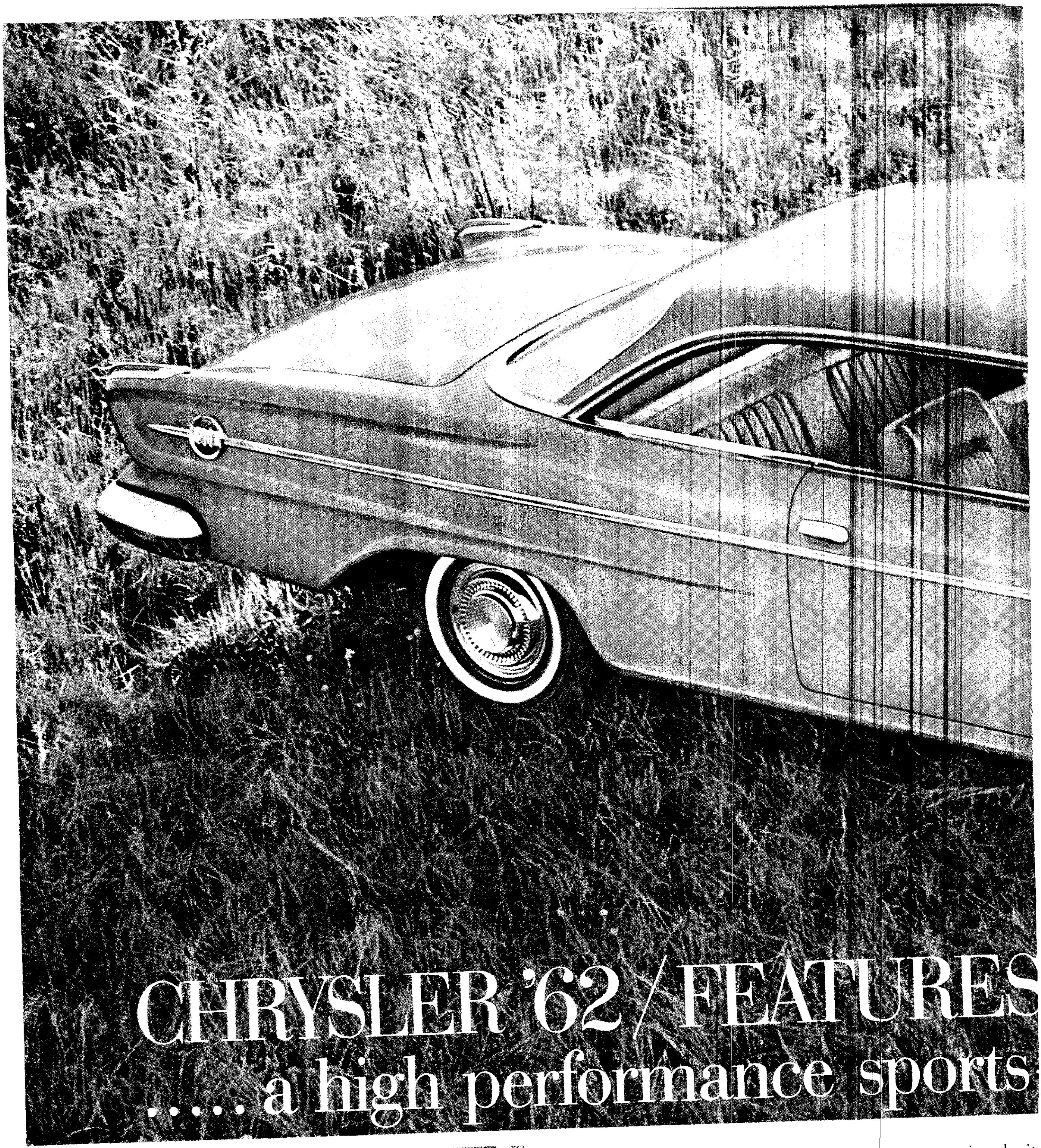

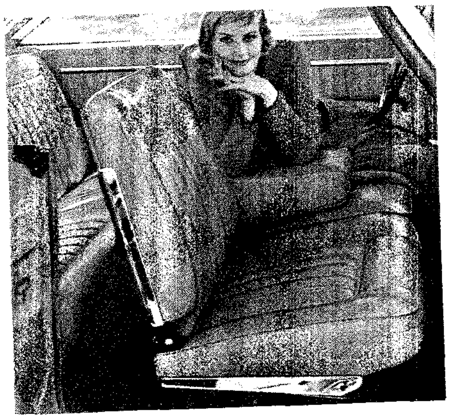

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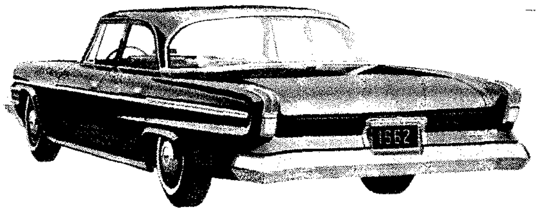

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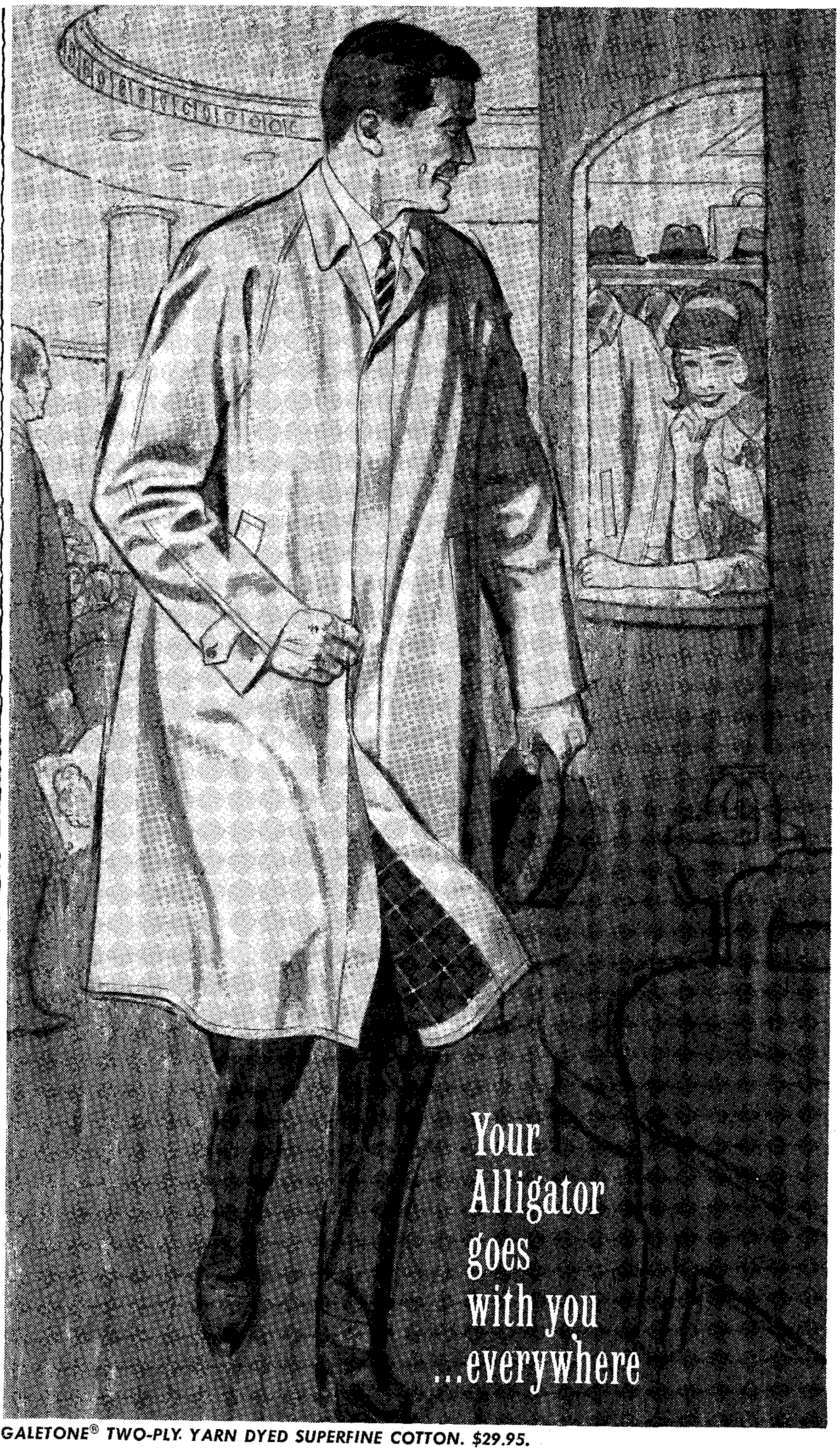
three hundred at any given time in 1954 to about sixty at any given time last year. On an average day back then, close to four hundred Pilgrim patients had to be bound in camisoles or kept in isolation; now only about thirty-five patients a day require such handling. Today, sixty per cent of the wards at Pilgrim are unlocked, and seven thousand patients are more or less free to wander or lounge about the grounds, visit the library and the recreation rooms, or seek out any one of various kinds of amusement or employment within the hospital.

The new manageability of so many of the difficult patients made possible a rapid increase in the use of the so-called adjunctive therapies, which involve both work and recreation. The most typical hospital scene was once the large, drab locked dayroom filled with human carcasses either slumped on benches or aimlessly standing and staring; today it is the workshop, the playing field, and the "open ward," with television, ping-pong, and a great deal of easy conversation. The patients wear a variety of ordinary clothes, instead of the drab institutional dress. Bright paint and curtains have appeared in dayrooms where they had never appeared before. "The atmosphere of the mental hospitals has changed completely," Dr. Brill wrote in "Neuro-Psychopharmacology," a book of papers gathered from the first International Congress of Neuro-Psychopharmacology in Rome in 1958. "Disturbed wards [which are even more carefully tended than ordinary locked wards, because the patients are noisy and assaultive] have practically disappeared and a very favorable climate has been provided for a series of changes liberalizing the entire hospital management." Psychiatrists who oppose or belittle the somatic, or physical, approach argue that it is not the drugs but the improved milieu that has been responsible for the decline in the mental-hospital population, but Dr. Brill often tells his young resident doctors, "You simply can't put on a program like this without the drugs. The adjunctive therapies improve our results still further, but the most significant fact is that we got our first drop in patient population in 1955 and 1956, *before* we had liberalized hospital policies."

One of the unmeasured but important by-products of the revolution brought about by the drugs is the change in the attitude of many of the attendants—the very people whom the patients see most of, the people who talk to them, grant or refuse them favors, help them with activities, give them chores to



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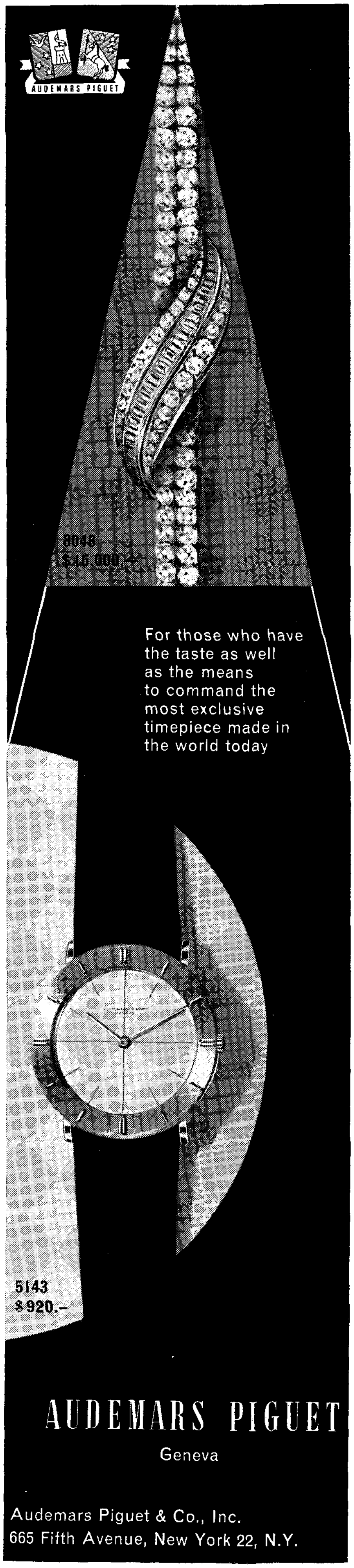
do, and record notes on their behavior for the use of the ward doctors. Although attendants get a four-week training course, including a dusting of classroom psychiatry, they are primarily working-class people—half of them Negro or Puerto Rican—few of whom started out with much sympathy for psychological concepts. Not surprisingly, many of them used to find it difficult to feel kindly toward human beings who were filthy, who resisted being dressed and undressed, who cursed at them, and who were likely to attack them without provocation. As a long-time attendant told me, "You couldn't help being tough with them in the old days. Matter of self-preservation. And it was easy to really hate some of them, too. There was this one big Mexican guy back about 1950, for instance, who used to wait his chance and take a punch at me, each day, just once, always in the kidney or low down on the side. I wasn't supposed to hit back, and I couldn't always be yelling for help to stick him in a camisole for one punch. Christ, how I hated that guy!" Attendants—in some hospitals, at least—had their ways of getting even. As the sociologist Ivan Belknap pointed out in a study called "Human Problems of a State Mental Hospital":

> The punishments which can be applied by the ward attendant are suspension of all privileges, psychological mistreatment, locking up the patient in an isolated room, denial or distortion of access to the professional personnel, threatening to put or putting the patient on the list for electroshock therapy, transfer of the patient to undesirable wards, and regular assignment of the patient to unpleasant tasks such as cleaning up after the soilers.

Dr. Brill does not see it quite that way. He claims that the attendants in the hospitals he knows never had such sweeping powers—certainly not those of applying treatments and restraints, which were and are reserved for the psychiatrists—and that the powers they did have were exercised more moderately, one minor reason being that he and the other psychiatrists always pointed out to the attendants that it was just plain dangerous for them to be mean to their charges. He does agree, however, that the role of the attendants has changed drastically. "They used to be little more than custodians and housekeepers," he says. "Today, they're able to be an important part of the treatment program. They can act as a part of the prescribed reassuring atmosphere that helps the healing process." Raymond Cappucci, the president of one of the attendants' unions, puts it



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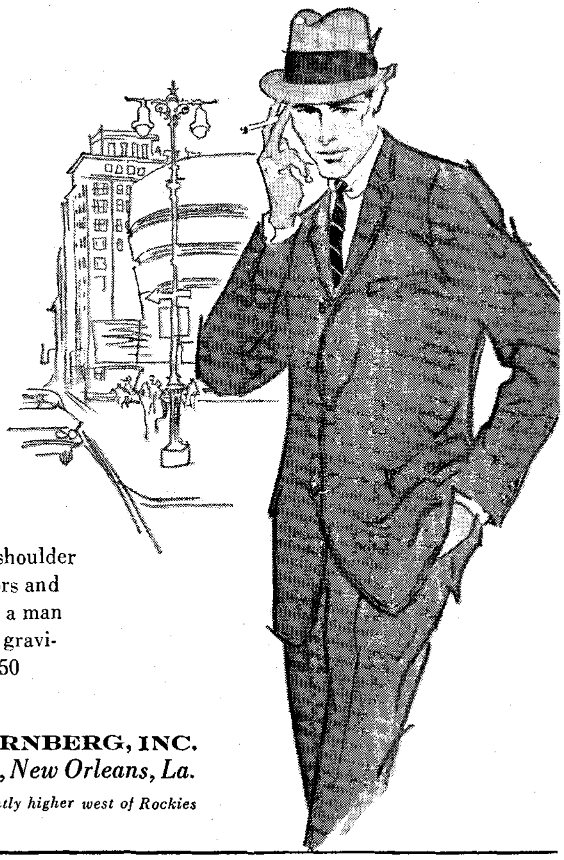

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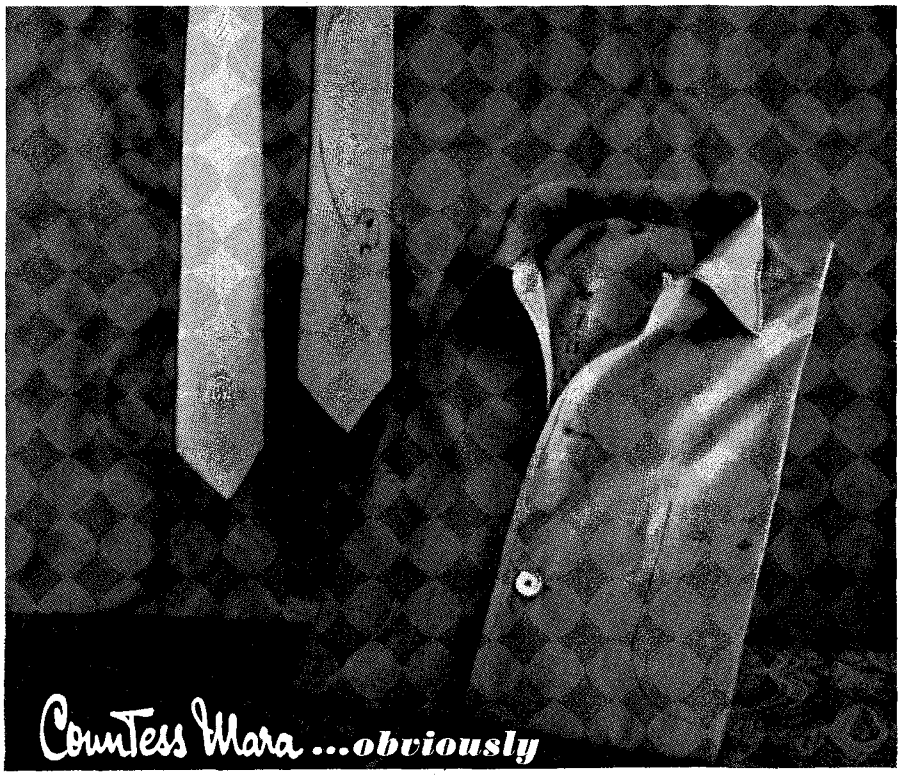

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another way: "Most of us attendants feel if you treat the patient right, he'll do what you tell him to do. We try to be kind to them. A man gets up at night upset and he wants a smoke—and it's against the rules—but what the hell, it'll do him good. The doctors and nurses are pretty highhanded with us about a lot of things, but to tell you the truth, I think sometimes we can do the patients a lot more good than they can."

The point may be debatable, but there is no debating the fact that Pilgrim's major function has changed from keeping patients in custody to providing them with a total environment of activities and human contacts that are helpful to recovery. Until a few years ago, a new patient was observed for many weeks before diagnosis was determined and treatment of sorts was begun, and by that time he was often far worse than when he arrived. In the past fifteen years, the view has been gaining ground that a brand-new psychosis is a semi-plastic, semi-soluble sort of thing; if it is let alone, it hardens into a stony growth, but if it is instantly and energetically attacked, it can be far more easily washed away, and the damaged ego allowed to repair itself. In most state hospitals, this theory of immediate "total push," or intensive treatment, was just a piously accepted ideal until the tranquillizers arrived; then, suddenly, it was as if the new theory had been made for the drugs, and they for it.

PATIENTS arriving at Pilgrim are not likely at first to be aware of the normal aspects of this abnormal community. Most of the wards in the two new-admissions buildings—there is one for men and one for women—are still barred, and, all in all, life in a mental hospital is apt to be full of sights and sounds bewildering to new arrivals, most of whom are quite capable of recognizing how peculiar some of the things about them look. A hospital dayroom is something like a waiting room, but it is never certain what anyone is waiting for. Many of the patients are lying on benches asleep, or sitting around with a glazed look, for tranquillizers cause sleepiness during the first week or two they are taken. Other patients stand in the middle of the floor, staring, for hours; still others rock ceaselessly in rocking chairs. Occasionally, one may talk softly to himself, an odd private glee lighting up his face; another may rush around asking if anyone has seen his briefcase (he had no briefcase); a third may sit at an old upright piano and

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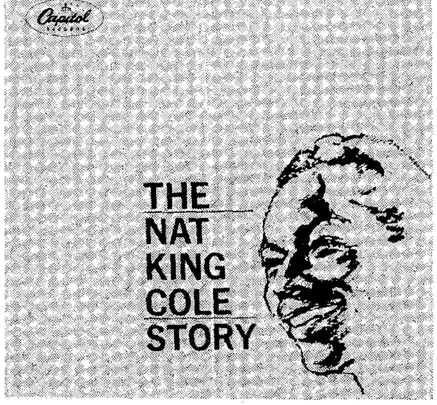
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hit a single note every couple of minutes. Then, too, a number of different sorts of people are clearly in charge of the hospital; the new patient, unless he is too far withdrawn, struggles to discern the local pecking order (director, assistant director, supervising psychiatrist, resident, nurse, attendant) and learns that he, the patient, may be pecked at by all of them. He may also see a fellow-patient try to peck back—that is, spit at or even swing at an attendant—but the swift and inevitable consequence of gross violence, he learns, is to be seized by several attendants and forcibly thrust into a camisole, or led off to solitary confinement, with sedation. There is actually very little of this, however, for in general the tranquillizers almost always lead even the agitated or hostile patients to express their fury verbally rather than physically.

In various ways, new patients experience a sharp transition into a new and separate world that the sociologist Goffman refers to as "stripping processes through which mortification of the self occurs." When Miriam Hirsch, for instance, arrived at Pilgrim, two weeks after her visit to the precinct station, her eyeglasses and a small manicure kit in her pocketbook were taken away from her, because at Kings County, and on the bus, she had clawed and scratched—rather feebly—at the attendants. Arnold Peterson, the wildly talkative engineer, had his false teeth taken out and locked up, since in his moments of high euphoria he might lose or break them. The valuables of both the newcomers were also taken away and stored, and they themselves were quickly given a complete physical examination. Afterward, like all new patients, they were interviewed privately and briefly by the supervising psychiatrist of the appropriate new-admissions building.

In some dramatic and fictional works about mental hospitals, the psychiatrists invariably conduct such interviews in a hurry, asking foolish questions and failing to learn anything from the answers. At Pilgrim, it is certainly true that the psychiatrists are in a hurry (a doctor in one of the new-admissions buildings may be personally responsible for fifty to sixty patients at any one time), but the ineffectiveness of the questions cited in those works may reflect incomplete knowledge on the part of the lay authors who wrote them. With most psychotics, the distortions of thought and feeling are so gross that they appear plainly to doctors in response to even the most unsubtle questions.

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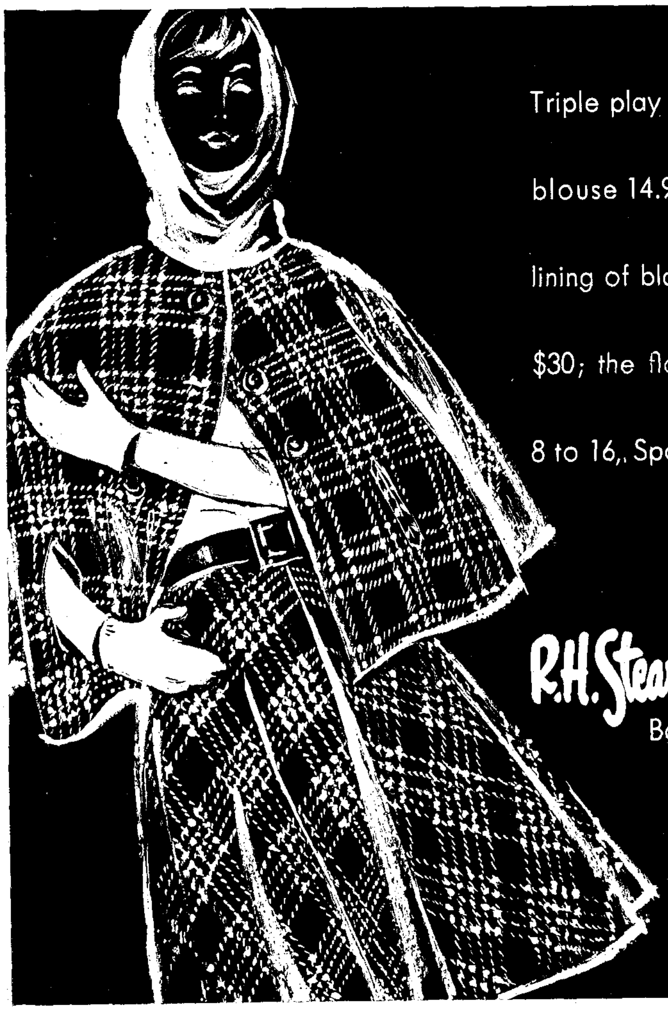

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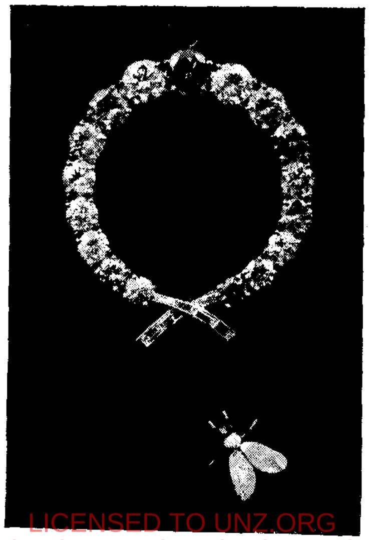
That pleased Miss Cooper no end. So she tucked the customer's name into her purse. And off she went to Africa in search of the gems. She discriminately purchased only the rarest and most exotic yellow, blue, green, brown and pink diamonds she could find.

The brooch is now finished. It is the only one of its kind in the world. But now that we have it, we have somehow misplaced our customer's name. (Miss Cooper thinks she lost it somewhere between the mines of Sierra Leone and the mines in Kimberley.)

Can you help us find our lost lady? Please write or stop in if you have any suggestions. We would certainly appreciate it.



Down below, as you probably guessed, is the brooch. Several other patrons have seen it. So it is only fair that you share in its beauty, too. We can only hold it for our lost lady for fifteen more days. After that time, we will offer it for sale. It will be priced at forty-nine hundred dollars.

Incidentally, that's not a Tsetse fly (Glossina morsitans) admiring our pin. It's a yellow gold fly (of the 14 karat family), with white gold wings and scintillating red enamel eyes. One customer we know wears hers on the back of her dress at parties. She reports it is an uncanny way to start—and sometimes stop—conversation. By mail, twenty dollars.

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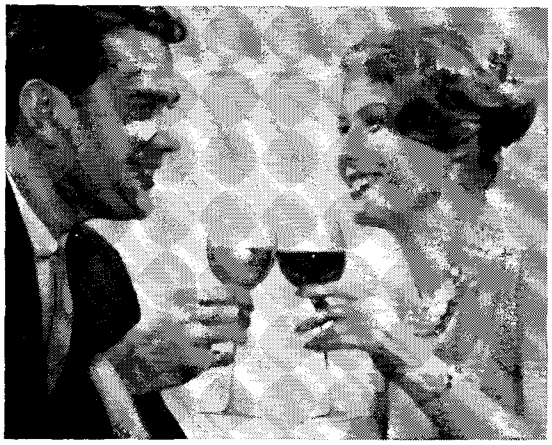

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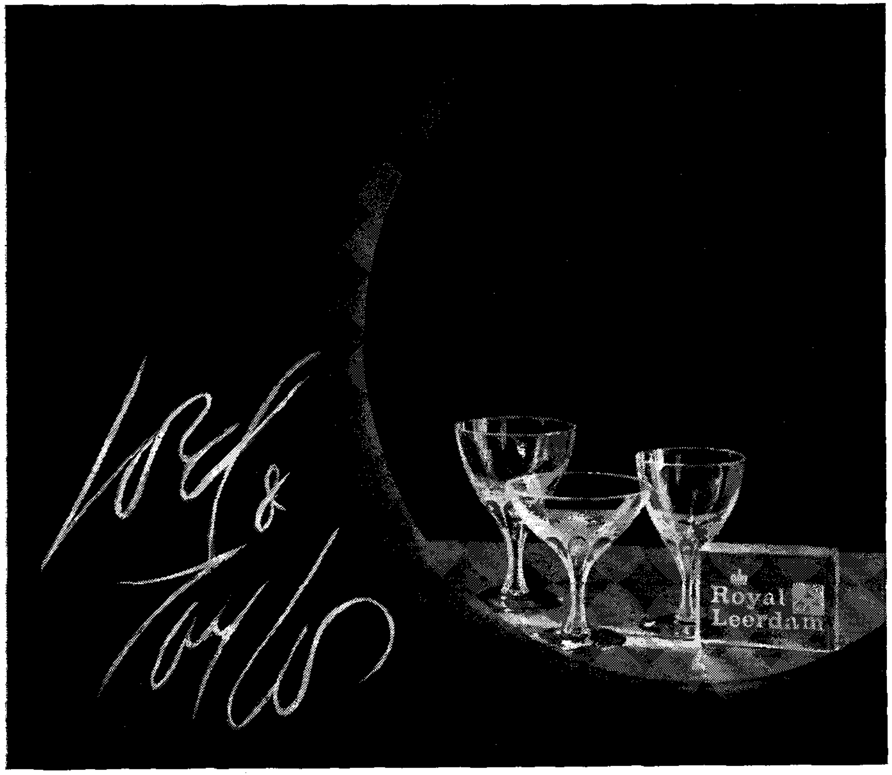

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Hirsch upon her arrival started off by asking her, "Do you know where you are?"

She replied correctly.

"Can you tell me why you had to come here to the hospital?" he asked.

"I'm hard of hearing sometimes," the girl said, staring fixedly at him. "That's my whole trouble." Her hearing had already been tested; organically, there was nothing wrong with it. "My parents are getting old and they don't understand me. . . . There's nothing wrong with me. . . . I ran away from home."

"What was the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"They thought I was a flop, socially," said Miss Hirsch. "And I studied too hard. I was too fat. That's my whole trouble. People would stare at me and talk about me in the street. So they sent me to a psychiatrist and he ruined me."

"What do you mean, 'ruined you'?"

"He cleaned out my mind!" she said, stridently. "So I cracked up! I don't ever want to see another psychiatrist. . . . Well, maybe I *did* need one for a while, but I'm all right now. I want to get a job. There's nothing wrong with me."

Arnold Peterson, upon being interviewed by a doctor in the men's admissions building, laughed boisterously at every question, talked grandiosely about his brilliance as a radio engineer and about the extent of his sexual appetite, and then darkly confided that his thoughts and moods could be controlled at long range by his father-in-law, who used a modified diathermy machine for the purpose. Peterson added that he had told his wife he might have to shoot her father if this continued.

As for the young Joseph Freeman, in response to a few plain questions about his life and habits, he spilled out loathing of his alcoholic father, dark suspicion and hatred of his brother-in-law, and a candid statement about the voices he heard urging him to hit people. Ten minutes after the interview, he stiffened and fell to the floor of the ward in what looked like a *grand-mal* seizure.

Old Mrs. Janaczek, interviewed in a special geriatrics building at the rear of the hospital, couldn't get it straight where she was, and acted grumpy for the first few minutes; then, for no apparent reason, she began to ramble on about household problems that she had been concerned about forty years earlier and now wanted to attend to at once.

Mrs. Palladino was in so deep a de-

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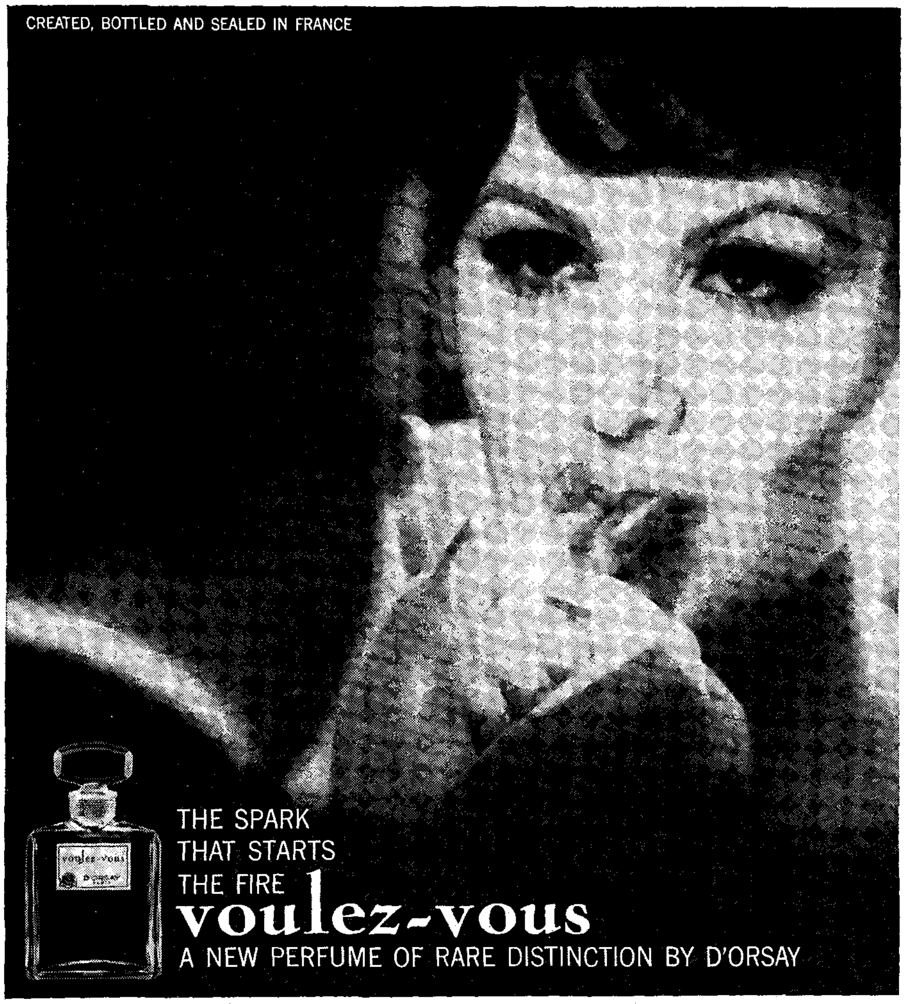
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pression that she neither looked at the interviewing doctor nor spoke to him. Head sunk on chest, body as limp as a deflated balloon, she ignored all questions. Physically, too, she had been found to be in bad shape. Severely emaciated and dehydrated, she had refused almost all food and drink ever since her suicide attempt, and was in imminent danger of physical collapse. Dr. Mary Holt, one of the assistant directors of the hospital, was summoned to look at her, and authorized emergency electric-shock therapy, which is considered a specific lifesaving treatment in such cases. Within an hour, Mrs. Palladino had been wheeled into a small room on a stretcher, electrodes had been placed at her temples, and a hundred and twenty volts of current had flicked through her brain for three-tenths of a second. Instantly unconscious, she writhed in a convulsion for the next half a minute or so, then sank back in a stupor, and awoke ten minutes later dazed and bewildered, but vaguely cheerful. Half an hour after that, she was eating ravenously. (Her depression, the doctors knew, would probably return in a matter of days, and might require ten or twenty more shock treatments before being thoroughly dispelled, unless "psychic energizers"—another group of new drugs—served the purpose.)

ON the basis of the initial interview, the doctor has a rough idea of what is wrong with the patient, and starts him on whichever drug is likely to be most effective. (More than sixty tranquillizers, showing considerable technical variation in effect, are now in regular use, plus half a dozen leading psychic energizers.) But although treatment is actually begun at once, a month or more passes before the patient is finally diagnosed. This may seem strange to the layman, but Dr. Holt explains it by saying, "Precise diagnosis isn't so important during the first steps, given the preceding screening. The agitated ones get tranquillizers of one sort or another, the depressed ones get energizers, and some get combinations of the two. Emergency cases or patients who don't respond to the drugs may get electric shock. The syphilitics or other diseased ones get special medication. And then, of course, everyone in admissions is on 'intensive treatment' right from the beginning."

"Intensive treatment" is nothing like the day-by-day agony of the couch—the probing, self-examining process of psychoanalysis or deep psychotherapy—

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with which the reading and moviegoing public has become familiar in the last few years. For one thing, psychoanalytic techniques are not very successful with psychotics. "Actually," Dr. Ralph R. Greenson, former dean of the Training School of the Los Angeles Institute for Psychoanalysis, recently wrote, "one has to be a relatively healthy neurotic in order to be [successfully] psychoanalyzed." For another thing, the question is academic; even if hospital psychiatrists were trained in analysis—and almost none of them are—they could not conceivably spare the time for it. At Pilgrim, there are a hundred and sixty-five patients per psychiatrist, and even though the number of patients per doctor is smaller in the new-admissions building, the doctor can, at best, give each patient only half an hour for a private chat once a week, plus a scattering of hellos and friendly queries as he makes his ward rounds.

What intensive treatment consists of is a variety of influences—some large and some, perhaps, small—any or all of which may be brought to bear by prescription of the doctor, according to the patient's condition. A psychiatric social worker visits nearly every patient early in his stay, explains the hospital procedures to him, and assures him that his affairs in the outside world will be watched over. Most new patients are also visited by one or another of the chaplains, and although some patients will have nothing to do with any of them, others seem to find the well-known manner and familiar phrases reassuring amid the strange surroundings. Some few patients, hand-picked as likely candidates, meet several times a week with psychologists or social workers for group-therapy talks. Pilgrim's recreation department plies all but the worst patients with exercise and entertainment. In every ward, there are jigsaw puzzles, cards, checkers, and a television set, and many patients, even including some of those in the new-admissions buildings, can go or be led to a gymnasium or the recreation field, or can attend such events within the hospital domain as—to mention some recent ones—a performance of "My Three Angels" by the Syosset Players; a recital by the Huntington-North Shore chapter of the Society for the Preservation of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America; a ballet program performed by children enrolled in the Muriel Meyer Dance Studio, of Huntington Station; and dances in the auditorium, with music furnished by the Copiague High School Band. Similarly, the hospital's

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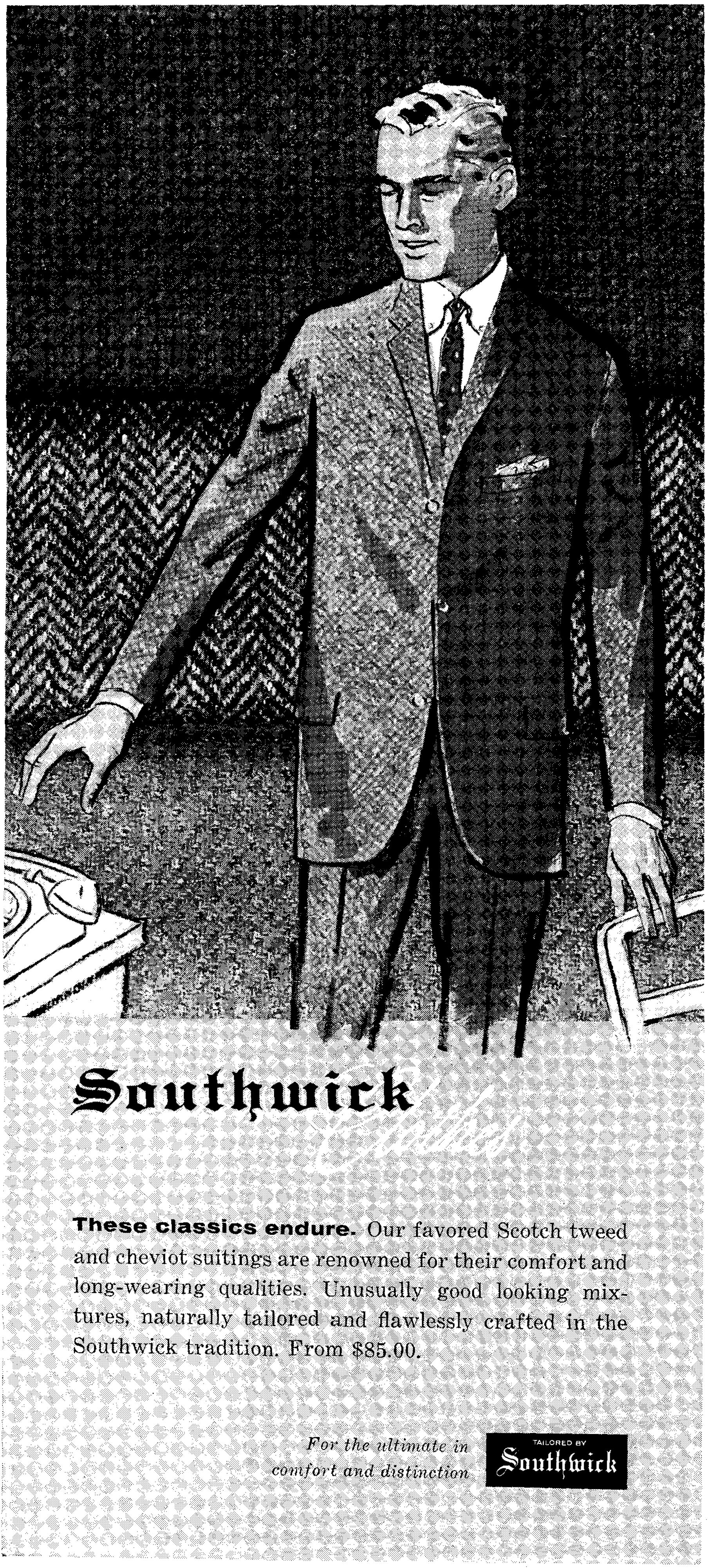
Occupational Therapy Department operates twenty-seven "workshops," in which a good many Pilgrim patients build model boats, weave baskets and cane seat bottoms, print hospital stationery, paint in oils, take a refresher course in typing, make simple curtains, or do something else of the sort. Some patients may stick to simpler tasks, like sandpapering rough wood for others to use or tearing rags into strips for those who are making braided rugs, but others may do intricate things like publishing a paper, called *Pilgrim's Progress*—a monthly that features chitchat about the hospital and some articles about the therapeutic processes. The value of listening to barbershop quartets or tearing rags into strips has never been put to any controlled scientific tests, but everyone in mental-hospital work feels certain that such things do help. An unsigned article in a recent issue of *Mental Hygiene News*, a publication of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, stated the official, if unproved, position, as follows: "Through work and play programs the therapist helps the patient to channel his energies and attentions toward constructive and creative goals. . . . In this manner self-confidence is restored, adjustment to life situations is encouraged and the satisfaction of accomplishment is brought to bear against his mental or emotional disorder."

EACH week, Dr. Leo Horn, an assistant director of Pilgrim who is in charge of the new-admissions service, holds a "diagnostic staff"—a conference in which he meets the patients who are now ready for formal diagnosis. During diagnostic staff, Dr. Horn, a small, pale, thin-haired man, sits behind a table, where he is flanked by a secretary, a couple of young residents, and perhaps a nurse or two. Before him is a stack of dossiers, and in a hall some distance away fifteen or twenty patients are waiting to be interviewed. Not long ago, one such was Miriam Hirsch, who had been in Pilgrim six weeks. As Dr. Horn skimmed her dossier before having her called to his desk, he noted that at first Miriam had had a few hair-pulling fights with other patients, and had been inclined to disobey or ignore the nurses and attendants. When her parents visited her, she cried a good deal and begged them to take her home. After several weeks under the influence of a tranquillizer called Thorazine, she was behaving somewhat better, and had been allowed to visit a typing class and the library. When Dr.



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Horn got around to talking with her, she seemed perfectly lucid until she got on the subject of her hearing, her weight, and her former psychiatrist at the private clinic.

"I can't seem to stop thinking about my hearing and my weight," she said, and burst into tears, blaming the psychiatrist, herself, and her parents, one after another, for her troubles.

When she had calmed down, Dr. Horn asked her whether people still stared at her and talked about her.

"Oh, that was just crazy," the girl said. "That was just stupid of me."

"Are you feeling better?" Dr. Horn asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm fine now. I don't want to take any more pills. I just want to go home and get a job."

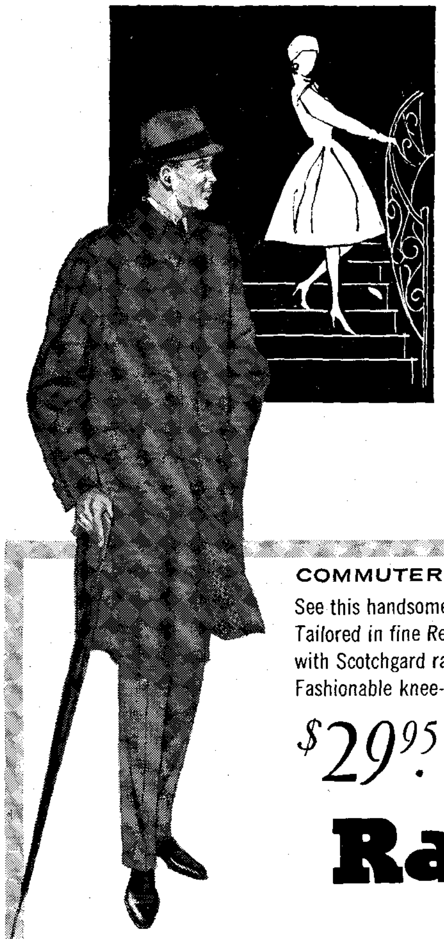
"The pills are helping you," said Dr. Horn.

"But they're making me fat!" she wailed. "And when I'm fat I get upset and I get sicker! . . . What's the *matter* with me, anyhow?"

Dr. Horn dismissed her after about ten minutes, and dictated a finding that read, in part, "No hallucinations can be elicited at present. Behavior much improved, though still somewhat hostile and cries easily. Has confused ideas about her illness, and little insight. Diagnosis: schizophrenia, paranoid type."

One of the residents asked Dr. Horn if Miss Hirsch hadn't made remarkable progress.

"Some," Dr. Horn said, "but she's still a pretty confused girl, and I don't think she'll regain control very soon. Personally, I think the private clinic she previously attended did a very poor thing if it really did throw her into analytic therapy. These incipient schizophrenics can't stand the probing; it can precipitate psychotic episodes. I think you can do more for this kind of patient chemically than you can analytically. Thorazine and intensive treatment will probably get her out of here, but it may take many months. You should have sat in last week, though. I had two girls, one right after the other, both of whom were young mothers and schizophrenics. When they came into Pilgrim, only a month earlier, one was a rigid catatonic who couldn't even talk, and the other was wildly agitated and hearing voices. Nobody tried any analytic probing with them, but by the time they came up for diagnostic staff, their psychoses had just simply vanished, with hardly a trace. I let them both go on convalescent leave. There was nothing to diagnose except what *had* been. I've been in practice for twenty-five years,



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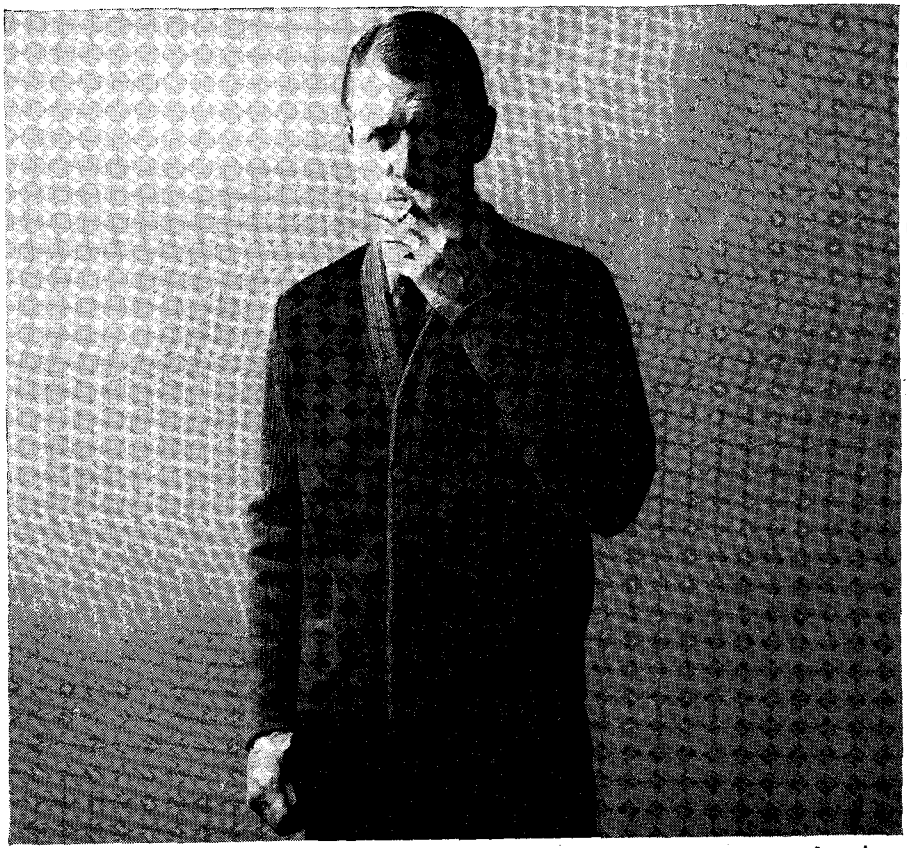

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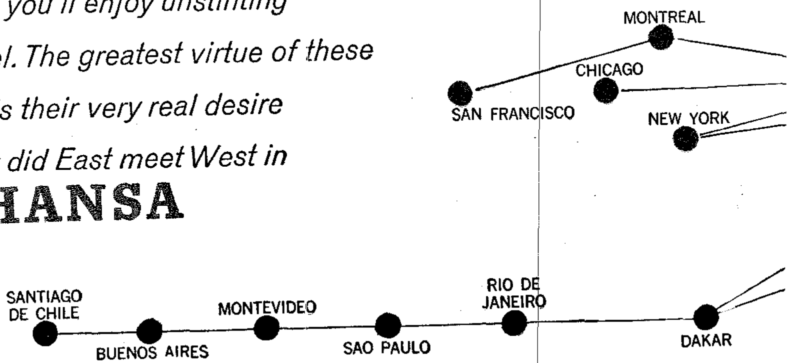
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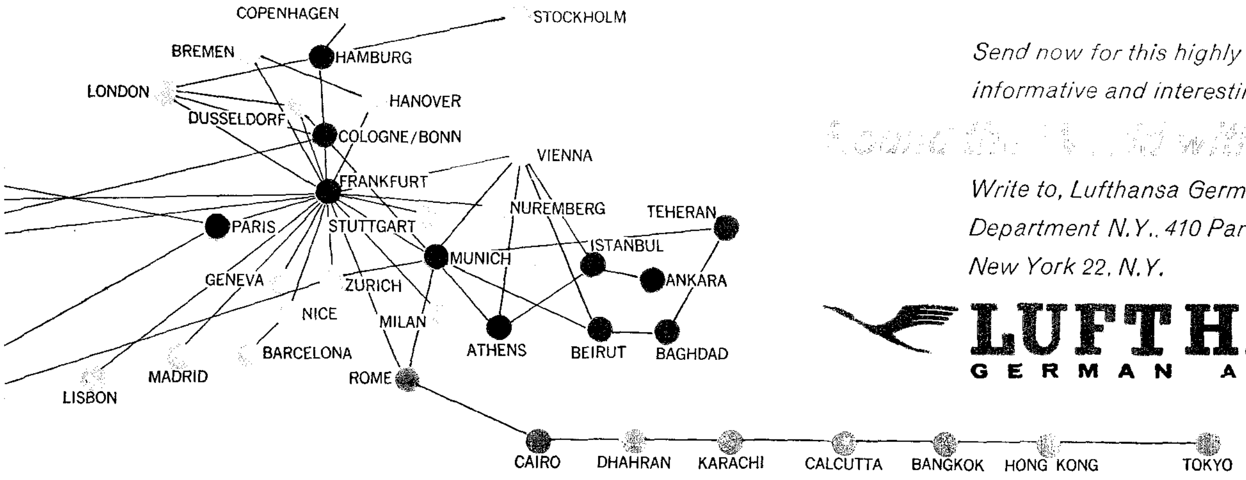
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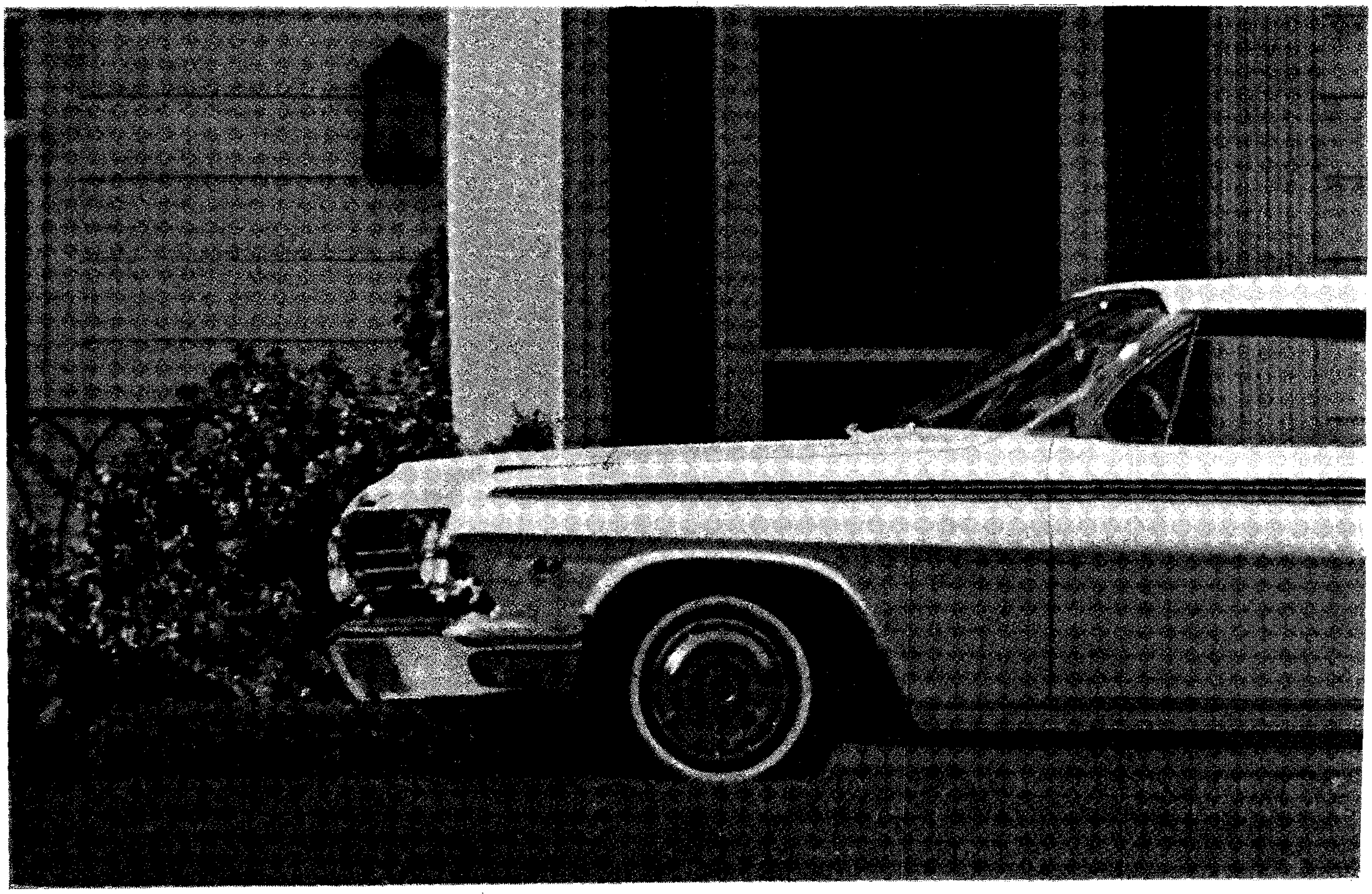

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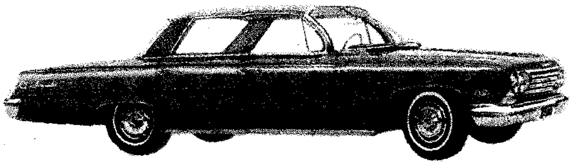

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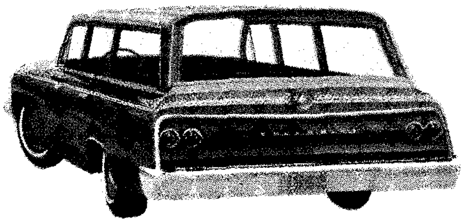
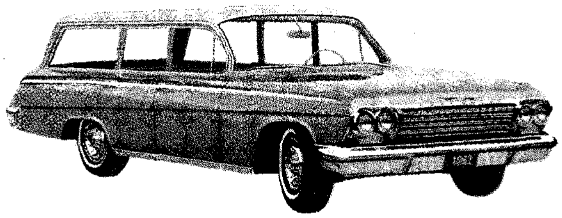
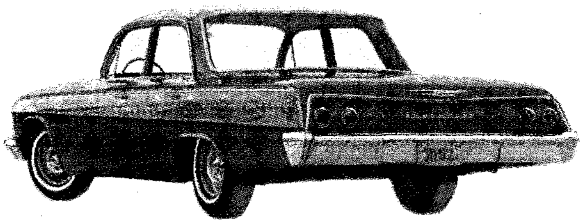


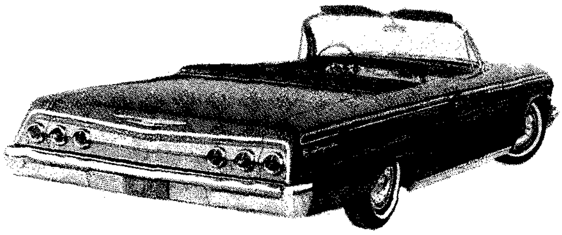
Bel Air 6-Passenger Station Wagon—with up to a whopping 97.5 cubic feet of cargo area.



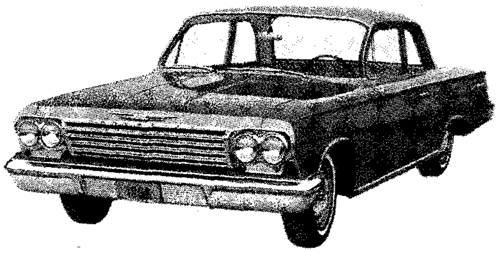
Impala 6-Passenger Station Wagon—who could ask for a classier cargo carrier than this?



Bel Air 4-Door Sedan—all '62 Chevrolet sedans bring you this classic slim-roof look.



Impala Convertible—fresh-as-a-breeze styling extends back to new aluminum taillight cove.



Biscayne 2-Door Sedan—this (would you believe it?) is the thriftiest full-size Chevrolet.

New World of Worth continued on following pages

The Thrift Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth

CHEVROLET *new Chevy II*

Built for people who want modern basic transportation in its finest fashion!

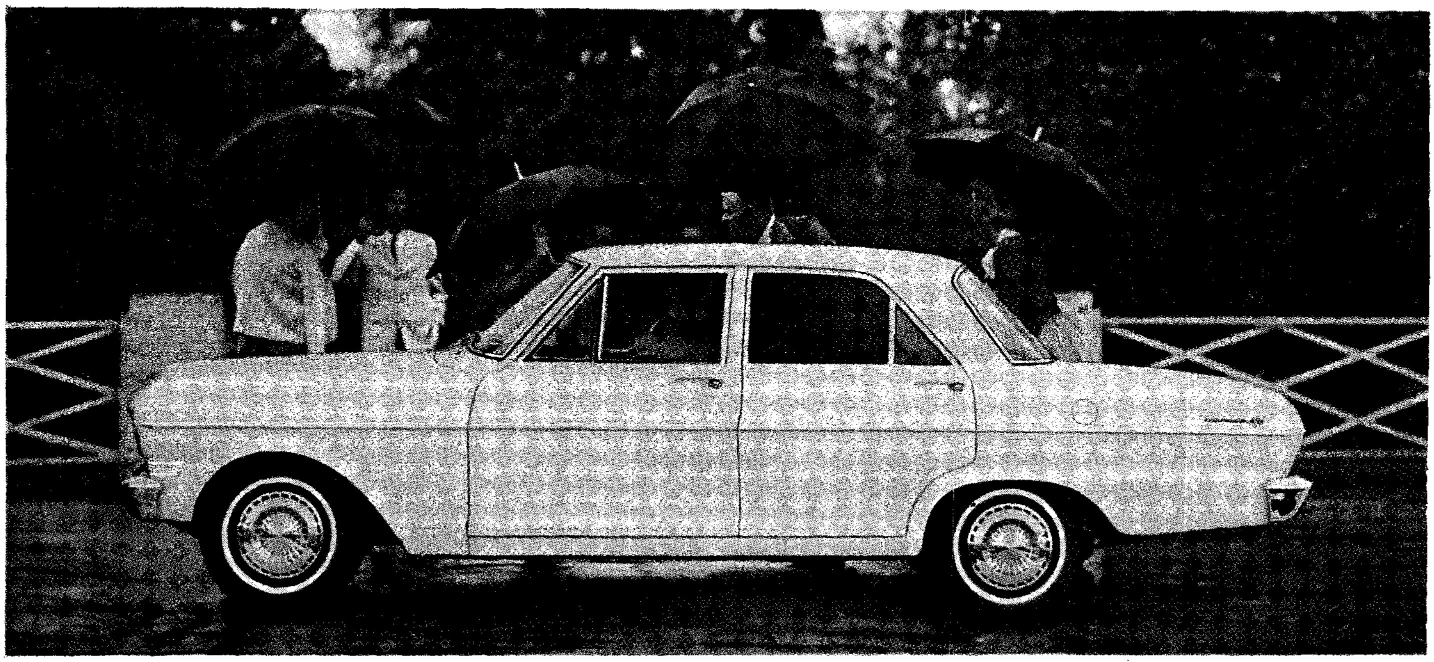
Here is a ***totally new line of cars*** built with sturdy simplicity that saves you money in service and maintenance. Steadfast dependability . . . you know you can count on ***that*** from all the Chevrolet family. Uncompromising economy from a frugal 4- or satiny 6-cylinder engine. This is what you should know to decide whether the new-size Chevy II is for you.

This new Chevy II has all the solid, time-tested virtues you've come to expect from Chevrolet—plus some surprises you've never seen on any car before.

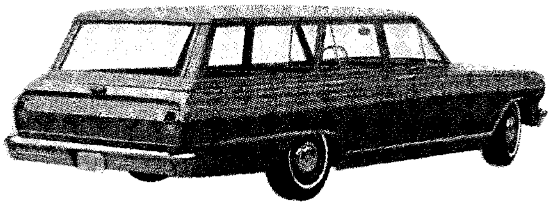
There's a full line of new-size models (including the soon-to-be available station wagons, hardtop and convertible), each built a new way to save on upkeep. All major front-end sections, including fenders, are of bolt-on design for easy replacement in case of damage. And every Chevy II rides on tough, durable—but ever-so-gentle—Mono-Plate rear springs that flex as a single unit, eliminating the squeaks and squawks of old-fashioned multi-leaf springs.

Beneath Chevy II's fresh-shaped bonnet two plucky engines are available—a thrifty 90-hp 4 or a sprightly 120-hp 6—designed with the dependability that has always been Chevrolet's special stock in trade. Both are built with easy-to-service simplicity (run on regular gas, of course—and darn little of it!), yet offer refinements usually reserved for much more pretentious power plants.

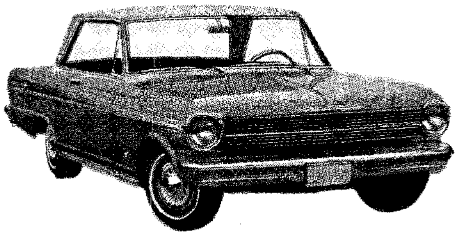
Sensibly sized as this Chevy II is, it's amazingly generous with room. All sedans and 2-seat wagons (thanks to Body by Fisher finesse) tote six well-fed adults and just about anything they want to take along in the way of baggage. Beginning to sound good? Well, it'll sound even better when your dealer gives you the low-down on the price.



Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan—all the II's have standard-equipment heater and defroster.

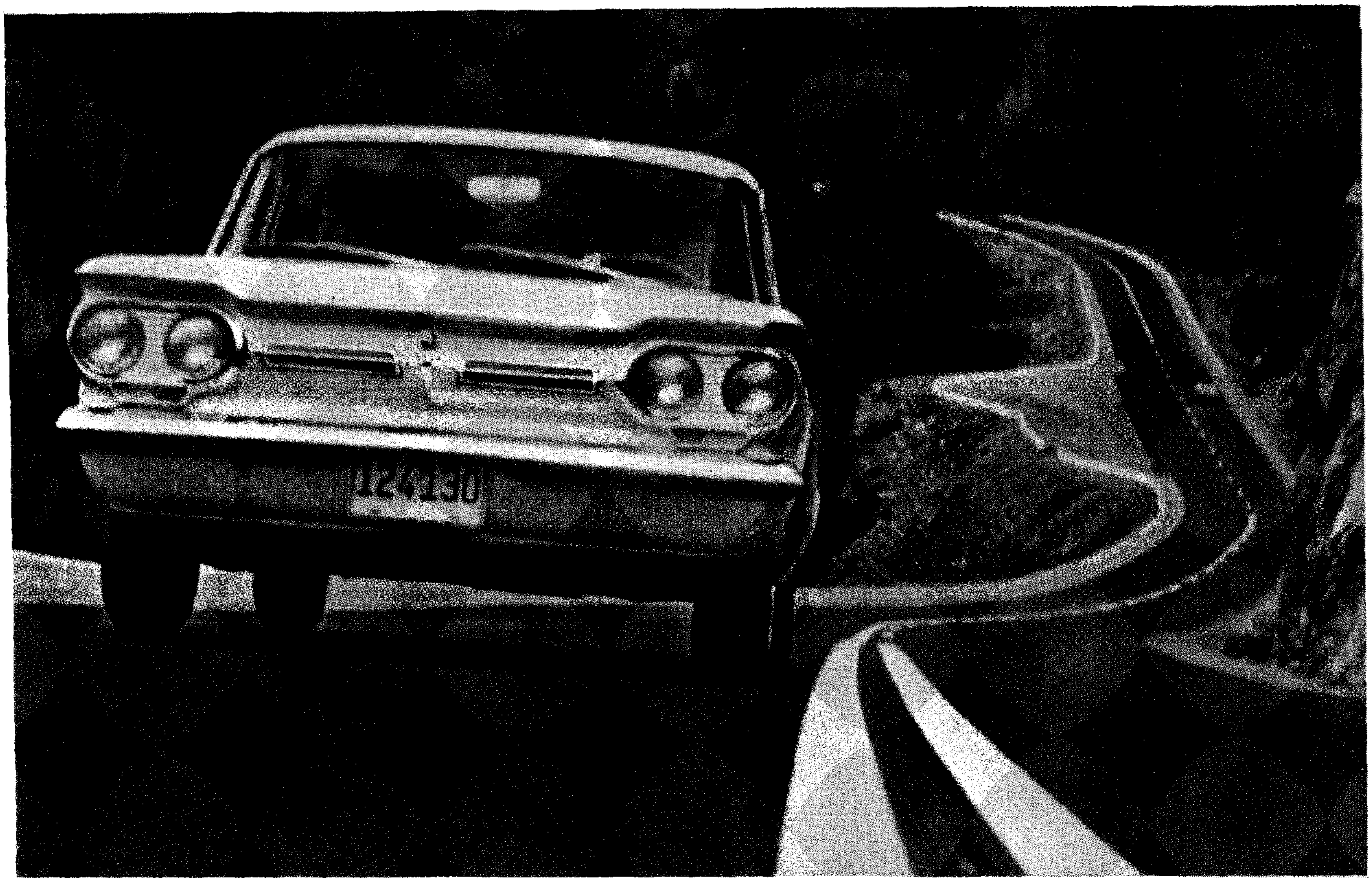


Chevy II 100 4-Door Station Wagon—available with a full range of power assists, optional at extra cost.



Chevy II Nova 400 Sport Coupe—and you can have it with bucket seats if you like, optional at extra cost.

The Sporty Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth



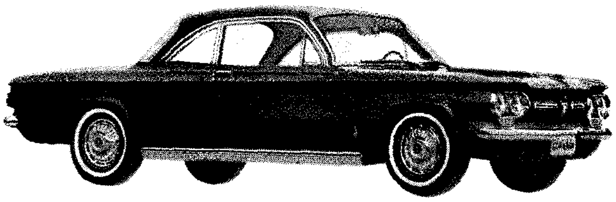
'62 Corvair

Built for budget-minded people who go for sports car driving

Here, with ***saucier styling, tasteful new interiors*** and ***bigger new brakes,*** is the latest version of the car that proved itself in the fiercest rally competition going. If you like a car that goes with extra gusto—and the reflexes of a hummingbird—then read on and see why you and this new Corvair ought to become closer friends.

You'll like what we changed—and what we *didn't* change—about this new '62 Corvair. We've spruced up the interiors, sparked up the styling and included a bundle of goodies (a cigaret lighter, front door armrests, dual sunshades, an automatic choke—even a forced-air heater and defroster!) as standard equipment in all sedans, coupes and station wagons. You also get bigger, more efficient brakes that team up with Corvair's rear-engine traction to give you just about the surest-footed car that ever latched onto a road.

Which brings us to the things we haven't changed a bit. Corvair's quicksilver steering. Its jigsaw agility on corners. Its gutty air-cooled engine. But words really won't do—your dealer's is the place to see for yourself. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



Corvair Monza

This is the one that started the bucket seat brigade. But it's what happens *after* you sit down behind the wheel of this Monza Club Coupe that the other makes can't match.

* * *

'62 CORVETTE

New go—for the goingest car in America!

Dramatic styling refinements and a smooth new 327-cubic-inch V8 make this the sweetest Corvette yet. See America's only true sports car at your dealer's. He's got just the one to convert you to a wind-in-the-face sports car enthusiast.

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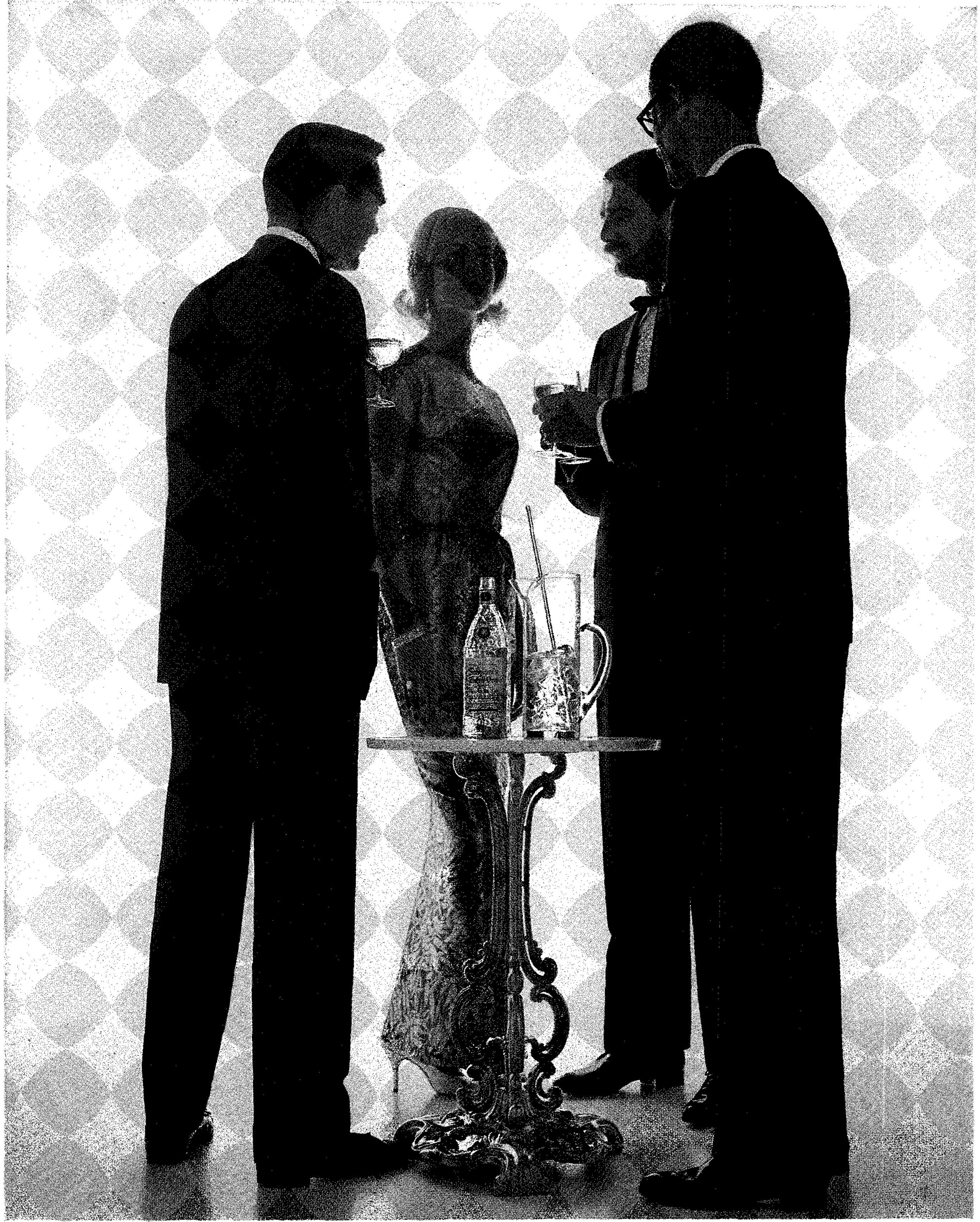
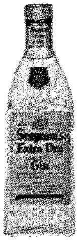


Gentlemen, may I introduce the season's most dramatic discovery-



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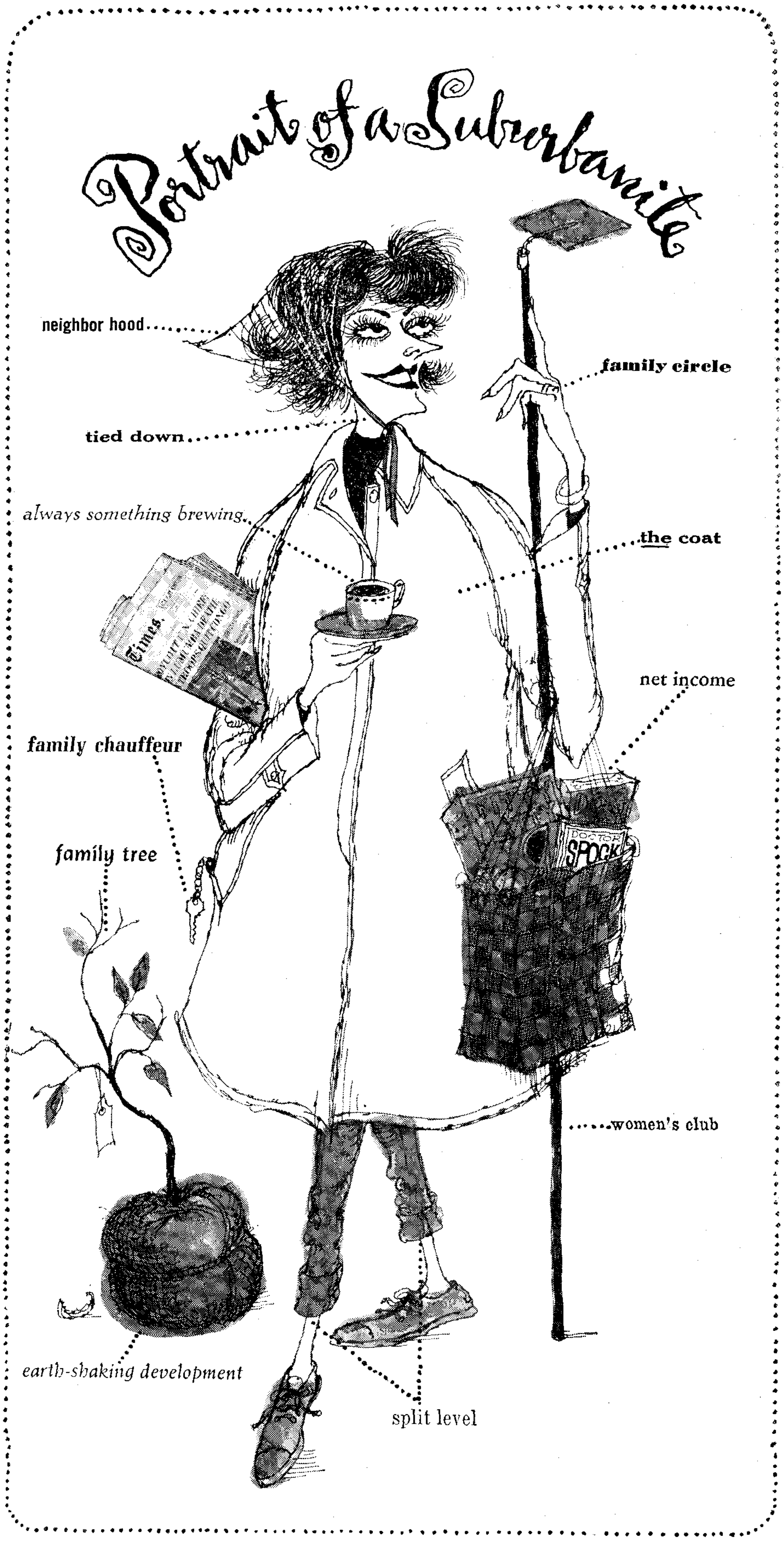
and it's only in these last few years that I ever saw anything like that."

Mrs. Palladino came up at the same session. Her papers showed that her doctor had decided after her first shock treatment to put her on Tofranil, a psychic energizer, rather than continue shock. She had been something of a trial to her ward ever since. "Very disagreeable and complaining all the time," read one attendant's note. "Spends half the night in the toilet, flushing and flushing. Keeps the whole ward disturbed and losing sleep," read another. Apparently, she was certain that she had a serious bowel ailment, and that no one was giving her proper treatment; actually, she did suffer from mild diarrhea—a result of emotional disturbance and tension—and the long record was filled with notations of special attention. She had ignored her husband during his first two visits, and had scolded him during most of the next two. Yet recently she had been doing a little sewing in the ward, and chatting a bit with other women. In the interview with Dr. Horn, she confirmed the impressions he had gained from the notes by complaining a good deal but asking when she might be sent home. "It's very dull here," she said, "and I'm not taking care of my husband the way I should. I'm not crazy, I just got a little too depressed for a while." Dr. Horn assured her that she would be sent home as soon as possible, and put her down as a standard case of involutional psychosis, melancholic type, to be continued in the new-admissions ward; prognosis, very good.

Joseph Freeman came to diagnostic staff under a handicap. He had been uncoöperative and tough in the ward. Nothing had interested him, and when his sister and brother-in-law came out to see him, he had hardly spoken to either of them. Drugs had seemed to do him little good. From time to time, he had had a seizure, yet an electroencephalogram had shown his brain waves to be normal. Laconically but without embarrassment, he had told his doctor about his voices (they had become faint since a brief scuffle in his first week), and about his brother-in-law's plots against him. Then, the day before diagnostic staff, another patient had accidentally nudged him, and Freeman had suddenly gone berserk; he had leaped onto a table, yanked out his belt, and started flailing at everyone around with the buckle. Several patients had been cut, and Freeman, while being subdued by three attendants, had bitten one of them severely on the fore-



(in her London Fog coat)

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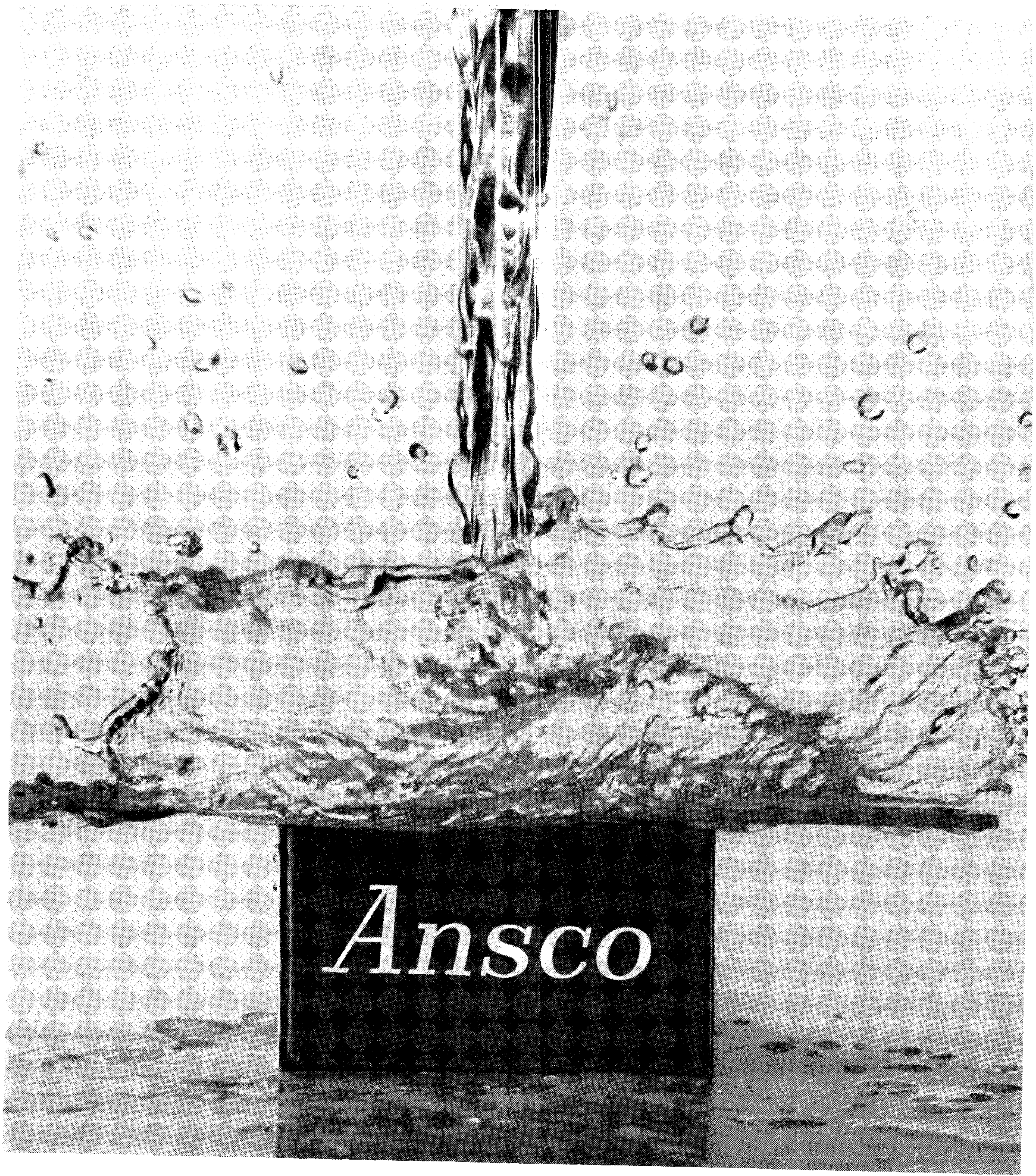
arm and nearly severed a tendon. The next day, when he appeared for diagnosis, he was much sobered by a long stay in a camisole, but his manner to Dr. Horn was sullen and hostile. He would stare at the psychiatrist without replying to questions, or would say that since everyone was against him, there wasn't any point in saying anything anyhow. Dr. Horn diagnosed him as a schizophrenic, mixed type, with psychoneurosis and pseudo-epileptic fits, and ordered him transferred to maximum security in a building for deeply disturbed and dangerous cases.

Old Mrs. Janaczek, naturally, presented a totally different kind of problem. Having no hallucinations but only mild delusions—primarily, a sign of a decreasing competence in the use of her brain, perhaps owing to general aging, perhaps to hardening of the cerebral blood vessels—she was classified as a case of senile dementia. In the six weeks between admission and diagnosis, she had shown no particular change except that she had grown accustomed to being taken to the bathroom at regular intervals; like an infant, she had become almost continent on this regime. Television, an occasional movie, and a simple round of daily activities suited her well enough, but in rare moments she would see things clearly and cry bitterly at having been "put away." At other times, she seemed to think she was in a hotel for people needing a rest cure, and thought it must cost quite a lot. Her prognosis, known by the doctors but not stated in so many words, was that of a terminal case; barring some unforeseen development, she would pass her remaining years here in her private world.

As for Arnold Peterson, he did not come up for diagnosis at the set time—he was later diagnosed as a textbook manic-depressive, manic type—because he was not in the hospital at all. Under Thorazine, he had come along well from the start, although the attendants made many a note like this one: "Never stops bragging, talks big, butts into every conversation, knows all about it. Loud, noisy, a wise guy." He had been agreeable and obedient enough to gain permission to wander around the hospital grounds, and had taken enthusiastically to oil painting—something he had never tried before. To his doctor he confided that his ideas about his father-in-law's diathermy machine were "goofy," and he claimed that his threats to kill his father-in-law had never been serious. He greeted his wife warmly on her visits—too warmly, perhaps, for when she came to see him two days before his



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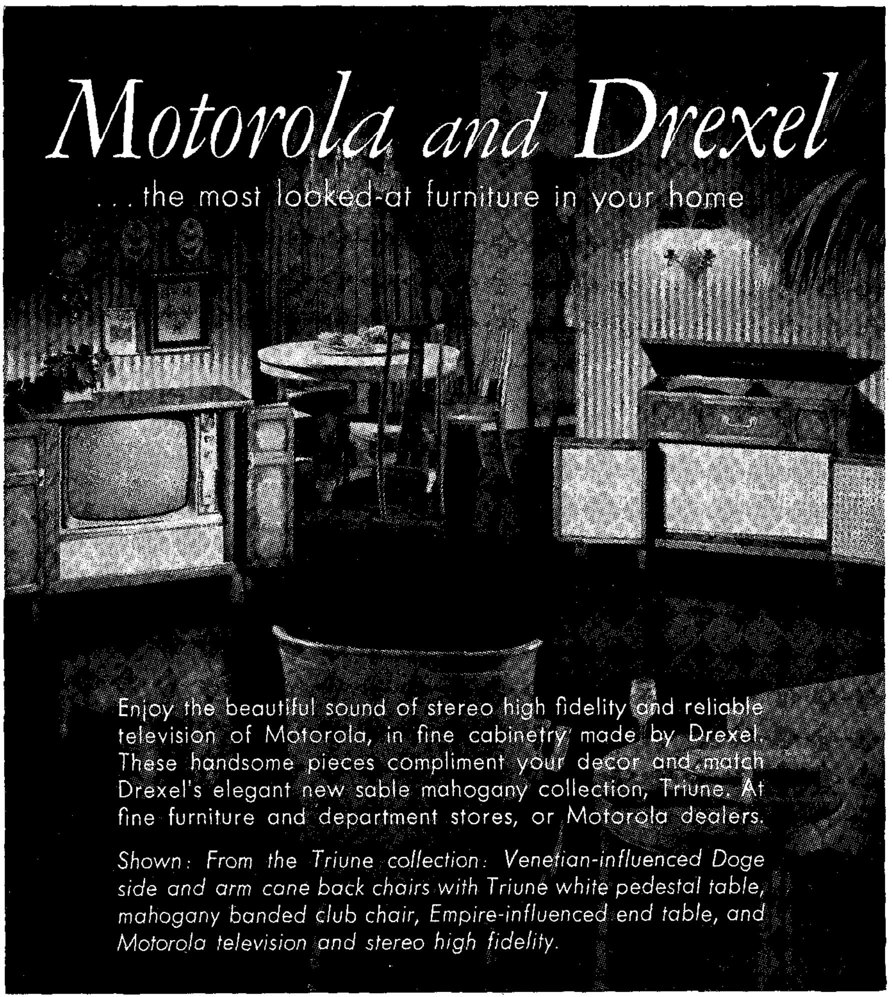

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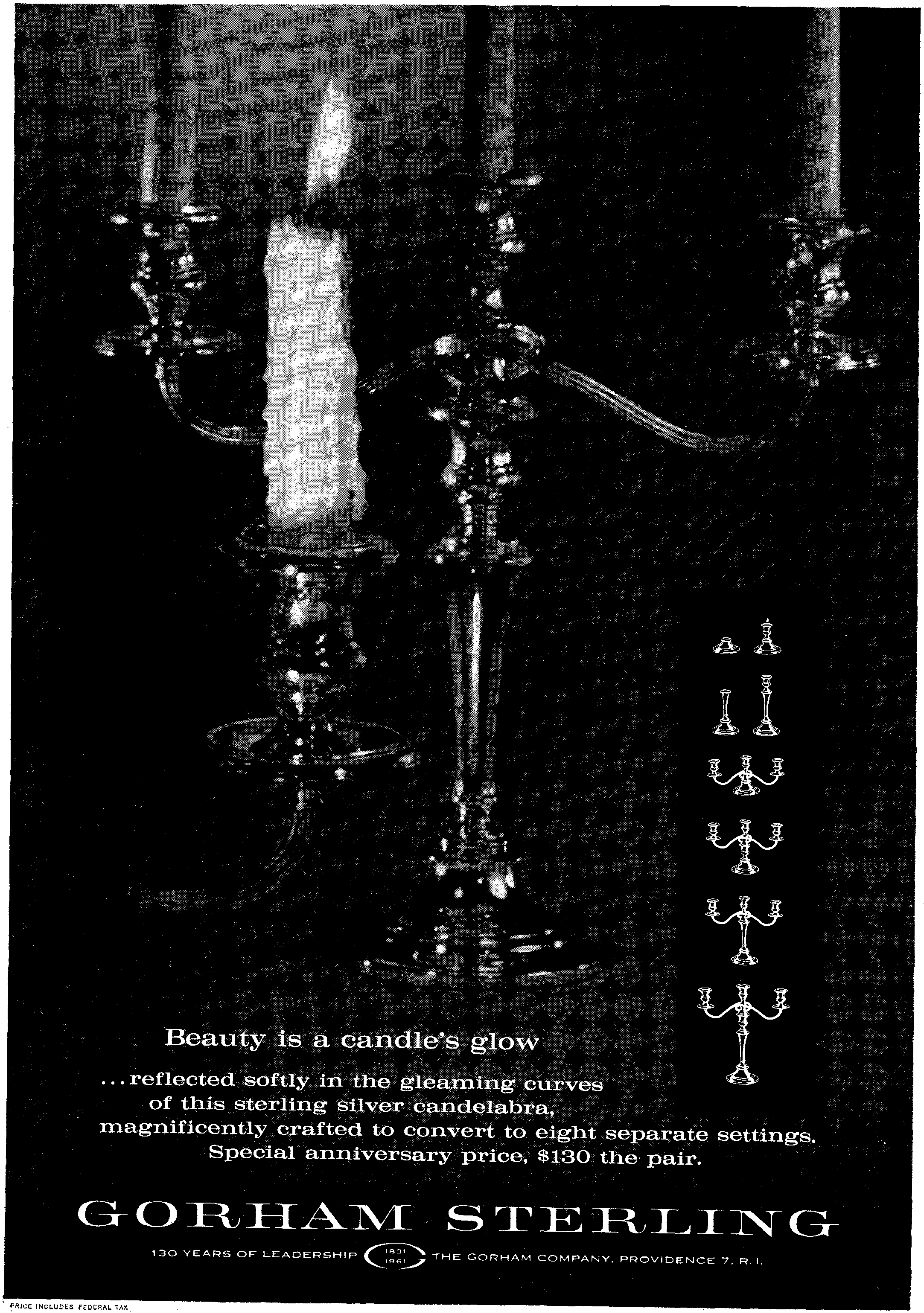
diagnostic staff, he got in the car with her unnoticed, drove off the grounds, and headed for a nearby motel. After spending the afternoon and evening there, Peterson was afraid to return to Pilgrim, and talked his wife into taking him home to the Bronx. The hospital put his disappearance down as a "leave without consent" (in which a freely moving patient vanishes) as opposed to an escape (in which confinement is breached) and telephoned the apartment; Mrs. Peterson denied that he was there. For several weeks, Peterson puttered around, and even started one part-time job, but, being without Thorazine, he was talking and behaving a little more phrenetically every day. One evening, while he was out driving with his wife, they began arguing about some trifle, whereupon he jammed on the brakes and, laughing wildly, ordered her to get out and walk home; then all at once he grew sober and said he thought she ought to take him back to the hospital. Crying with relief, she got behind the wheel and drove him there without stopping, checking him in at eleven o'clock that night.

THE hospital was originally designed for total custodial control of the patients. Every door was to be locked and every window barred. Police problems were minimal, for only a few score of the patients were permitted to leave the locked wards except at mealtime, and they all wore distinctive hospital clothing. Today, thousands of patients walk about the grounds and buildings, and it is often impossible for the police to tell a patient from an employee or a visitor. In former years, an escaping patient had to make a real breakout; in 1934-35, for example, when Pilgrim had 5,812 patients, only thirty succeeded in doing so, and many of the escapees were tough cases. Nowadays, the open-door policy makes escape and leave without consent so easy that three hundred and sixty-five patients—almost none of them dangerous—slipped off last year by simply walking down a side road. (Seventy-seven of those departures were considered escapes, and the rest leaves without consent.) As soon as a patient is missed, ward attendants phone the police force, which sends prowl cars out to cruise around the hospital's three square miles of territory and the roads leading to the neighboring towns. Often, the patient is found walking down a road ("I was just going to town for a look around" is a typical excuse) or lounging about in the center of a town; he is nearly always



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docile about returning. Other escapees make it all the way to the city, but the great majority of them are brought back to Pilgrim after a while by the same behavior that excluded them from society the first time. A few, marginally well enough to stay in society, never reappear.

The hospital lends itself just as readily to unwanted penetration as it does to escape. Stray dogs make their way into Pilgrim through the woods or along side roads, and since patients and kitchen help are always willing to feed them, they find the hospital an ideal home, free from discipline, baths, and leashes. Periodically, the dogs form up into packs, which roam the grounds, growing gradually wilder and wilder, until the Pilgrim police summon the local dog-catcher, who holds a concerted roundup and carts all the dogs out. Then, one by one, new dogs appear, and the cycle begins again.

Until 1954, the public could get no more than a glimpse of the buildings of Pilgrim from the major public roads nearby. Then the Sagtikos State Parkway sliced through the hospital's domain, passing within a few hundred yards of the administration building. Ever since, sightseers and Sunday drivers have been driving in from time to time, hoping to get a look at the lunatics. Rubbernecking as such is only a minor nuisance; what really infuriates the psychiatrists is the tendency of young men to cruise the grounds looking for likely young female patients. Recently, two young men picked up a pair of girls, whisked them off for a short while, and then brought them back to the grounds. "It got us pretty mad," Dr. Brill has said. "To think that anyone would take advantage of a sick girl! Well, we've got the law on our side; a mentally ill woman isn't competent to give consent, so it's statutory rape. We're going to press charges against the men every time this happens, and after the word gets around, I doubt if it will happen again."

Regrettable as such invasions are, they are a sign that the boundary line between the outer world and the hospital world is far easier to cross than it used to be. In the year 1941, when most cases were chronic, about thirteen hundred patients got out of Pilgrim—half of them by dying. A handful of others escaped or were transferred elsewhere. Only about a third of those who left Pilgrim one way or another were released as "improved or recovered." All this has greatly changed. Death is still a frequent way out of Pilgrim,

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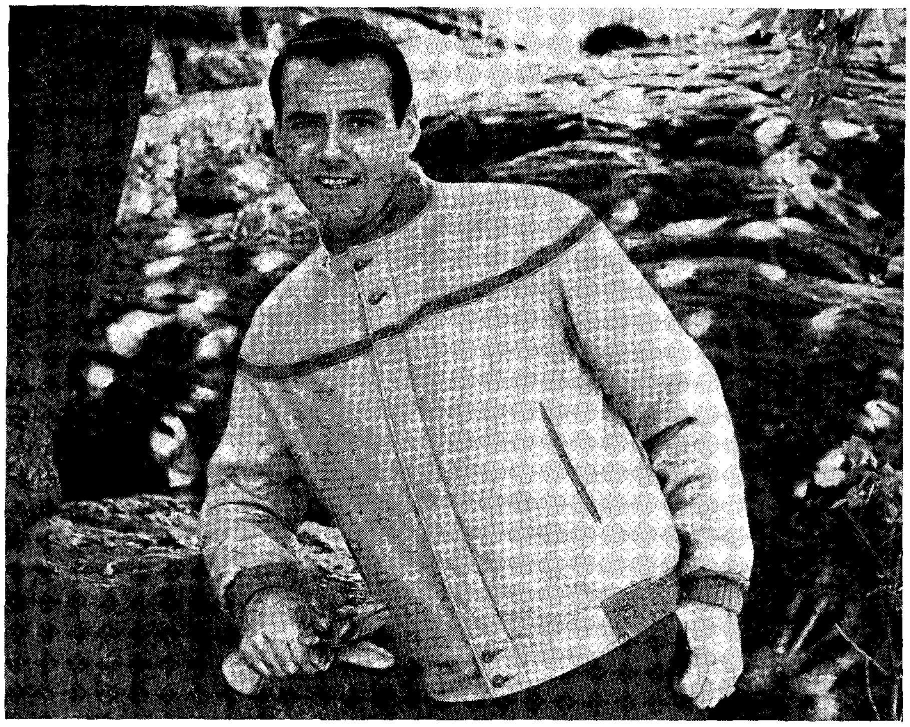

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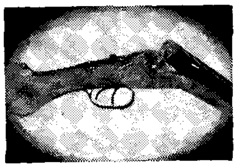

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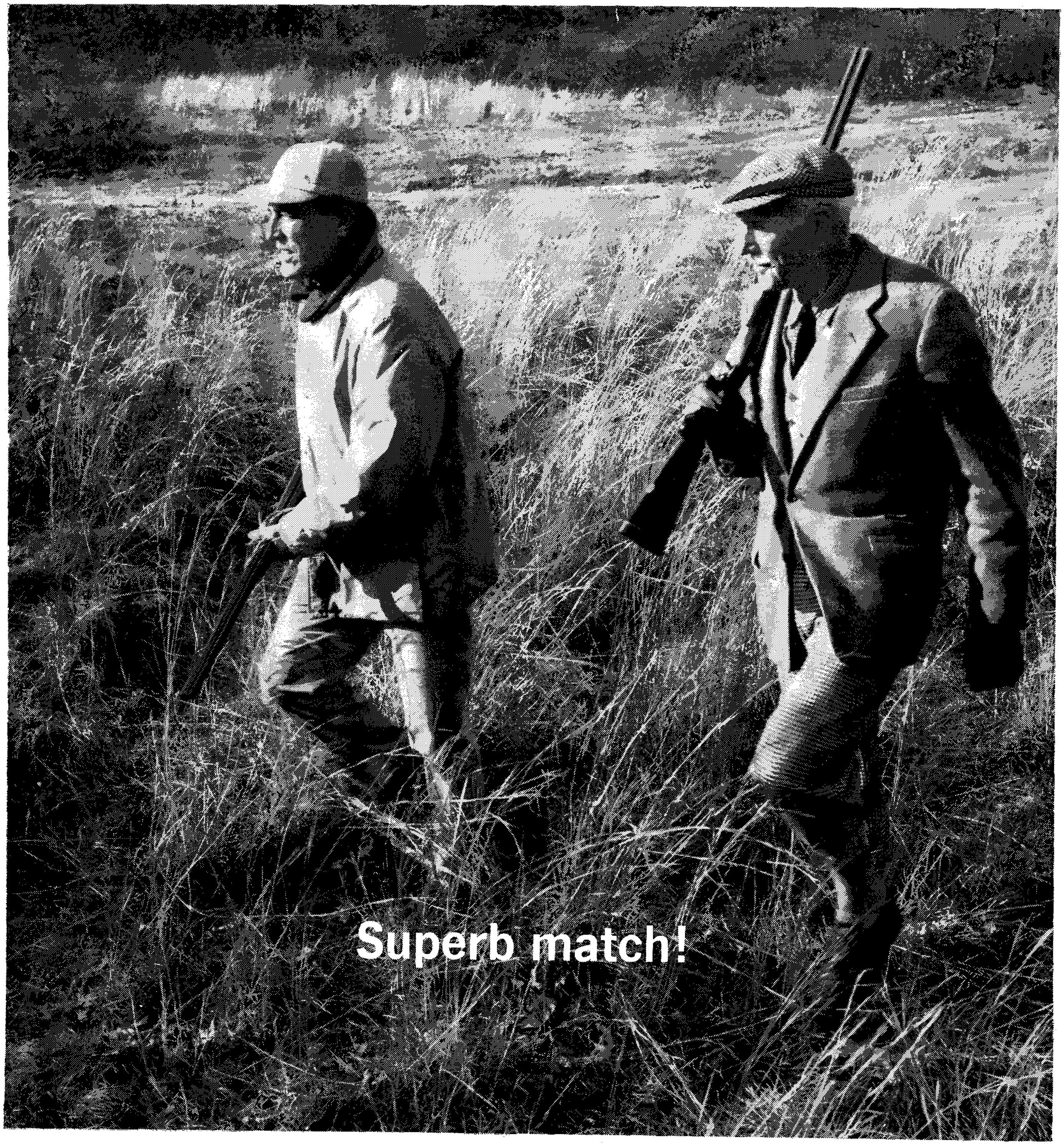
since so many patients are old or long-term cases who, in the nature of things, cannot get well; a comparative handful of others still escape, or are transferred elsewhere; and a few write to the State Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus and try to demonstrate before a judge that they should be set free. (A very few of these few succeed.) By far the greatest number, however, now leave the hospital through the preferred means of direct discharge or convalescent leave; last year three thousand patients—roughly two-thirds of all those who left Pilgrim—were released in this fashion.

"Direct discharge" means just what it implies. The patient needs no further immediate care, as far as the hospital is concerned. On the other hand, a patient released on convalescent leave is obliged to make regular visits to one of the state's After-Care Clinics—there are five in the city, one in each borough—where he receives drugs or some psychotherapy or both. At the discretion of the doctors running the After-Care Clinics, patients may eventually either be sent back to the hospital or be given a full release. In either type of release from Pilgrim—discharge or leave—the outgoing traffic passes through the checkpoint of another staff conference. When a patient has shown such improvement that his ward doctor thinks he is ready for discharge or convalescent leave, the doctor submits his dossier to one of seven senior psychiatrists, and the patient is called in for interview, as he was at the time of diagnosis. In a typical afternoon of "home staff," as the hospital calls this conference, the senior psychiatrist may have twenty or thirty cases lined up for his inspection, and each human being gets about ten minutes in which to be sized up as ready or not for a return to the great world. Despite the Kafkaesque sound of this, the psychiatrist has a good deal to go on. The file of papers and notes before him, full of the patient's crotchets, complaints, fights, and despairs, the amusements he has engaged in, and the work he has done, are, in effect, a fever chart of mental illness; the practiced eye skimming the attendants' jottings and the doctors' notes can see the course of disease and recovery almost at a glance.

When the patient takes his seat across the table, the psychiatrist looks only for gross and unmistakable signs of emotional maturity, rather than for subtleties. Are the voices gone? What about the ideas of poison, or secret messages in the radio static, or the staring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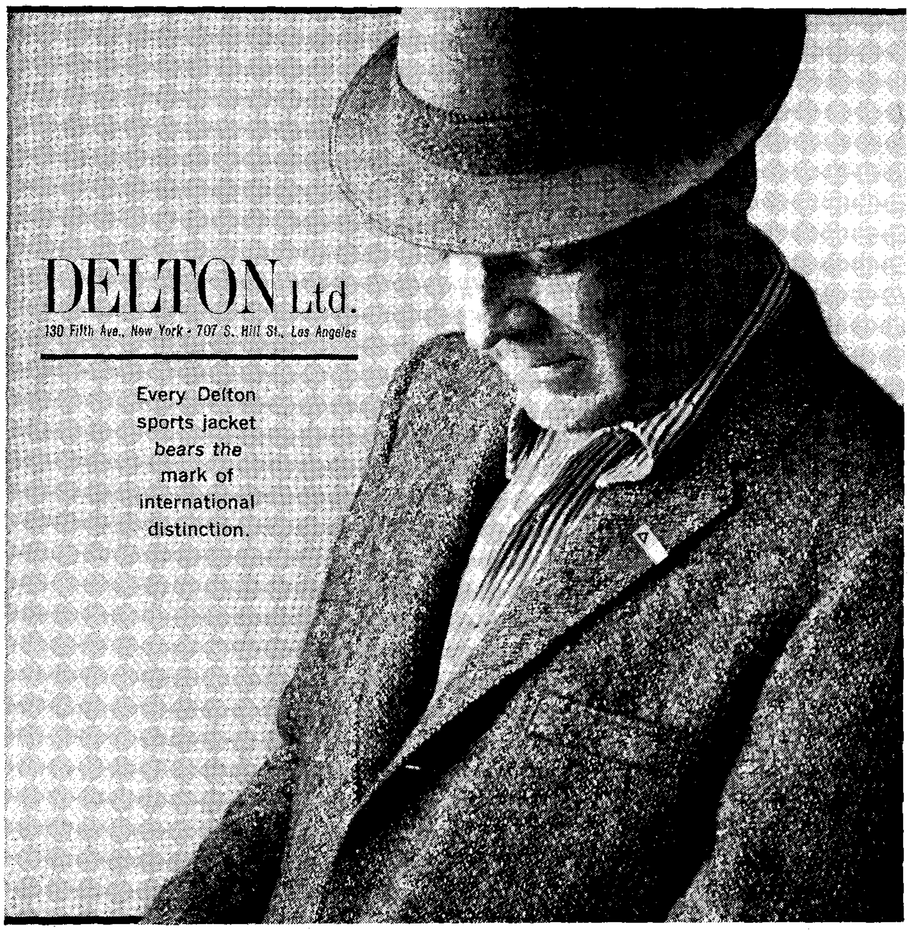
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eyes? Does the patient cry, bluster, boast, make threats? (Some students of mental hospitals have pointed out that patients catch on to these things, and say in "home staff" what they know will be pleasing; hospital psychiatrists answer that this is, in itself, a sign of sanity and recognition of reality.) Most important of all, the patient must display "insight." "Don't misunderstand that word," Dr. Joseph Clifford, one of the psychiatrists, cautioned a group of residents recently. "It's not the kind of insight your neurotic tries to achieve in psychoanalysis. The kind of insight we want is basically little more than a recognition of the symptoms that brought the patient in. If he says, 'I came here because I kept thinking my neighbor was trying to poison me,' he's got insight. If he says, 'I came here because my neighbor was trying to poison me, and you should be treating *him* instead of me,' he's still sick." Similarly, Clifford added, the patient with insight knows that he was overworking, or trying to hold a job he wasn't fitted for, or living in a neighborhood where he was discriminated against. Whatever the unconscious factors involved, all that the hospital psychiatrist asks is to have the patient understand the external pressures and try to reduce them; insight need go no farther than this.

After I had got an idea of the hospital's release policy and its open-door policy, I asked Dr. Brill about their effects upon the public, which now and then becomes outraged about the behavior of ex-patients and blames hospital authorities for having released them.

"Though it may surprise you, the ex-mental-hospital patient is more law-abiding than the average citizen by several hundred per cent," he told me. "A few years ago, the then Director of Statistics for the Department of Mental Hygiene, Dr. Benjamin Malzberg, and I prepared a study of the records of over five thousand cases and came up with exact figures. It boiled down to the fact that compared with corresponding groups by age, sex, previous-arrest records, and socio-economic status, our patients were safer than average citizens. Contrary to popular opinion, arrests for sex crimes among the general population are fifty per cent higher, and arrests for rape a thousand per cent higher, than among ex-mental patients. There are many other figures. For instance, the arrest rate of ex-patients with no previous-arrest record is one-twelfth that of the corresponding general population. Cases where mental illness has not been recognized by the individual or by society account for most of the more lurid stories in the press, and these are confused with occasional unfortunate episodes involving patients who have been treated in mental hospitals. We are very well aware of the responsibilities involved in our work—admitting and releasing patients. It would be both inhumane and impossible, as well as a serious infringement of civil liberties, for us to keep patients just because there's still an outside chance of relapse. In releasing patients, we are always taking a carefully calculated risk for their good, and don't forget that no less than ten per cent of us—all of us, I mean—will eventually be ex-mental-hospital patients."

OF the five New Yorkers with whom this report began, the one who had most disliked her life was, as it happened, the first one ready to return to it. In early August, Mrs. Palladino's dossier showed that her diarrhea and sleeplessness had consistently diminished. Week by week she had grown less grouchy, and for some time now she had even shown a kind of gruff motherliness toward some of the younger patients. She had turned more and more to sewing for something to keep her busy, but recently it had only bored her; she wanted nothing in the world but to go home and start taking care of her husband, who, she said, was looking worn out and badly in need of her cooking.

Dr. Mary Holt, who was in charge of home staff that day, asked her what she thought had been her trouble.

"I don't know *what* got into me," said Mrs. Palladino. "I was never like that in my life. Maybe something about my time of life? It was all like a nightmare, those ideas."

Two days later, she received convalescent leave and went home to Brooklyn with her husband. Of the complicated reweaving of two lives that ensued, with its hesitancies, its faint alarms, its doubts, its rediscoveries of enjoyment, nothing shows in the record. One must read it all into the brief notations of Mrs. Palladino's weekly visits to the Brooklyn After-Care Clinic, at 490 Fulton Street. Here she would chat with the psychiatrist on duty; here she would receive her continuing ration of pills. There is a scattering of minor complaints; then comes a series of brief, satisfactory conferences; and then Edward Palladino is noted as coming in by himself to say that he is delighted with her condition and thinks she needs no further care. Finally, the case is closed, the

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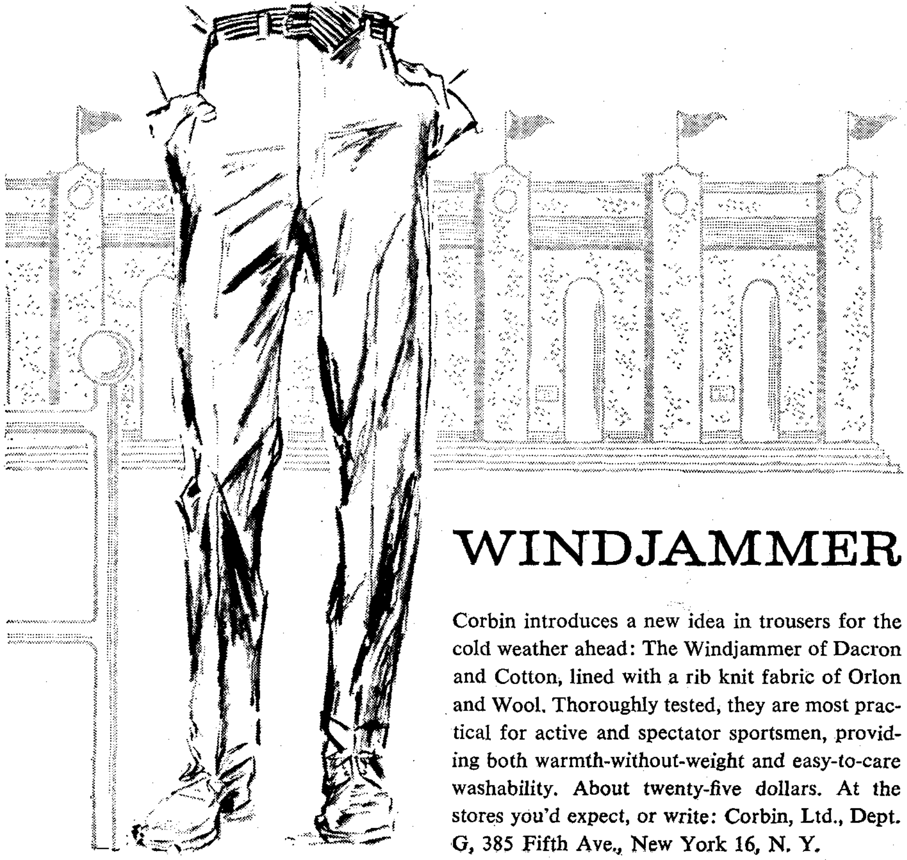

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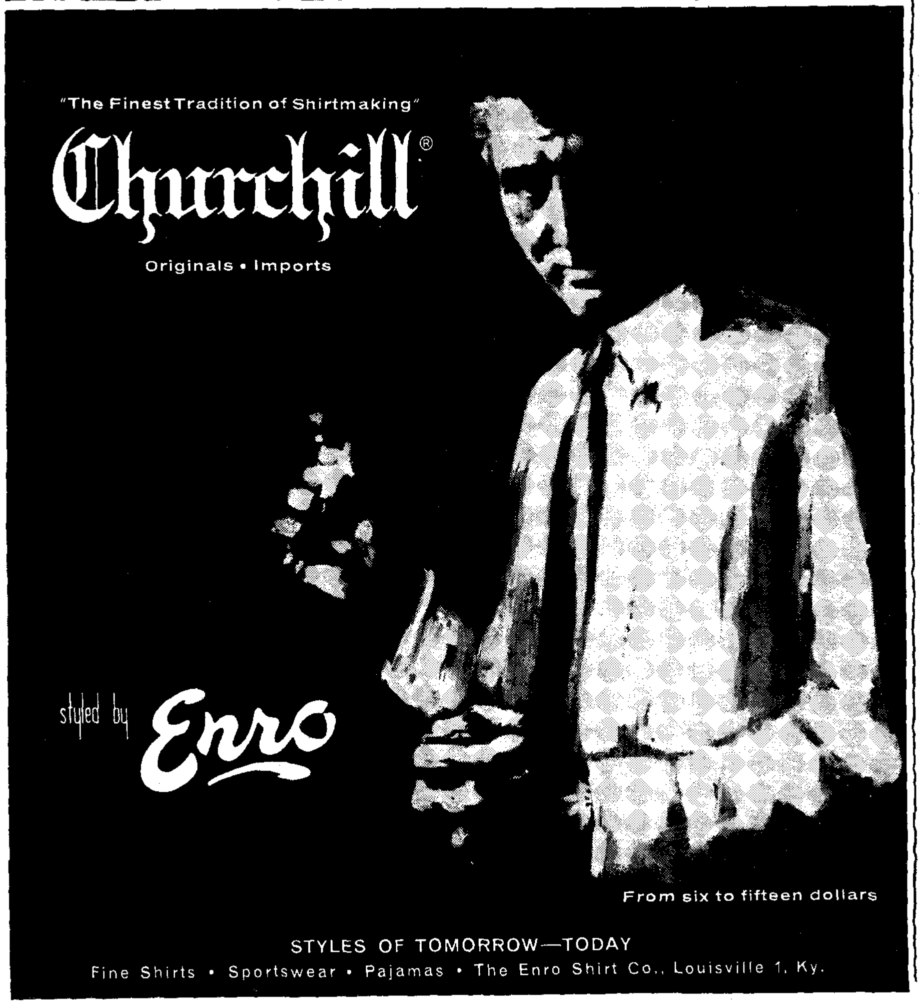
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patient formally discharged, and the dossier filed away; the once psychotic Mrs. Palladino is now only File No. P-66241.

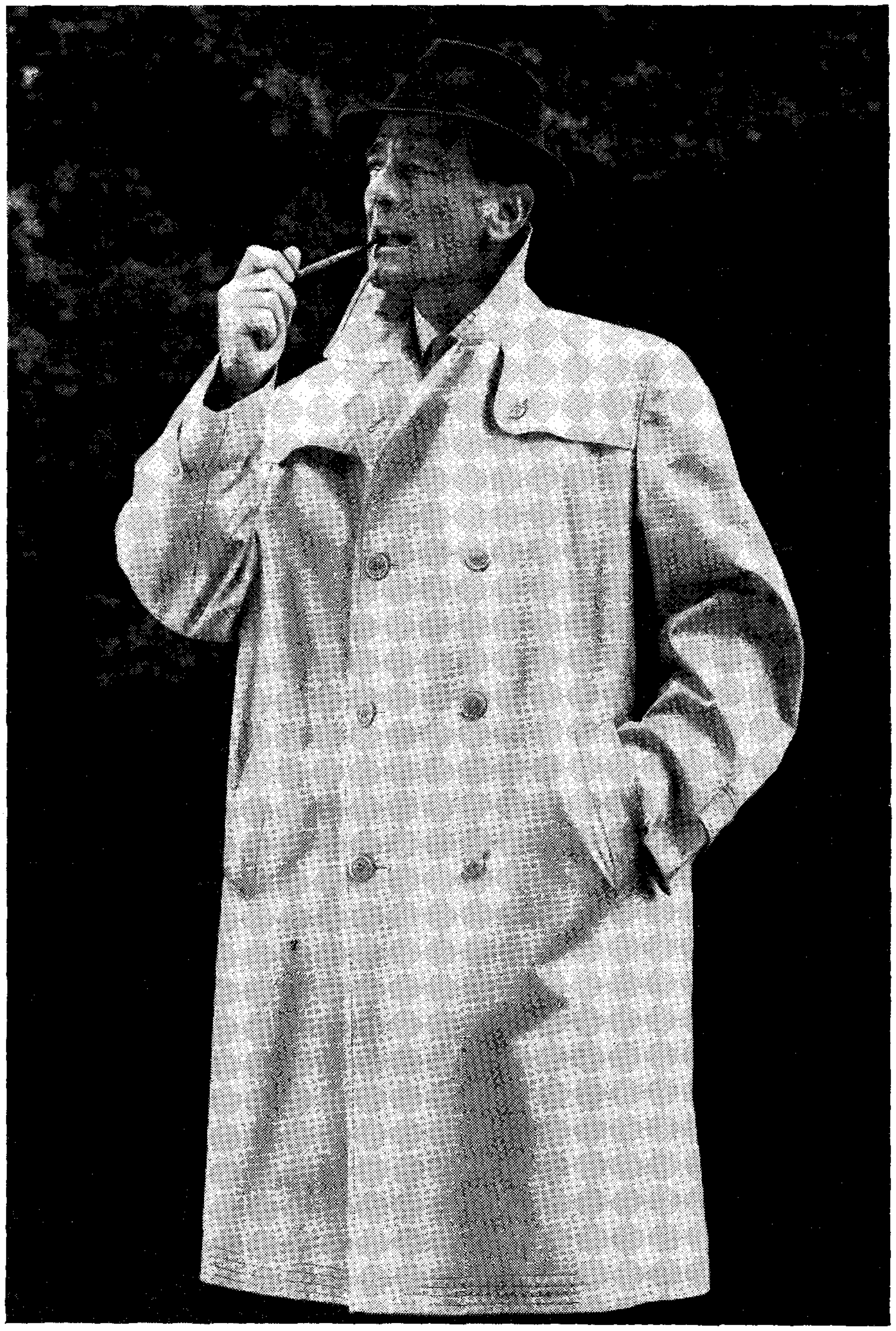
Arnold Peterson, upon his return from his leave without consent, was sent to a closed ward to prevent further incidents of the sort. Instead of reacting to this with rage, he took it calmly, and, back on Thorazine, improved rapidly. Once again, he described his former ideas as irrational and his wild excitability as a sign of illness. Within a week he was moved to an open ward, and took up a hospital job in the electrical-repair shop. His recovery from his slight relapse was so rapid that two weeks later he was approved for convalescent leave, though he was ordered to remain on drugs until final discharge. A note made at the Bronx After-Care Clinic shortly after his release reads, "Reported here today; in excellent contact, very pleasant, polite, coherent. Says he understands his 'true problems' about in-laws and own tendencies. No delusions. Has a satisfactory job. Wife very happy." The dossier is still active, however. Peterson, who now is supposed to visit the clinic twice a month, may be formally discharged within the next year.

Joseph Freeman, having been sent to a disturbed ward after his belt-buckle attack, seemed to get worse. He was in minor scrapes three or four times a week, and he rejected all attempts that his doctor and other personnel made to befriend him. His doctor finally prescribed a course of electric-shock treatments, which for a time made Joseph somewhat foggy and forgetful but turned him into a relatively docile and cheerful lad, without seizures or voices. After the final treatment, he was given a tranquillizer called Compazine to maintain the gains made by electric shock, and his doctor put him into group therapy. In the last few weeks, Joseph not only has gone for long periods without overt aggressiveness but has been described as "anxious to help out and to find something to do." Recently, he was moved to an open ward, given a job in the kitchen, which he found dull, and then reassigned to the post of recreation assistant, which he finds very much to his taste. His doctor hopes that after several months of this, he may be ready to try outside life again, but since his sister will very likely not have him stay at her apartment, the hospital will probably try to place him on "family care"—in a supervised home, not far from Pilgrim, where he will live with some other convalescents, and out of which he will sally into the community to look for a job and exercise his new social skills.

Mrs. Janaczek has not come up for staff since her diagnosis. Although some senile psychotics respond in part to intensive treatment, most do not. Mrs. Janaczek still gets confused about the time of day, and cannot easily find her own bed again when she wanders about. She lives partly in dreams and partly in a vague, reminiscing kind of contact with several of her fellow-patients. She is a discarded human being, whose mind is outworn and whose mental problem the hospital cannot solve.

Miriam Hirsch came up for leave only a few weeks ago. A month earlier, because she complained of severe headaches, she had been shifted from Thorazine to a less potent tranquillizer called Sparine, and she had been thriving on large doses of this. Reports of her activities in the ward indicated cheerfulness and friendliness. Owing to the drugs, she was a good fifteen pounds heavier than she had been on her arrival, but her manner was almost jolly. She did say, with annoyance, that sometimes she still had trouble making out what people said to her, though she knew her hearing tests had been negative, and that sometimes she wished she did not have to listen to anyone or anything. When she spoke about her breakdown, however, she smiled wanly as she said, "I guess I went crazy." As for her weight, she laughed ruefully about her recent gain. In the course of an interview with Dr. Holt, she voiced nearly every schizophrenic notion she had had earlier, but without either anger or tears. The Doctor, a little surprised at her improvement, approved a weekend home visit for her, but put down on the record, "Prognosis: guarded." She might be able to go home in a couple of months, Dr. Holt thought, but would probably need a year or more of drugs and weekly psychotherapy before she had gathered sufficient strength to face things on her own. At that, her future was far from clear; unlike many a spell of mental illness that comes and goes rapidly, hers was a long-standing condition, and she might continue to be a borderline case for years.

JUST as more patients are being released from Pilgrim today than ever before, more are being admitted. Part of the increase, Dr. Brill believes, can be attributed to the growing proportion of elderly people in the population, to the recent mass migration to the metropolitan area and the accompanying social



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difficulties, and to the steady urbanization of our culture, with all the pressures that it entails. More important, though, in his opinion, is the fact that disturbed people now know that mental hospitals can help them. "Mental illness is above all a form of human suffering," he said recently. "Unchecked, it can blight the lives of individuals and their families and it can drive thousands to suicide, yet in the past almost anything was preferred to mental-hospital care. Today, more and more people come forward on their own for treatment, in and out of hospitals, and mental-hospital admissions have increased at twice the rate that the general population has increased. But, in part at least, that is a good sign; we're not feared as we once were. Beyond that, what gratifies all of us is the fact that, of the patients under sixty-five being admitted today, four-fifths will be back in normal society in less than a year—and most of them in less than six months. Of course, some authorities, on psychoanalytic grounds, claim that all we're doing is suppressing the symptoms with drugs and shoving the patients back into the same old world with their same old inner weaknesses. That isn't the whole story, though; they've also got their same inner strengths, which supported them for most of their lives, and which have been renewed during their stay in the hospital until they outweigh or compensate for those weaknesses. In any event, at present we have no way of remaking personalities on a grand scale, and we certainly have no right to keep people hospitalized just because we haven't remade their unconscious or because there is a chance that they will relapse. Our duty is to get them at least well enough to rejoin the world that was theirs, and then return them to live as much of their lives in it as they can; in fact, at certain stages of treatment, return to a normal environment constitutes a kind of therapy itself. Someday, psychiatrists will be able to do more, but we consider ourselves lucky to have advanced this far. Still, for all our present progress, I'm afraid that Pilgrim will not in our day, or perhaps even in our children's day, become a ghost town."

—Morton M. Hunt

(*This is the second part of a two-part article on Pilgrim State Hospital.*)

•

When your baby sneeezes repeatedly, it's probably his way of getting rid of lint or his infinitesimal nose.—*Charlotte Heimann and Betsy Pearson in the Herald Tribune.*

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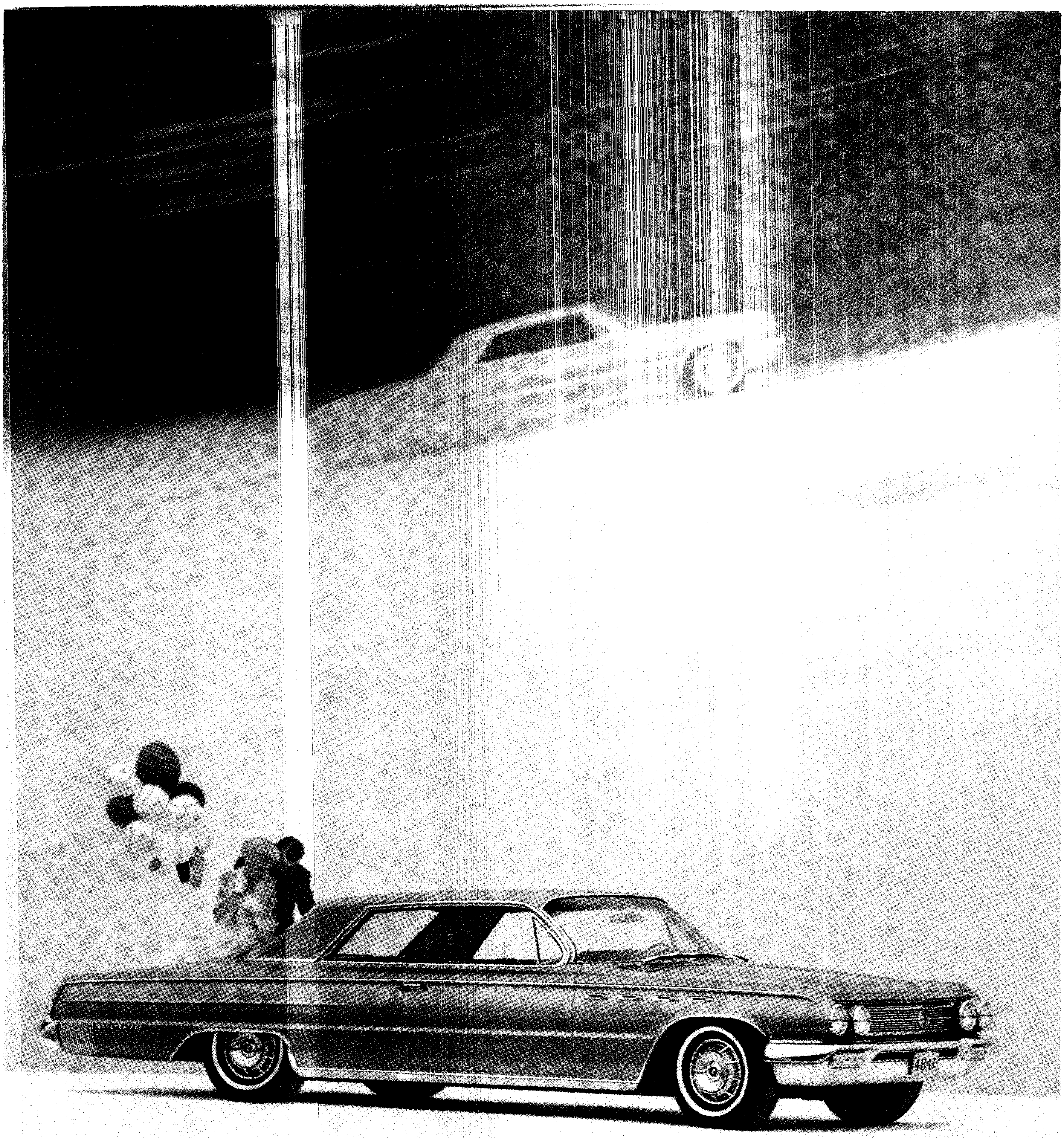

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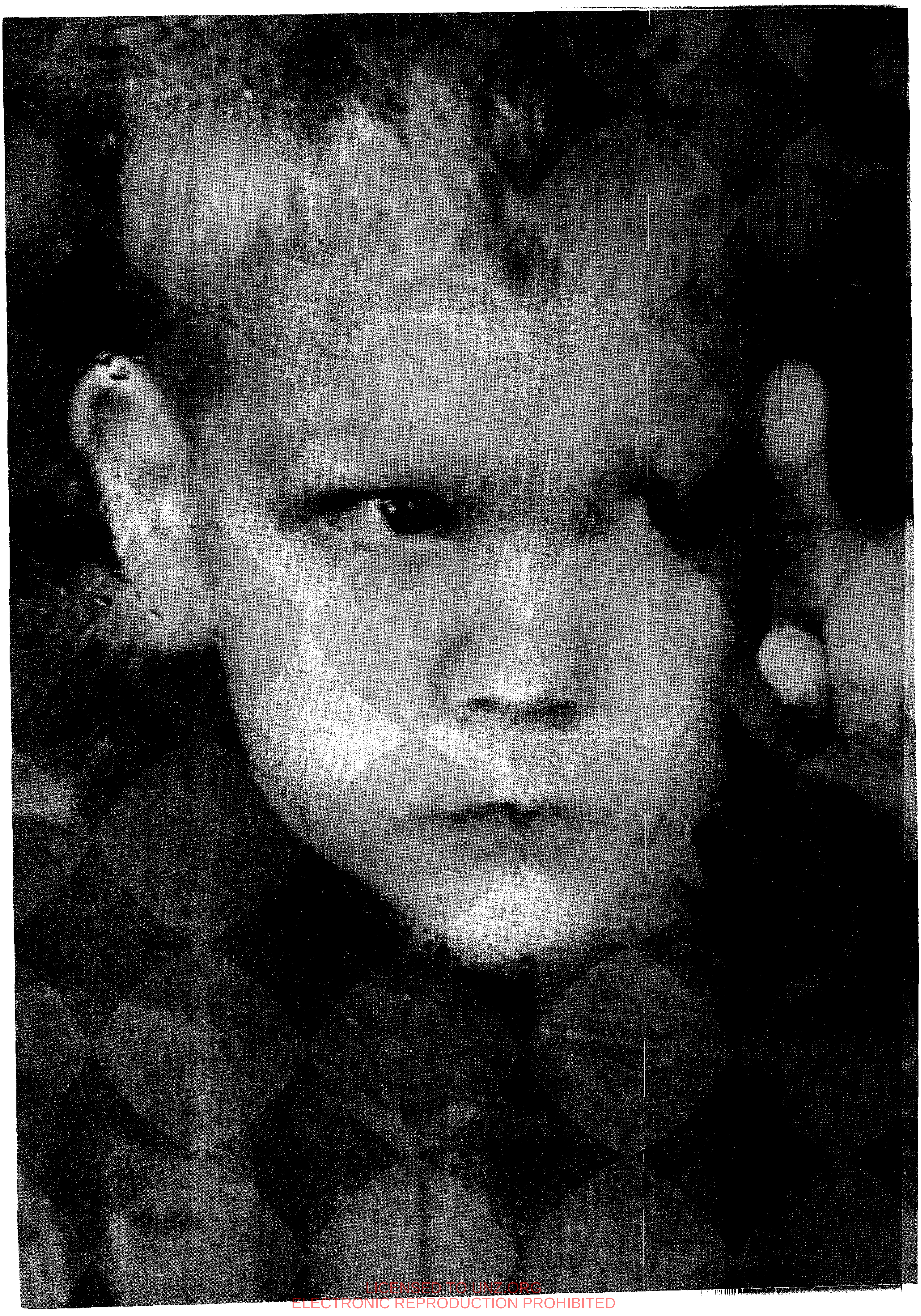

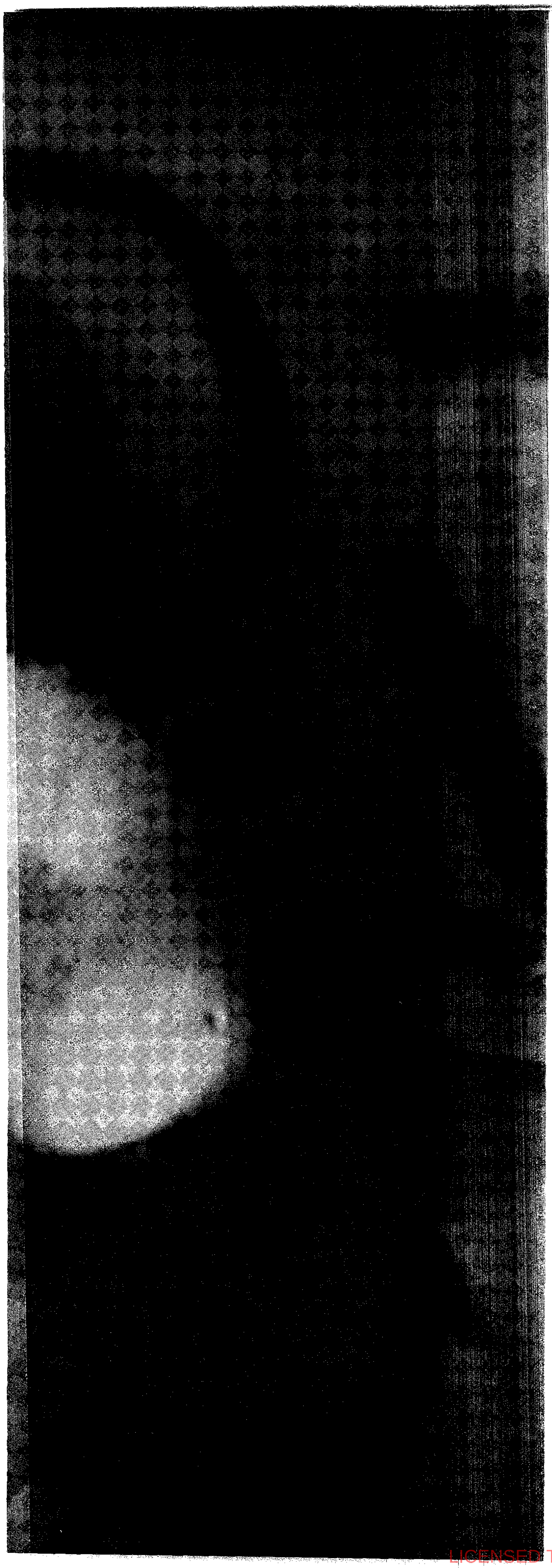

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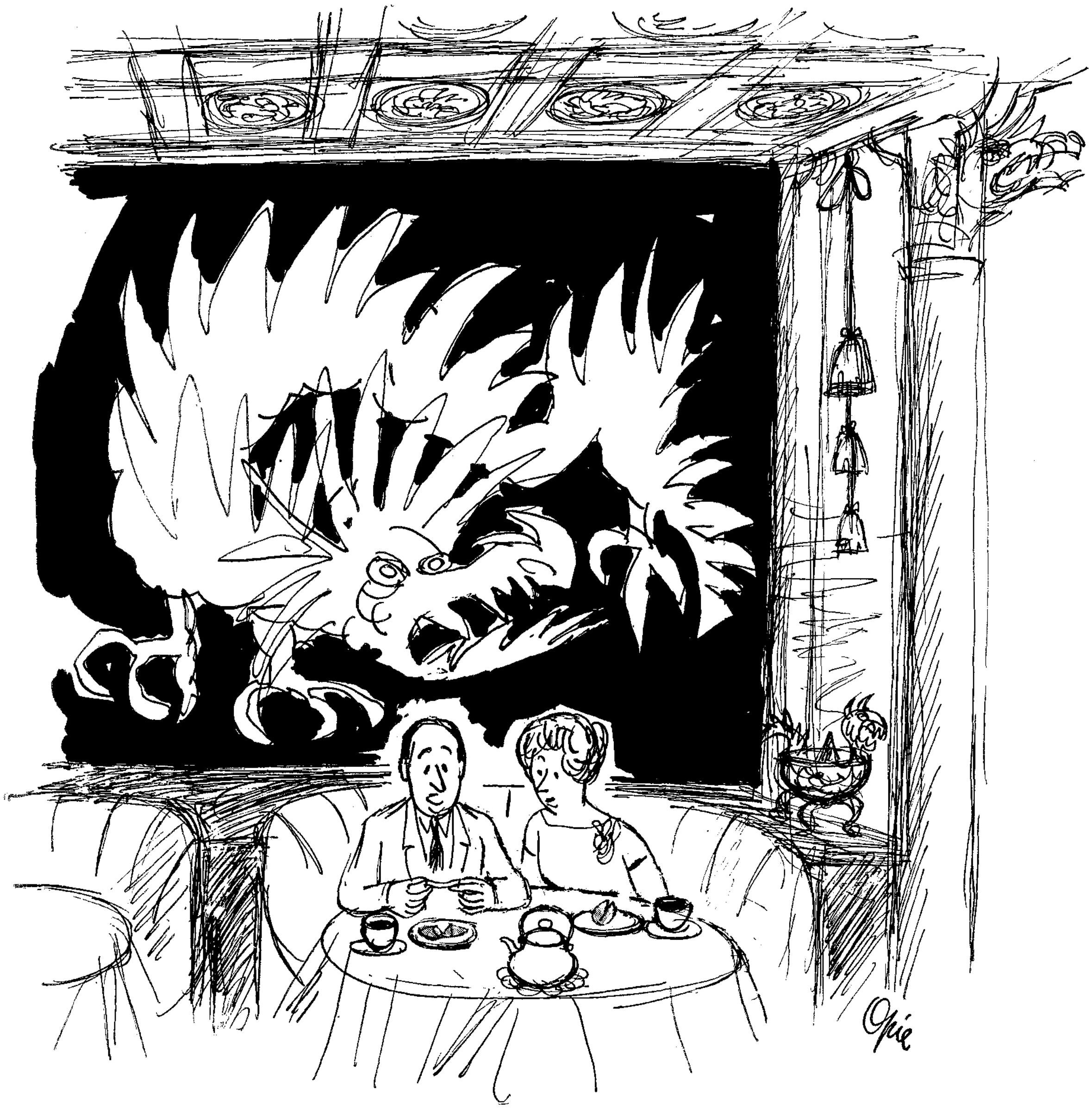
THE THEATRE

LIGHT

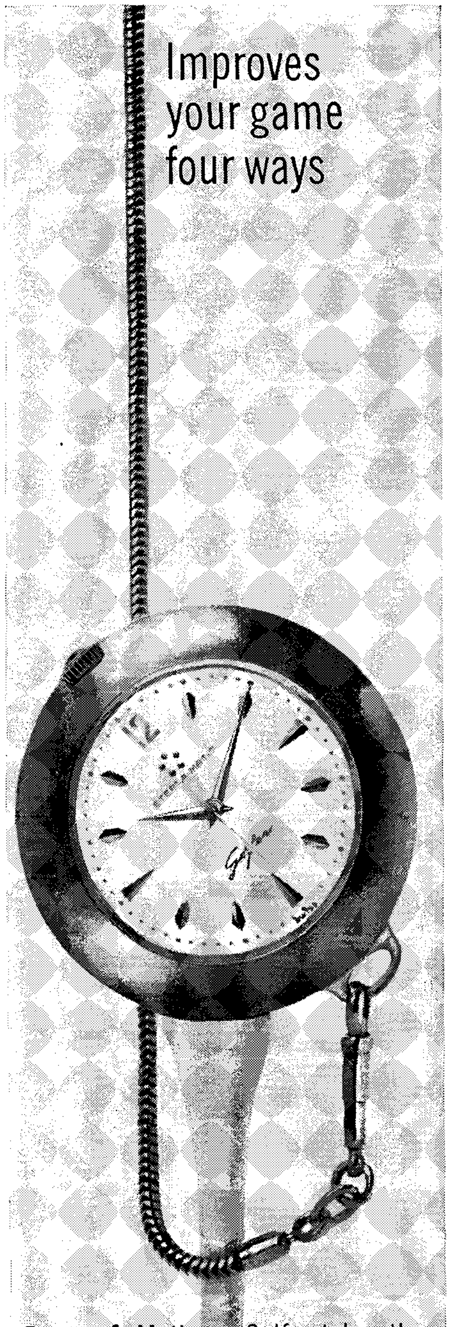
THE Second City is a night club in Chicago that grew out of another night club, called Compass Theatre. It was at Compass that improvised cabaret entertainment—what we must now call the Chicago style, I suppose—originated, in 1955, and it was also there that Mike Nichols and Elaine May got their start. Now a group of eight young players from the Second City have brought their revue, "From the Second City," to the Royale. They are, I'm happy to report, a bright and versatile bunch. For the most part, their comic territory covers the everyday preoccupations of a university graduate student—or at least a graduate student at their local university, which is apparently a citadel of abstract thought and unceasing inquiry. Their material, which may have been improvised originally but now sounds pretty well set, is studded with learned references and with names, names, names—President Kennedy, Mao Tse-tung, Linus Pauling, Sir Edmund Hillary, Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, Erich Fromm and Bruno Bettelheim—and their range, which is greater than you might *think*, extends from kidding to satire. Most of the sketches are clever, and some extremely so. At a museum, a slack-jawed beat, ad-libbing a folk ballad on his guitar while he stares at a modern painting, is engaged in breathlessly intellectual conversation by a wound-up girl in spectacles; a University of Chicago football coach explains the sport to three prospects for the team and is subjected to endless polite queries as each candidate finds that some aspect of the game touches on his particular major. The two best sketches are a parody of an Ingmar Bergman movie—full of distorted, booming sound effects, symbolic action, and fake Swedish—and "First Affair," in which the sympathetic father of a fifteen-year-old girl tries repeatedly and unsuccessfully to penetrate her cerebral chatter long enough to find out just what did happen on that weekend in Wisconsin, and then suddenly, and most touchingly, breaks through with a quotation from "Romeo and Juliet."

Two qualifications: Comparisons with Nichols and May are perhaps unfair, but they are unavoidable, and it must be said that nobody in the company comes anywhere near the brilliance of those two in ideas or performance. (Who does?) And the topics of many of the sketches—not their execution—are a little tired. The plight of the Hollywood Ten is not exactly on the tip of anybody's mind these days, and neither is Mr. Kerouac.

The set, an attractive arrangement, on several levels, of black, blue, and red rectangles, is the work of Frederick Fox. Garry Sherman plays the music of William Mathieu on the piano. The headliners (my own assessment, that is; the billing is alphabetical) are Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, who are actors as well as entertainers. The other members of the company—Mina Kolb, Paul Sand, Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Eugene Troobnick, and Howard



"It says, 'Ten minutes from now you'll be hungry again.'"



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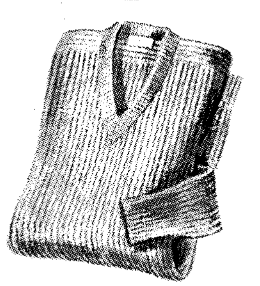
Alk—are fine, too, and all hands work together like the old Stanislavski troupe. Paul Sills is the director, and he can be given high marks for the clarity and momentum of the show.

"PURLIE VICTORIOUS," Ossie Davis's first play, at the Cort, is a farce set on a cotton plantation, and having to do with the attempt of a Negro preacher named Purlie Victorious to get his hands on five hundred dollars that belonged to a dead cousin (female) and is now in the custody of Captain Cotchipee, the owner of the plantation and a senile leftover from the Old South. Purlie persuades an uneducated country girl to masquerade as the cousin, and also, with great difficulty, prevails on his foxy, play-it-safe brother Gitlow, a field hand, to soften up the old man while she wheedles the five hundred out of him. Purlie intends to use the cash to buy back a church for his fellow-Negroes from the Captain. Everything works according to plan until the girl innocently signs her own name on the receipt.

The play, unfortunately, doesn't seem to jell, or, much of the time, to convince, even on its own terms. Nevertheless, Mr. Davis has written some pointed, witty lines ("You're a disgrace to the Negro profession!" Purlie shouts at the girl when she tries to back out of the scheme), and the actors—among them Mr. Davis himself, in the title role—are so good that they almost save the day. I don't think I shall ever forget Purlie exploding into an eloquent sermon, speaking and chanting and singing, as he describes the way in which he has told off the Captain and then beaten him to death—all fantasy, of course, but, as he explains, "I never told a lie I didn't expect to come true someday." Ruby Dee, as expert and sophisticated an actress as we have, does some wonderful clowning as the gawky, simplehearted hick with a cracker accent. My favorite among her scenes is one in which she reports, with professional as well as personal indignation, that the Captain has made a pass at her while she was *working* in his kitchen. The funniest performance of all is turned in by Godfrey M. Cambridge, as "good old faithful Uncle Gitlow," and he is at his best when he kneels at the Captain's feet and, with a dead pan and a mocking eye, mechanically croons "Old Black Joe."

At its worst, the play reminded me—whether it should have or not—of those clumsy left-wing shows (there were a few good ones, too) that nearly ex-



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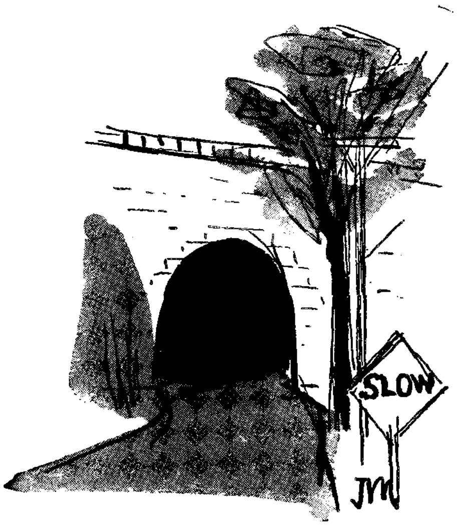
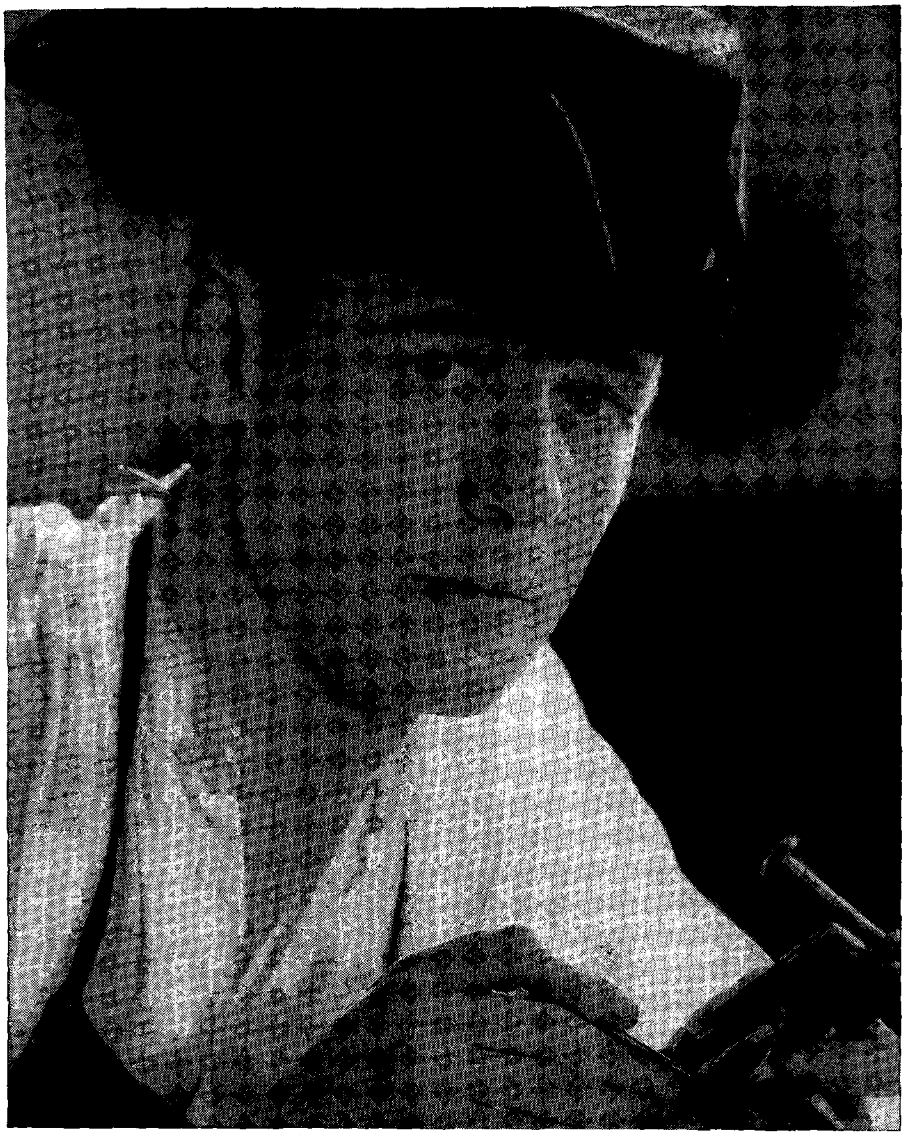
tinguished the theatre in the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Davis is, in a sense, playing it safe; if what the Negro in the South was really up against were dopey old cartoons like Captain C., then segregation could be ended in twenty minutes. He has used humor to distort the truth rather than to point it up.

There are two questions worth asking about a first play. One is "What has the dramatist accomplished?" The answer here is that Mr. Davis has shown himself capable, at his best, of making up characters and scenes and dialogue. The other is "Is he in the right line of work?" And the answer to this one is yes.

AT one point during the first act of "Hi, Paisano!," a delightful new musical comedy at the nice York Playhouse, the members of the chorus, perched on miniature skyscrapers, sing a song called "Dino's in Love." The object—or, anyway, *an* object—of Dino's affection is this city, and the show itself could be considered a clear-eyed, funny, unsentimental love song to New York. The key word for the evening is "proportion." The actors are just fresh enough and just professional enough, and the book (by Ernest Chambers) is just strong enough. The music and lyrics (by Robert Holton and June Carroll) are charming, and so are Charles Gross's arrangements for xylophone, guitar, bass, clarinet, flute, drums, and piano. (But I doubt whether you'll do much whistling on your way up the aisle; I didn't even recognize a couple of the tunes when they were reprised in Act II.) The singing and dancing are good. Mario Vanarelli's sets and Vassili Lambrinos' staging are most imaginative, and the ideas and points of view are shrewd and original—although the first act has a slight edge over the second, because the author has a little trouble





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winding things up. A few of the jokes are duds, but the average is high; in any case, the performance I saw was a preview, so perhaps the duds are out.

The action takes place all over town. There is a picnic on one of the grassy islands in the middle of Park Avenue, a comedy scene at the typewriter in front of the Olivetti building, a tête-à-tête in the Persian Room, and a dramatic scene in front of the Plaza fountain. The story deals with a young Italian who comes here carrying little money and no working permit and wants to stay on, even though we disappoint him slightly by being a bit too Italian ourselves ("Martinis? Brentano's?"), and with the efforts of his new pals to help him when the immigration authorities find out that he has been secretly selling books at Doubleday and order him home. A Greek millionaire who lives aboard his yacht on one of our rivers proposes a solution: Marry an American woman. The boy doesn't take to the notion, and an Italian girl he has met here thinks even less of it, but it seems to be the only way. The woman picked for the job is a rather overcoöperative divorcée of forty who has already made citizens of a dozen husbands of assorted nationalities. At the end, you may be sure, everything is arranged satisfactorily.

David Canary sings and dances and acts nicely as Dino, Marie Santell is appealing as his girl, James Cresson and Paula Wayne are an attractive comedy team, and Graham Jarvis is slyly humorous as the rich Greek, but it could be said—though I hate to say it—that Jorie Remus, who plays the middle-aged prospective bride, has a comedy style that is too strong and distinctive to quite fit the carefree, light-handed mood of the piece. —EDITH OLIVER

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Bell," by Iris Murdoch*]

Still, everyone appeared to be extremely nice, except that that Dr. Greenfield man was a trifle rebarbative. —*Page 47.*

He took his towel, which was rather grimy and rebarbative by now with the mud of frequent swims, but still serving. —*Page 148.*

Indeed, looking on along the lake shore, he saw that the banks were increasingly muddy and weedy, and the lake ended in a sort of rebarbative bog. —*Page 153.*

It certainly constituted an adventure, though a somewhat rebarbative one. —*Page 172.*

He started off to visit the old bell, but changed his mind; he wished heartily that he had never discovered the rebarbative thing at all. —*Page 276.*

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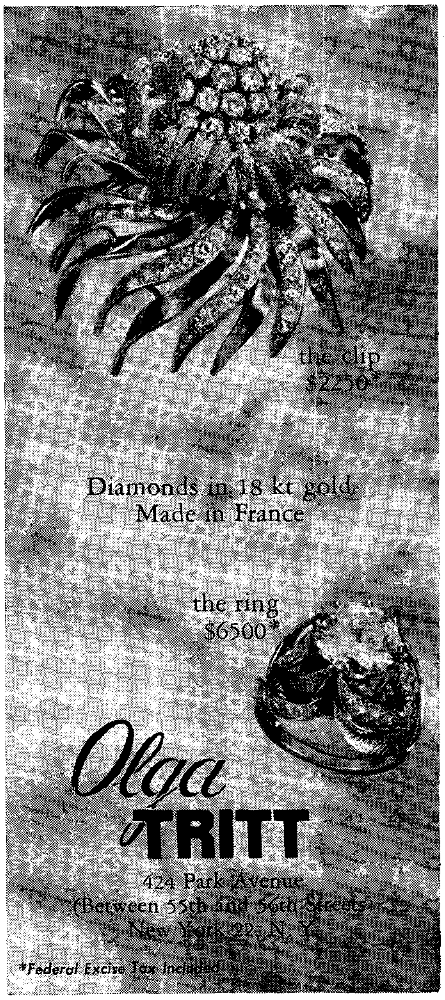

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Regarding Mr. Bernstein

ON Tuesday evening of last week, the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, opened its season in Carnegie Hall with a gala concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund, presenting Eileen Farrell as soprano soloist. A large audience, containing numerous prominent figures from the Broadway theatre and the television industry as well as from what is ordinarily referred to as "society," attended, and its fervent applause indicated that it found everything very much to its taste. I regret that I could not enter fully into its mood of jubilation, and though it is sometimes considered bad form to criticize a benefit of this sort harshly, I cannot refrain from giving my reaction to the proceedings, especially since the music that was played had all been recently done during the orchestra's out-of-town tour, and hence was very thoroughly rehearsed. The program chosen by Mr. Bernstein ranged through a number of nineteenth-century classic and romantic German masterpieces, including Beethoven's perennial Fifth Symphony and Brünnhilde's immolation scene from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," with Strauss's "Don Juan" and Wagner's five "Wesendonck Songs" thrown in for good measure. It was the sort of program that, because of its familiarity, calls for special insight and eloquence on the part of its conductor, and I am sorry to say that Mr. Bernstein—to my mind, at least—failed to do it justice. The orchestral tone—especially that of the strings—was in general coarse and soggy. The Beethoven symphony emerged rather crudely and without the clarity and exquisite balance it should have had, and the "Götterdämmerung" excerpt, except for the contribution of Miss Farrell, was done with very little sense of the majesty that makes it one of Wagner's supreme flights of inspiration. Those powerful sequences of dotted eighth and sixteenth notes that in the Nibelung cycle give a feeling of epic weight and solemnity to the tread of the old Germanic gods were carelessly, almost perfunctorily sketched, and the climaxes were, on the whole, merely loud rather than noble. These two performances proved again that Mr. Bern-

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stein is not a very distinguished conductor of either Beethoven or Wagner, and this, in view of his virtues elsewhere—virtues that include a glamorous stage presence, an ability to construct striking programs, a willingness to undertake almost any task, a superior talent for the basic quality of leadership, and a special adroitness in the efficient performance of complicated modern scores—is a great pity.

The trouble, I am afraid, is that Mr. Bernstein still retains the earmarks of a prodigy—not an infant prodigy but a prodigy in the sense of having been propelled rather hastily to world fame as America's great conductor and having consequently missed the long and specialized apprenticeship that many conductors have served. It is unfortunate that, because of his tremendous current celebrity, he is too far advanced and too busy to go back and study his Beethoven and his Wagner under men who are masters of the nineteenth-century style—men who might give him some valuable pointers, even though they are not as celebrated as he is. As it is, the gap in his education that renders his performances of most nineteenth-century music undistinguished is likely never to be filled. Programs like the one on Tuesday night, which call for the most experienced and authoritative treatment, and for a temperament profoundly dedicated to the great German symphonic and operatic repertoire, seem to be beyond his depth. As things stood, the laurels of the evening all belonged to Miss Farrell, who again loosed the immense power and emotional intensity of one of America's great voices in what, but for the somewhat freewheeling activities of Mr. Bernstein, would have been a completely stunning series of interpretations.

MR. BERNSTEIN was much more at home in the regular opening performance of the season, which I heard on Friday afternoon. As the first of a series that will be devoted to what the program called the "Gallic approach," this was concerned with French and French-influenced music. The concert included no masterpieces, unless Maurice Ravel's engaging Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite can be placed in that category. It opened with Albert Roussel's Third Symphony, a fairly pleasing and highly professional bit of craftsmanship, conspicuously lacking in passion and profundity but containing no end of bright and energetic writing, especially in its faster movements. The soloist on this occasion was that dependable stylist

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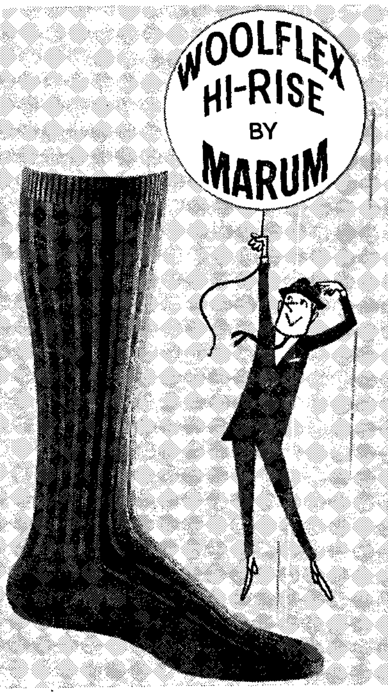

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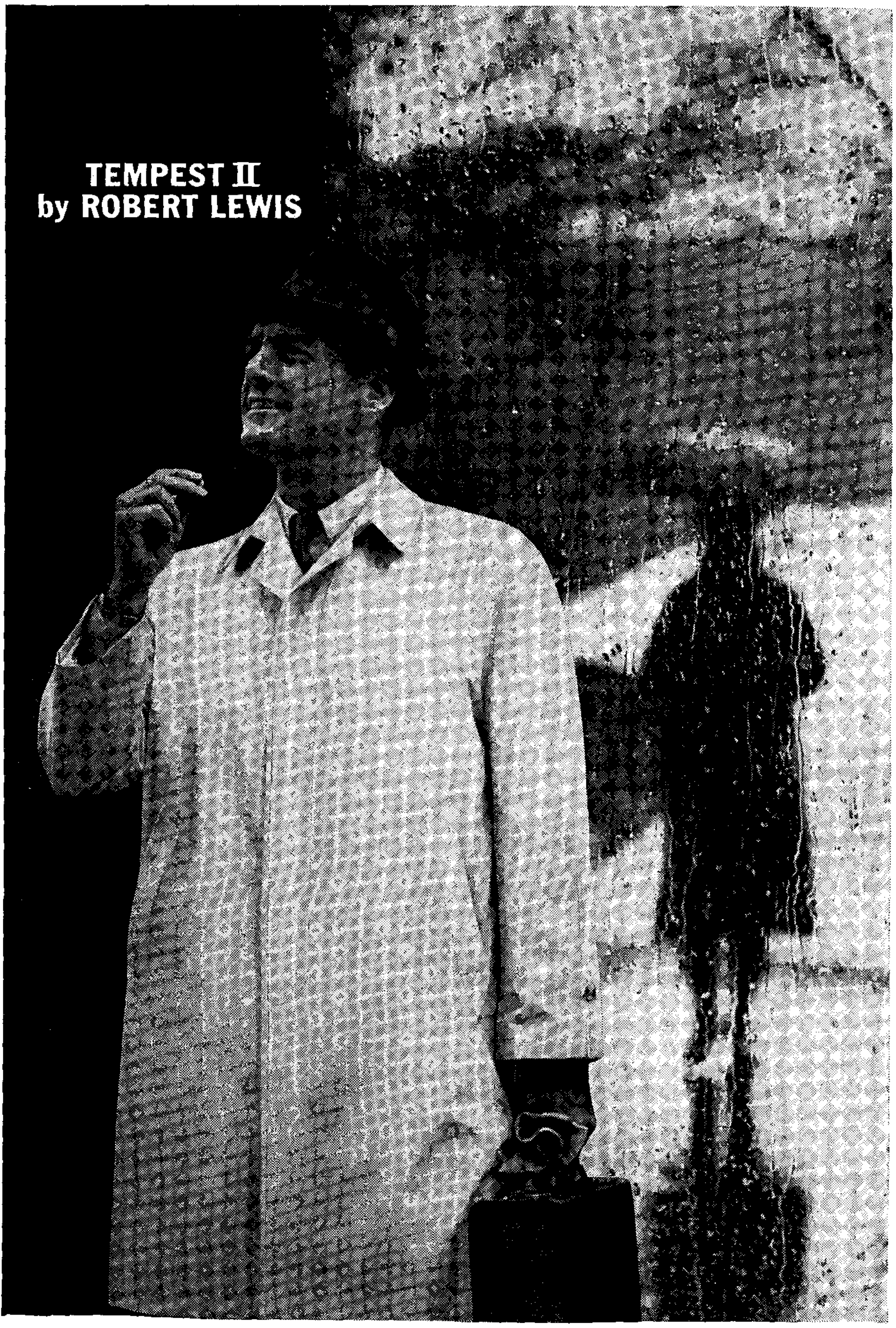
Jennie Tourel, who sang the series of recitatives and arias that make up Berlioz's cantata "Cléopâtre." I do not remember hearing "Cléopâtre" before; in any case, it is seldom performed. Its final scene, Cleopatra's meditation just before she clasps the asp to her breast, has a certain nobility of feeling, and represents Berlioz in one of his more evocative and less oratorical moods. The preceding episodes, however, seemed to me artificial and theatrical in the worst sense of those words, and it was easy to see why this work is so infrequently revived. I was slightly amused to find Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" lumped together with these French items under the "Gallic-approach" heading, but it unquestionably belongs there, since Mr. Copland, for all his conscious Americanisms, has always written in a style that is basically French. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Bernstein comes up with in the remaining concerts of this series, for although the Gallic approach has seldom produced masterworks comparable to those of the German and Italian schools, it has qualities of lightness, intelligence, and refined sensuality that make it well worth the attention Mr. Bernstein intends to give it.

ON Wednesday evening, at the Metropolitan Opera House, the Leningrad Kirov Ballet presented what is thus far its only venture into contemporary ballet, a very earnest affair danced to the first movement of Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. It was, I am afraid, a pretty naïve effort, though it contained some brilliant moments of pure athleticism danced by the incomparable Alla Sizova and Yuri Soloviev. The rather vulgar Shostakovich score (this particular movement is by no means Shostakovich at his finest) didn't help much, and the drama—what there was of it—concerned a group of good Russian youths, who expressed their goodness mainly by throwing out their bare chests, and an op-



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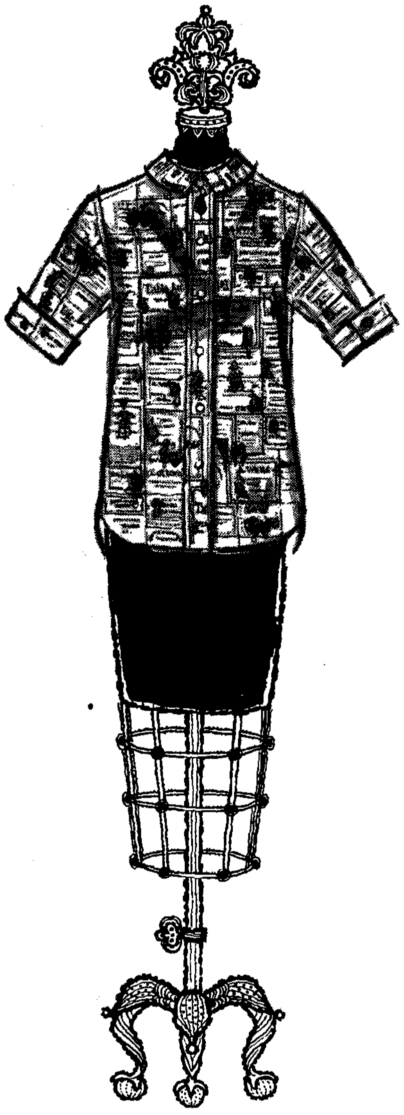

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posing group of very bad Germans, dressed in Nazi helmets, brown uniforms, and boots, who expressed their badness in a series of grotesque dances that unfortunately struck me as humorous rather than menacing. Throughout the performance, I couldn't help wishing that this spirited troupe would get back to the classical ballet, which seems to me its proper métier.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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COOK BOOK CORRECTIONS

The following corrections are announced for the Holy Infant Hospital Auxiliary cook books which were sold recently. Anyone who has the cook book should change the following errors:

Page 23, under Drop Doughnuts by Mrs. George Edrich: 1¼ cup sour cream should be 1¼ cup sugar, and ½ cup sour cream should be listed in the ingredients.

Page 35, under Chocolate Chip Cookies by Mrs. Ben Seurer: 1 cup grapenut flakes should be listed in the ingredients; under Unbaked Cookies by Mrs. James Kaiser, the second listing of ingredients should have these directions instead of those given: While still warm drop by teaspoon on waxed paper; under Raisin Cookies by Mrs. Nick Frost, ¾ cup shortening should be added in the listing.

Page 40, under Nut Bar Cookies by Mrs. Robert Trefz, the second paragraph should read: Add ¼ cup milk instead of ¼ teaspoon.

Page 42, the line "½ cup sweet milk" should follow the listing 1 cup sour cream as follows: (or increase your shortening to ¾ cup and add ½ cup sweet milk) under Butterscotch Cookies by Mrs. Edgar Dutt.

Page 51, under Sour Cream Devils Food by Beulah Stuwe, the last line of the paragraph should read: "Last of all add 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in 4 tablespoons hot water.

Page 54, under Whacky Cake by Mrs. Henry Simon, the cup of cocoa should read ½ cup.

Page 66, under Cherry Dessert by Mrs. Ceil Dufloth: ¼ cup shortening or margarine should be added to the list of ingredients.—*Gettysburg* (*S.D.*) *Potter County News.*

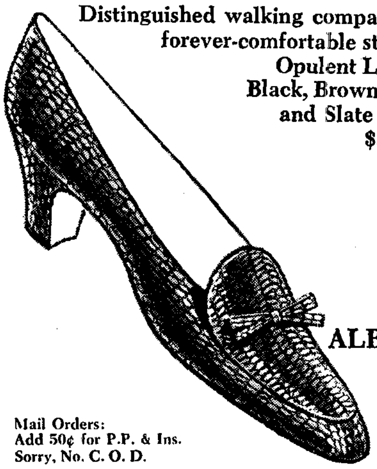
Whaddya say we just go out to a restaurant?

•

UNCLEAR DAYS ON THE INVESTMENT SCENE

[*L. O. Hooper in Forbes*]

This may seem over-brave comment in these days of tension over Berlin, Laos and Cuba—to mention only three of the world's *many trouble spots*—but at this stage, at least, I am willing to assume that neither Kennedy nor Khrushchev are so unrestrained as to permit any incident to ignite the spark. It is this philosophy that leads me to follow a rather even investment policy. Moreover, if I knew an atomic war were to start next month, I would not know what investment course to recommend.



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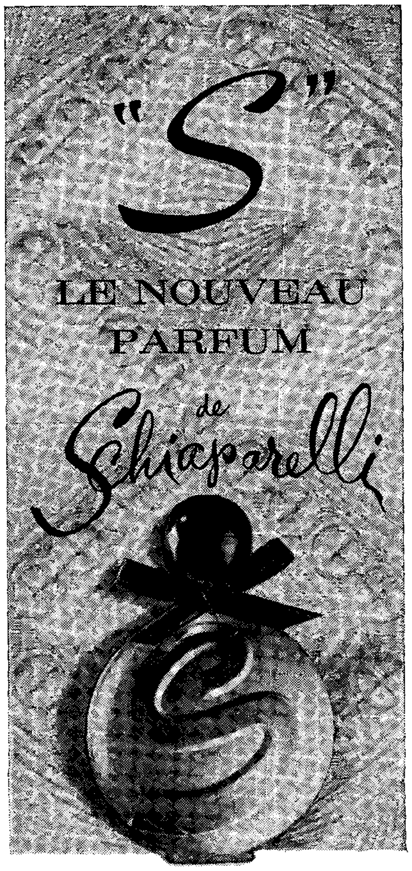

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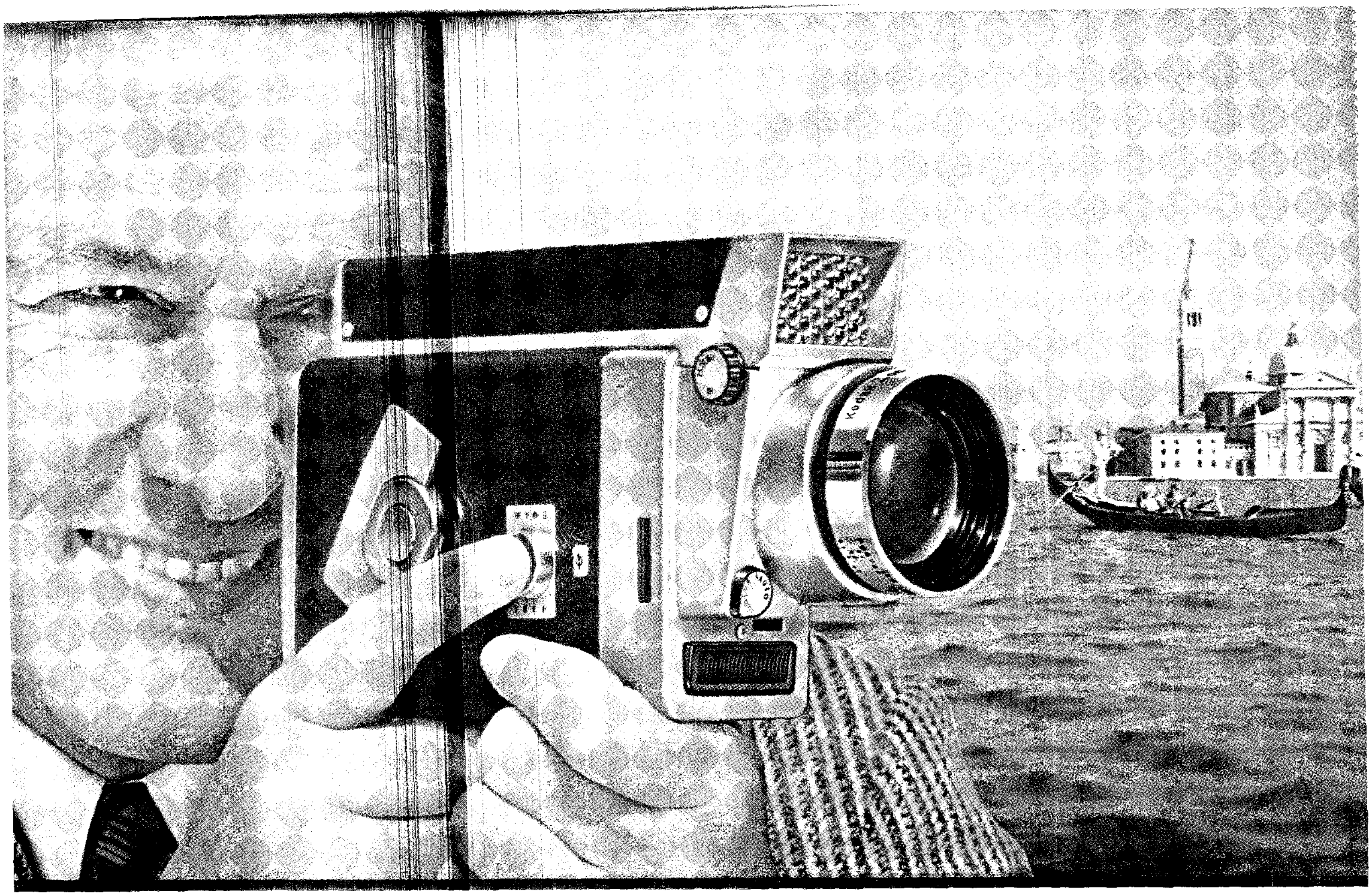

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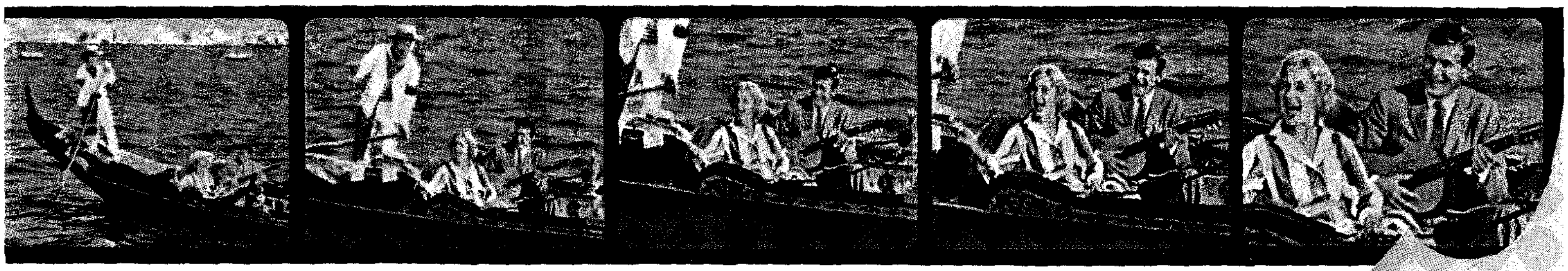

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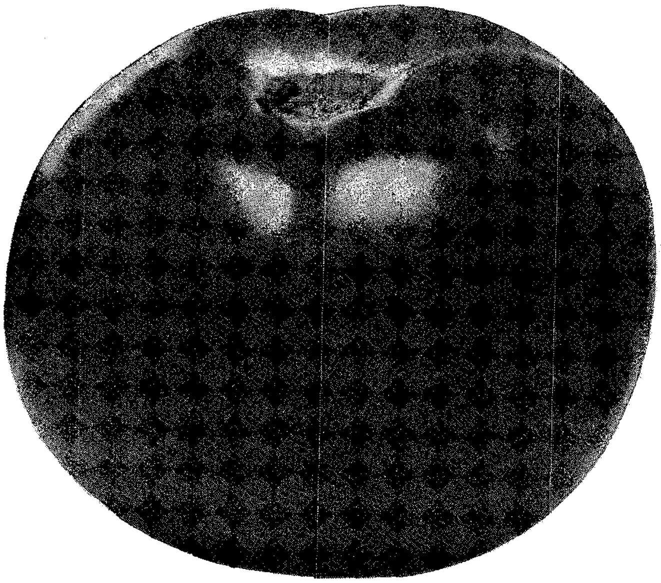

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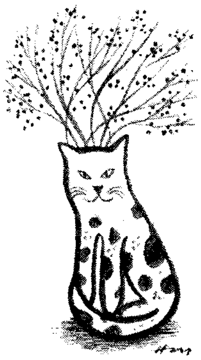
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXXI—MOBILE, ALA.

ALT., 210. Pop., 202,779. There is no clowning around in Mobile when it comes to gaiety. Mobilians place gaiety high on their list of mandatory virtues—even higher than courtesy and hospitality. Given a choice of being courteous, hospitable, or gay, the average Mobilian would instantly choose to be gay—even, or especially, if he felt miserable. “Ah was just standing around in the great crush along the sidewalks, watching the Mardi Gras floats roll past, when Ah got hit in the eye by a Cracker Jack box thrown by a man dressed like Louis XIV, with knee breeches and floppy French sleeves, but Ah knew what was expected of me,” a Mobilian with a patch over one eye said not long ago. “It was a nasty cut, but Ah acted joyous. Ah was right in the spirit of things.” Gaiety simmers along on a year-round basis—there are good gay days, mediocre gay days, and bad gay days (everybody has them)—but the gayest days of all are associated with Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras makes Mobilians so gay that they get all worked up when discussing it. “Ah hold nothing against New Orleans,” a Mobile resident said recently. “It’s a pretty place, with its quaint old French Quarter and its thick black coffee and all the rest of that gumbo, but my gorge rises when it claims to be the originator of Mardi Gras.” His eyes were wet with emotion. “Mobile, suh, is the Mother of Mystics. Historically, spiritually, *actually*, our mystic societies, the backbone of Mardi Gras, were the very first in this land, and every once in a while Ah am downright proud to encounter a New Orleans person who has the downright grace to admit it.”



In Mobile, as elsewhere, the actual Mardi Gras, or Fat Tuesday, immediately precedes Ash Wednesday, which, in turn, precedes Easter by forty-six calendar days. When it comes to Mardi Gras, however, Mobilians consider these dates irrelevant. Gaily, they get going early, and the first of a long series of mystic-society balls takes place during the November preceding Mardi Gras. Everybody who is said to be anybody is said to belong to a secret mystic society—often more than one—and everybody who is anybody knows who is in what secret mystic society. The balls follow one another with merry inexorability—the balls of the Harlequins, the Belles and Beaux, the Saints and Sinners, the Sirens, the Order of Polka Dots, the Order of Zeus, the Fifty Funny Fellows, and the Crewe of Columbus, to name a few. In addition to giving balls, many of the societies hold parades during the two weeks before *the* Mardi Gras parade. There may be as many as fourteen preliminary parades, all rolling through downtown Mobile, and all accompanied by bands and observed by thousands of merrymakers. Once the parade season gets under way, it is difficult to do a full day’s work in downtown Mobile. Many lawyers, clerks, and bookkeepers seeking to concentrate on their tasks have been distracted beyond repair by the sight of Beowulf and his Court down in the street below, or Haroun-al-Rashid tossing beads and candy to the crowd.

A smilingly rigid protocol governs procedure at the balls. Some societies require participants to remain masked throughout the evening, others permit the removal of masks at a specified point. Since everybody knows who everybody else is, where he lives, and how much he is worth, masked or unmasked, the masks merely add to the gaiety. An elaborate system of “callouts” prevails at the balls. Visitors who try to pierce the secret of callouts find themselves in the position of the white mouse who cannot locate the opening in the cage beyond which lies the food, and suffer the same debilitating consequences. “There’s nothing to the callout,” one male Mobile mystic has said. “It’s a social custom. Time-honored. Has something to do with inviting someone to the ball who doesn’t know who is inviting them, and then calling them out for a dance. Sometimes only one dance, sometimes two or more. I’ve heard tell that sometimes the whistle blows and the callouts all have to *de*part from the floor. Some men pay no attention to the whistle and just dance all night with their callout. Often, the callout will be a man, and the woman will be doing the calling out, and *she’ll* pay no attention to the whistle and dance with *her* callout all evening. But don’t ask me!” Women tend to range far afield when discussing callouts, and bring up callouts in Biloxi, Mississippi, where matters are conducted differently, and in New Orleans. “In

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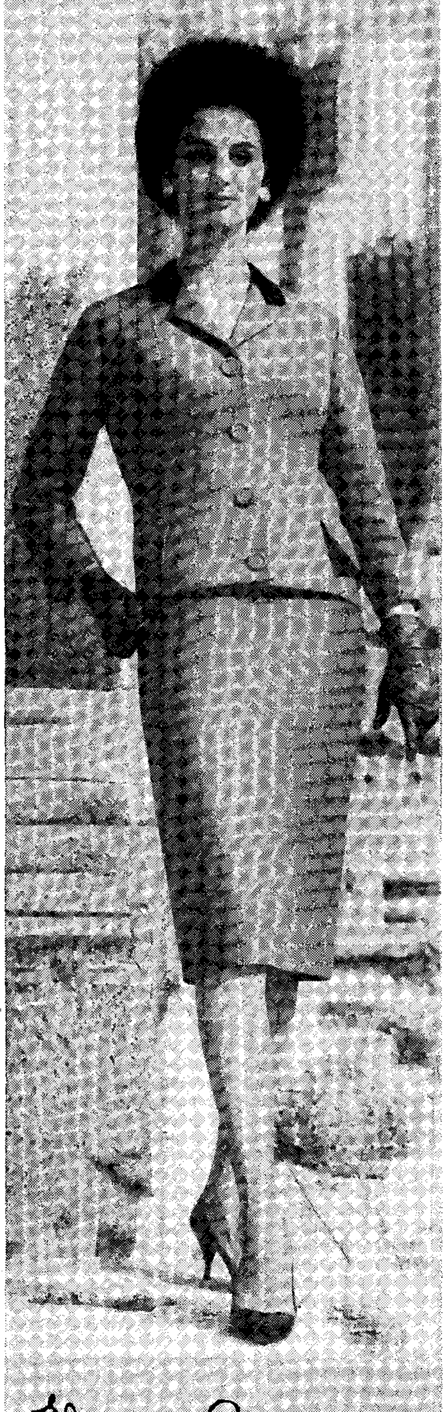

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Biloxi, the women, as in Mobile, can't smoke on the dance floor, but, instead of being able to smoke only in the cocktail room—which is *proper*—they can smoke any old place in the building," a female Mobile mystic has said. "It's a women's organization, and they can bring their husbands. Callouts can have a couple of dances and then go upstairs and sit. In New Orleans, it's one automatic dance for a callout. Anyway, New Orleans is entirely too commercial. We're not as boisterous, but we're gayer."

The chief participants in a Mardi Gras are the King and Queen. Everybody knows before they are chosen who they are going to be. A Queen thinks nothing of paying eight hundred dollars for a royal train, or six hundred for a caboose. Future Queens work their way up in court circles, and the Maid-in-Waiting one year might be Queen the next. These days, Kings are not easy to find. The job is a taxing one, the royal duties onerous and time-consuming. Kings have to turn up for everything, and keep gay. Usually, they are young bachelors; quite a few of them are businessmen. A good many Mobile doctors would like to be King, but there is always the problem of sick people who might need attention right in the middle of the King's Supper or the Queen's Luncheon or the reception by the Knights of Revelry.

During parades, and especially on Mardi Gras itself, it is considered good form for the mystic societies to rent rooms at the Battle House, a large hotel on North Royal Street, down which all processions pass. The hotel was named *not after a battle but after a Mr.* Battle; high in the vaulted ceiling of its huge lobby are bustlike portraits of George III, Ferdinand V, Louis XIV, and George Washington, representing England, Spain, France, and the United States—four countries with which Mobile has had to deal in its long history. The young bucks of the mystic societies slip away from the parades at frequent intervals, head for the room rented by their society, and gulp down some bourbon or Scotch. Once they have found the way, it is considered bad form for them not to stop by the rooms of other mystic societies, where they gulp down some bourbon or Scotch. Certain Mobilians feel that Mardi Gras is entirely too joyous to bear. There is a case on record of a man who left Mobile during Mardi Gras and went to Pensacola, Florida, where he planned to spend a few quiet days readjusting his gaiety. He was told that no hotel rooms were

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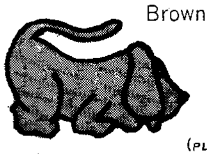

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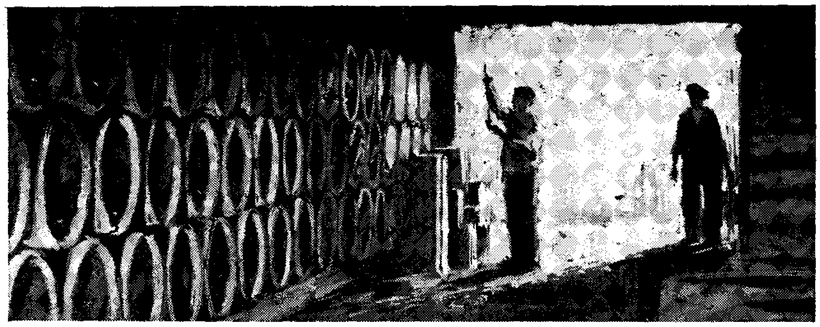

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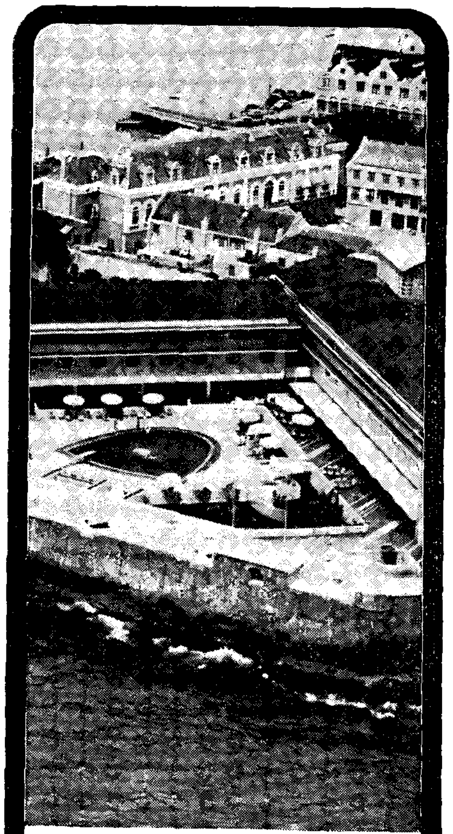

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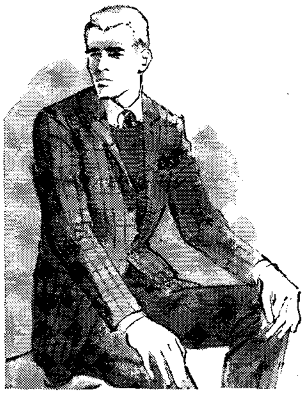
available; it was Mardi Gras in Pensacola. He moved along to Tampa, and there ran into an old friend, who invited him to a masked ball; it was Mardi Gras in Tampa. By now desperate, and wildly confused, he flew to New Orleans, where, on his first foray into the streets, he was almost crushed beneath a monster float. He returned to Mobile, hired a costume that represented Dante, put a fixed smile on his face, took his place on a float that depicted the Inferno, and achieved the height of gaiety by picking up handfuls of candy bars, taking careful aim, and throwing the candy bars at people standing along the curbs.

ATMOSPHERIC conditions in the summer often tend to subdue Mobile's traditional gaiety. The humidity is overwhelming, turning shoes green, eating into books (the effect of humidity on books is often called the Mobile Condition), and, in general, dampening the human spirit. Extensive use is made of air-conditioning these days, but well-to-do Mobilians still pack up in the spring and move to houses along the Eastern Shore of Mobile Bay, where the breezes are relatively invigorating. From time to time during late August or September, the cry of "Jubilee!" will be heard in the night along the Eastern Shore. It is first sent up by someone walking along a beach; it is a gay cry, as befits Mobile, but it bears no relation to Mardi Gras. Residents of the Eastern Shore respond instantly, dashing from their houses and heading for the water equipped with pots, pans, buckets, paper bags, and whatever other receptacles they can hastily gather up. "Jubilee!" signifies that fish are landing on the shore in great numbers and desperately inching their way up the beaches, as though gasping for air. "Jubilee is a sight to see," a Mobilian said not long ago. "Thousands of flounder and crabs, for example, lining the shore, yours to be scooped up and taken home." Nobody is certain why the fish hold this melancholy Mardi Gras of their own; it is thought that warm water from the Gulf meeting cooler water from the Alabama rivers has something to do with it. Emergency lights are set up along the shore, and people in Mobile spot them and come racing across the causeway from the city, equipped with washtubs. A full-fledged two-day Jubilee will often so revive a Mobilian's sagging spirits that he needs no further excitement until the next Mardi Gras.

Winter or summer, Wintzell's Oyster House, right in Mobile, maintains a high pitch of jubilation, partly because



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Mr. Wintzell serves oysters (from his own beds, in nearby Portersville Bay) the year round, and partly because of the clutter of signs in his establishment, leaving barely enough room for a customer to remove an oyster from its shell. Mr. Wintzell's signs, which are home-grown, seem to exert a titillative influence on many Mobilians. They become so excited at reading the signs—"How do you like your cabbage? Slaw, slaw, slaw! How do you like your oysters? Raw, raw, raw!" and "A man can sometimes get a pearl out of an oyster but it takes a pretty girl to get a diamond out of an old crab"—that they will down several dozen oysters on the half shell without hesitation, but some outsiders find admonitions like "In case of atomic attack, keep calm, pay your check, then run like hell" a brake on their appetites, and limit their intake to half a dozen, rapidly consumed.

There is muted gaiety, of a sort, twelve months of the year at Bellingrath Gardens, the estate of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Duncan Bellingrath, on the Isle-aux-Oies River, south of Mobile. Mr. Bellingrath, who started out as a railroad telegrapher, became one of the first bottlers of Coca-Cola, and is credited with insisting right up to his death, in 1955, that Coca-Cola be sold for a nickel a bottle. His vast house, described as "a mingling of the French, English, and Mediterranean influences, while the interior represents a blend of décor embracing chiefly the English Renaissance and Colonial America," is open to the public, along with the gardens, for a fee (four and a half dollars), and in it one may see some of the fruits of his wise Coca-Cola price policy: hand-carved beds; Jacobean oak desks; Meissen porcelain; Chippendale dining tables; Dresden urns; Georgian silver and Sheffield silver; hundreds of pieces of dinnerware; and the telegraph key used by Mr. Bellingrath himself, when he was a young man, and first tapped out the historic message "Drink Coca-Cola." The gardens emphasize azaleas and giant oaks trailing Spanish moss, and attract thousands annually, including many Texans on their way to Florida for the waters. "We have often been accused of combing the Spanish moss to make it look prettier for the tourists, but there isn't a word of truth in it," a man at Bellingrath Gardens said recently.

At night, many of the insurance companies and funeral parlors along Government Street play lights on the façades of their establishments, illuminating as well the live oaks that line the roadway. Not far away, along the bay and the

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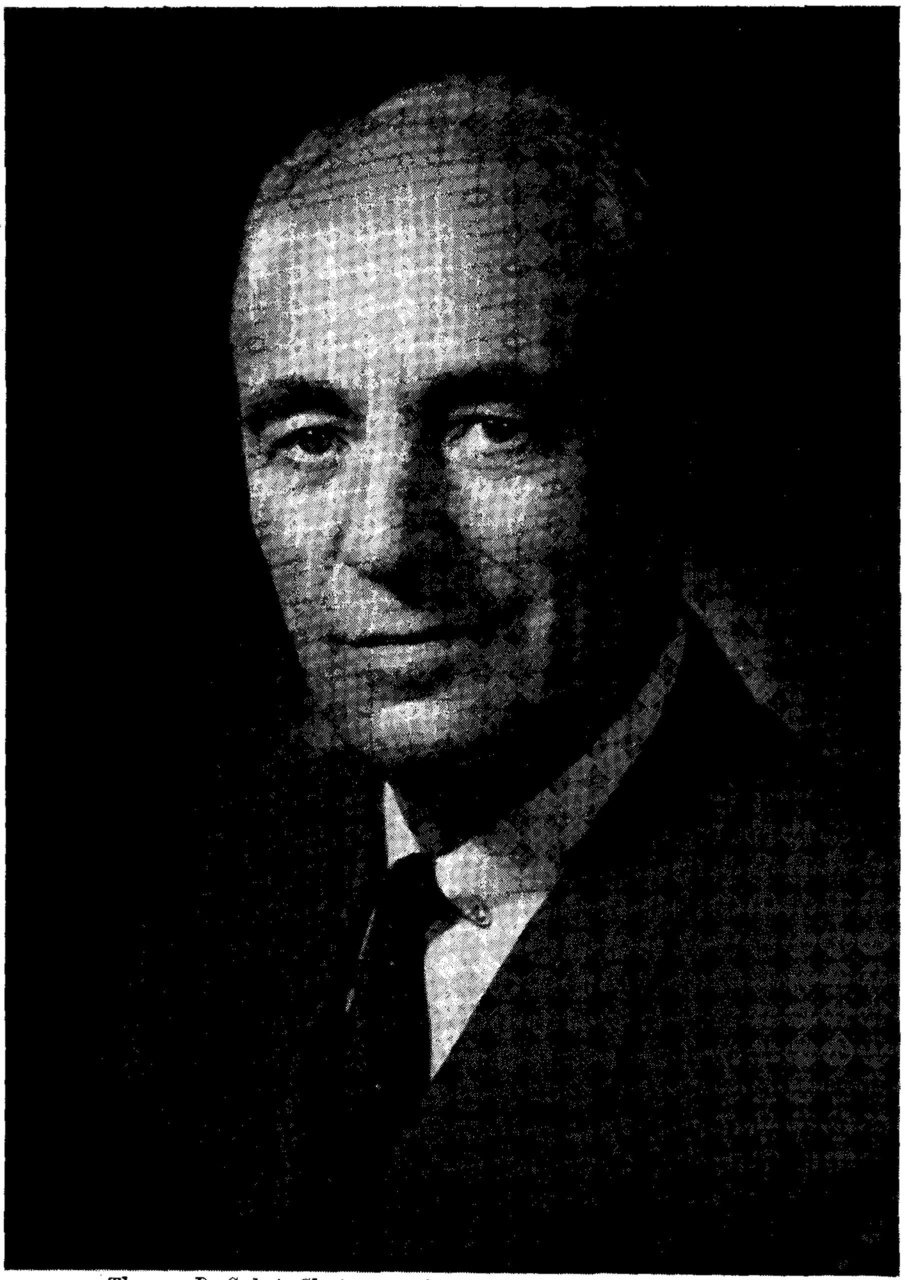

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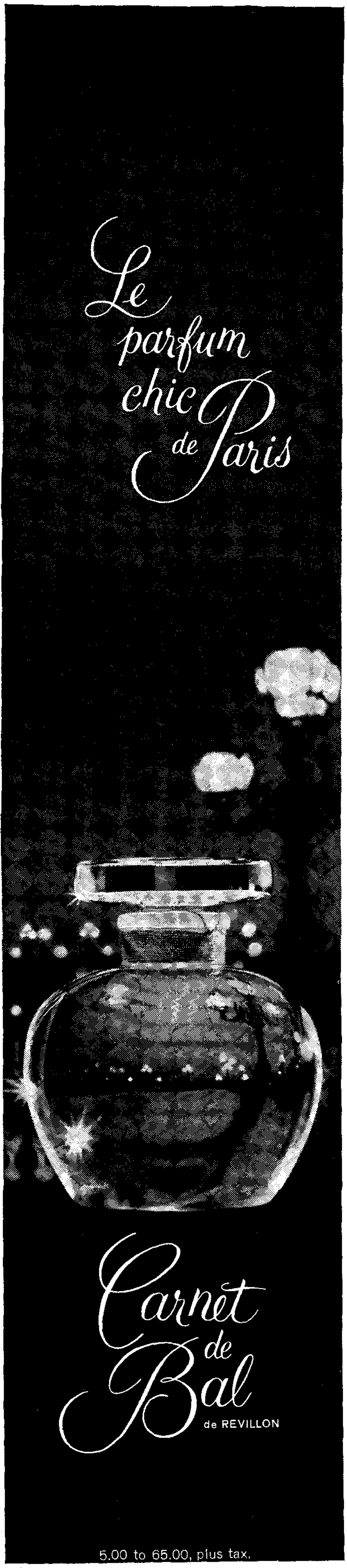

river, are ibises, wild bears, and alligators, and mountains of dredged oyster shells to be used for cement and chicken feed. The old business houses around Bienville Square have discarded their lacelike ironwork in favor of uniform modern fronts, and many of the landmark houses downtown display antique Federal balconies, with old telephone poles acting as emergency substitutes for once elegant columns, and have wash hanging in the front yard. The Negroes of Mobile hold their own Mardi Gras, along Davis Avenue, and local observers have remarked on its abandon and lightheartedness. "Maybe it's got something to do with their bands," a longtime white Mobile resident said not long ago. "You never heard such music! Maybe it's got something to do with their natural exuberance. I just can't figure it out. Anyway, they seem to be having more fun than we have. They're a carefree, happy-go-lucky people. Children, really." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND
(WHERE LOVE IS AN AWFULLY DECENT THING)

[*From the London Daily Telegraph & Morning Post*]

Major John Schreiber, 55, who recently resigned as secretary of the Pytchley Hunt, has left his wife. He and Miss Diana Carver, 22, a groom, are now staying near Market Harborough, Leics.

The girl worked at Winwick Old Rectory, Rugby, the home of Major Schreiber, and his wife, Elizabeth, and Major Schreiber frequently hunted with her. He was secretary of the Pytchley for 10 years, and next month becomes secretary to the Atherstone Hounds.

Mrs. Schreiber said yesterday: "It is very disappointing that things have worked out like this. Diana is a very pleasant girl. I am still hoping that in time the situation will resolve itself and my husband will return to me."

She added that she had taken legal advice, but no petition had been filed. Major and Mrs. Schreiber have a son, David, 21, who is at college.

A week ago she and Major Schreiber went to the Pytchley Hunt point-to-point at Guilsborough, Northants. Mrs. Schreiber said: "We were helping to organise activities. It was our last time out together."

Maj. Schreiber said: "This upheaval has caused me deep concern. The situation is anything but clear.

"There may even be a chance of a reconciliation. My resignation from the Pytchley has nothing to do with my personal affairs."

Miss Diana Carver's family farm is at Yafford Shorwell, Isle of Wight. Her grandfather, Mr. Edwin Carver, was churchwarden at the parish church for 61 years until his death a few months ago.

Her uncle, Mr. Jack Carver, of Wolverton Manor, Shorwell, was unanimously elected last week to succeed his father as churchwarden.

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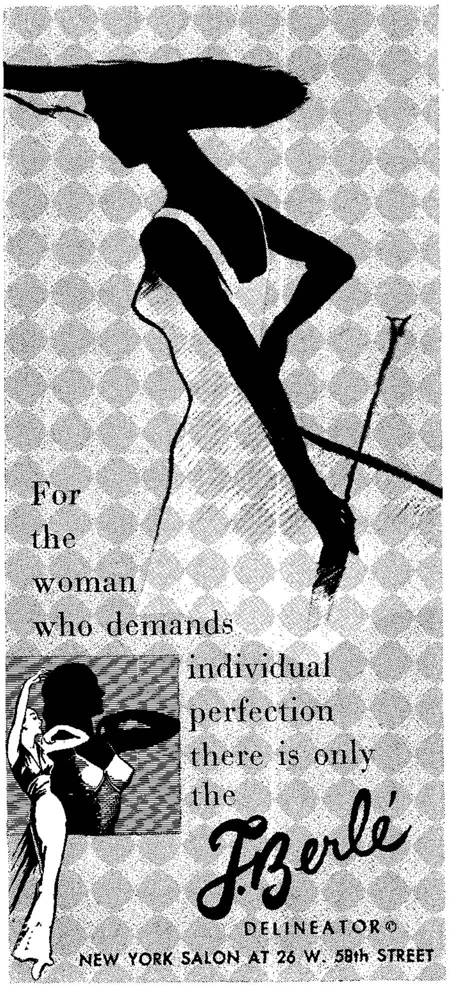
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THE WAY I FIGURE IT

"Don't Make Excuses. Make Good." That was the sign, in large block letters, tacked to the wall above the blackboard. To save her breath, Mrs. Viola Sheppard, who was my General Math teacher at the junior high school I attended in Toppenish, Washington, would turn and point to it. In my case, though, in our late-afternoon sessions when just the two of us were present, she would not point to the sign. She would get up, walk wearily to the classroom window, and look out. Then, after a minute or two, her patience under control, she would return to her desk where I waited, take the yellow Ticonderoga No. 2 pencil out of her neatly water-waved hair, sigh heavily, and begin the explanation all over again. Like others of her profession who were insufficiently paid to cope with me, she resorted to such phrases as "thinking cap," "wrong again," "common sense," "pay attention," "apply yourself," "don't you see?," and "what's so hard about that?"

That was thirty years ago. Twenty-eight, to be precise. Or perhaps twenty-seven. (I just spent fifteen minutes trying to figure out when I was in the eighth grade. I must have used the wrong subtrahend, or minuend. I forgot, I fear, to put on my thinking cap.)

Mrs. Sheppard inherited me from a long line of math teachers, all of whom must have warned her that I was coming. Her good friend Miss Marie V. Smith, for whom I had turned in some astonishing performances with compass, protractor, and ruler only the year before, would most certainly have mentioned my case. And Mrs. Iris Dahlman, a conscientious and generous soul who—counting *after-school* sessions back in the fourth grade—had given me two years of long division in the span of one, would surely have told her what she was in for.

Mrs. Alice B. Clark had, by that time, long since retired from the Toppenish school system, or she too could have tipped Mrs. Sheppard off. It was in Mrs. Clark's second-grade class that I was such a model of deficiency when it came to flash cards. For this daily drill, we moved to the front of the room and sat in a semicircle of little blue chairs. Mrs. Clark, a tall, bony woman, towered over us with her cards. Everyone else would sing out the answers in chorus the instant a new card came up. "Fourteen!" "Ten!" "Three!" "Seven!" Not I. By the time I had the solution to one card there was a new, baffling one before me. Even my occa-

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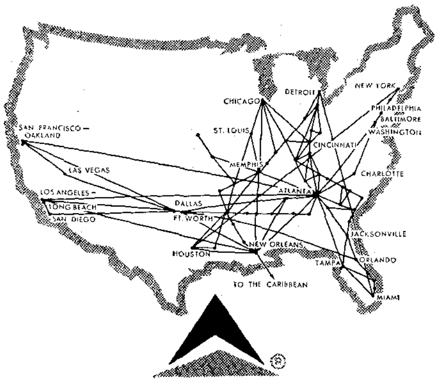
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sional right answer, blurted out as a solo, sounded wrong. Poor Mrs. Clark, her head cocked to compensate for a hearing loss, would turn to me, drop the cards to her side, and glower. When I think of arithmetic and math teachers, I think of flashing cards, flashing eyes, sighs, signs, and sticks of chalk breaking under stress against blackboards.

WHAT do I do now when faced with figures? I do the very best I can, with fingers, guesses, and taps of my pencil. The taps are the most essential. Let's say we have a seven in a column of figures to be added. Now, you undoubtedly know how to handle a seven—something from your flash-card days. I, on the other hand, can only tap my pencil. Seven, in my mind, is made up of two groups of taps. I tap four times, pause, then tap three times. That's seven, I believe. Now comes an eight. Two groups of four taps each. Six, two groups, three each. Two is easy—tap, tap. One is one. Nine is a mess; one group of four taps and a second of five *sound* easy enough, but I always forget which I did first, the four or the five, and end up with eight or ten instead of nine. When I am able to set up the problem myself, I put down three threes instead of the figure nine.

I have become aware, by watching my wife and others, that there is some intricate system of short cuts in arithmetic, but I am not privy to it. Take zeros. Everyone seems to eliminate them, or cancel them, or pretend they're not there while multiplying or dividing. I don't. I carry them with me at all times, like a passport, right to the end of the trip. If I multiply 50,000, say, by 10, I set it up (on paper) with all the zeros, and through my head runs a long, rhythmic recitation: "Zero times zero is zero, zero times zero is zero," etc., clear over to zero times five is five. Then I start with one. "One times zero is zero, one times zero is zero," etc., and then, finally, "one times five is five."

As for decimal points, I am not even one tenth of one per cent (1.10%) sure of what a decimal point is. I read recently of some new technique, associated with an electronic computer, and known as "floating decimal point." To me, this was not new. The decimal points in my life have always floated, bobbing up and down, just a little out of reach.

I know some other math words—"scalene," "isosceles," "trapezoid," "dodecahedron," "multiplicand," "divisor," "perimeter." I love to say "parallelogram," and "two to the tenth,"

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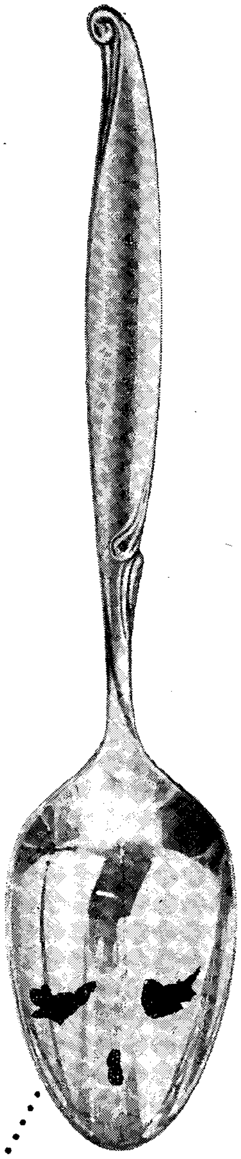

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and "bisect" and "trisect" and "cosine," but having said them I have reached the limit of what I am able to do about them.

No matter how ill-prepared one is for it, life has a way of going on, flowing sometimes in strange, unfamiliar channels, rippled occasionally by an obstructing boulder, but flowing nonetheless. My mind travels back upstream to some of my boulders.

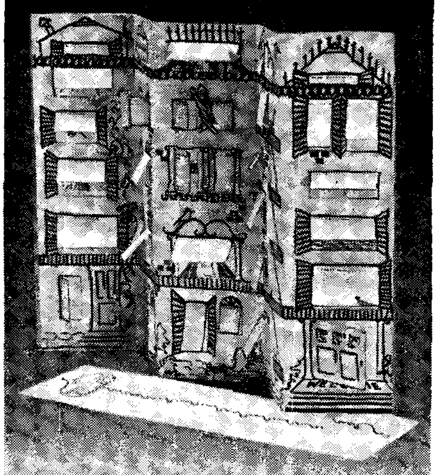
THERE was the time I was employed as bookkeeper for a freight agent. I was a senior in high school, and the job required only an hour or two every afternoon. The owner of the business was a gentle, hard-working fellow with gray hair, a Bull Durham sack in the pocket of his blue denim shirt, a severely limited education, and two Chevrolet trucks. In addition to conducting a hauling-and-moving business, he was the local agent for a large motor-transport company. Shipments came and went daily, and the preparation of freight bills, manifests, and reports relating to the shipments was my task.

My daily errors mounted rapidly right from the beginning. I tapped my way through, knowing that every calculation was probably wrong but that skilled accountants somewhere in distant offices would check my figures. At the end of every month, I was to send in a report to the head office in Seattle. This, from my boss's viewpoint, had but one purpose—to determine the total amount owed the company. I was to arrive at that figure by deducting his cartage, or hauling commission, from the month's receipts. Then I was to write out a check for the difference, present it for his signature, and mail it to the company along with the report.

Now, I have said that my boss had little schooling. He referred to the handwritten memo bills that accompanied shipments as "minneos," and he once called me on the phone with an urgent request to make out a minneo for a shipment of "Venatine" blinds. But he did have, as they say, a head for figures. Enough of a head, that is, to come in shaking it a few days after I had submitted my first monthly report.

"Somethin's real wrong," he said. "I don't have a damn bean in the bank. Not a bean! We had a good month last month, and I got nothin' to show for it."

We soon found out why. I had failed to deduct the cartage, thus providing him with no income whatever for the whole month's operation. He had to pay his other driver. He had lots of bills



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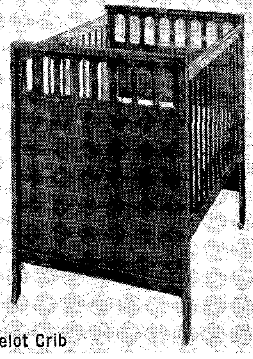

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to pay, and no money. I, by contrast, had done quite well. The system of payment for my services was based on the number of freight bills handled. I had counted the bills (as well as I was able), made out a check to myself, and my boss had signed it. The only beans that month had gone into my bag.

It surprised everyone but me when, thirty days later, I made another error, this time cheating myself. After that—quite remarkably, I think—I managed to tap my way through work for more than a year, and then I went off to college.

Two years later, I took a summer job in a corn cannery where one of my sisters was employed in the office. I was assigned to the scales, where the trucks laden with corn drove up in an almost endless, day-and-night procession. I had a splendid title: weighmaster. And it turned out that my supervisor would be my sister. The job itself looked simple enough, except that I had to learn to operate a calculating machine. Under my sister's tutelage, I soon felt I could take command, and after a couple of hours I assumed my position at the scales. These were automatic; all I had to do was insert a card and the weight would be automatically stamped on it. Then I had to deduct the weight of the truck and write down the net. The calculator— Well, it is not surprising that I forget *exactly* what it was used for; it had something to do with figuring the amount being paid for corn that day. Percentages, or ratios, were involved. I plunged in, confident that machines would be doing the hard part. I sailed through my work the first day, and at the end of my shift I went happily home to dinner.

My sister, though, didn't arrive. She didn't get home until almost ten o'clock, and when she came in, there was trouble. *I* was responsible for her late arrival. *I* was the one whose careful records indicated that more corn had arrived that day than the cannery could ever process in an entire week. Since everyone strongly suspected that this had not actually happened, the conclusion was

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that something had gone wrong at the scales. Four people, in fact, had worked for four hours untangling the weighmaster's records.

Why, my sister wanted to know, did I think I had been told to keep track of the weights of the trucks if not to deduct them from the gross tonnage? I had difficulty thinking of excuses. Perhaps the weight of one truck was too much to tap out before another, even heavier, one showed up on the scene? I didn't really know.

The next day, I tried, with a bit more success, to keep everything straight. But every hour or so my sister came to lean over my shoulder, to check up on me. She did that all the rest of the summer.

TRUCKS, corn, cartage, teachers, trapezoids, and subtrahends—sad symbols from days long gone. But figures remain in my present and loom up in my future. As I nudge close to what by my probably faulty calculations would seem to be middle age, I find it increasingly difficult to steer conversations away from figures, from precipices that I know would leave me hanging by one finger. (I have to keep all fingers free.) Imagine me at a restaurant lunch table when four men toss ten-dollar bills toward me and say, "You pay it this time." They will be climbing into a taxi while I'm still tapping out the tip. Think of my rapid, frenetic tapping as I attempt to convert foreign currency in an airport gift shop, with a plane about to take off.

Two years ago, a friend called up to say she was moving from her apartment and would sell my wife and me four panels of antique mirrors we had always admired. The price would be very low. Did we want to buy them?

"Yes, sure we'll buy them," I said.

"All right," she said. "Measure your wall, and then come up and see if they'll fit."

I measured the wall. I jotted the figures on a piece of paper, and went to see our friend and measure the mirrors. Intended to cover a wall area from floor to ceiling, the panels, according to my figures, would be eight and a half inches too short. "We'll take them anyway, though," I said. "We can build a shelf or a plant stand or something along the bottom. They'll look wonderful in the entry." I wrote out a check and called the glass-movers.

The panels arrived the next day. "Just stand them right there, against that wall," I said. "That's where we're going to have them installed."

"*Can't* stand them up against the wall," said one of the men. "They're

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too high. Have to lay 'em down somewheres."

"What do you mean, too high?" I asked. "They're eight and a half inches too short."

He shook his head, then fixed me with a look not unlike the one I have seen so often—the rather pitying, indulgent half smile. Which flash card was up? Which wrong tap had I tapped? The mirrors were mounted on plywood; maybe I should have figured things in board feet?

"Put them on the floor then," I said. "Someone gave me the wrong measurement." I winced, thinking of dear Mrs. Sheppard and her sign.

The mirrors lay on the floor, under the piano, for nearly a year before I could bring myself to do something about them. Finally, I called a company specializing in such work, and some men came and worked all day, measuring, cutting, and fitting. I think they made a mistake. There is bare wall space at the top. I think they cut the mirrors three inches too short. But I don't say anything about it to anyone. What's a small mistake, after all?

Still, the bare space bothers me. Lately I've been wondering if I couldn't cover it up with something. A sign, perhaps, in big block letters? I think it's just about wide enough and long enough, but I'll have to ask someone to check and see. —HAYES B. JACOBS

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We, the last lovers,
Have rung from the ruins
The whippoorwill's
Thrust of melody.
You have fallen asleep,
Breathing as the wind breathes
Among the wetted thistle,
The scented vine,
And, listening, I move
My body toward you,
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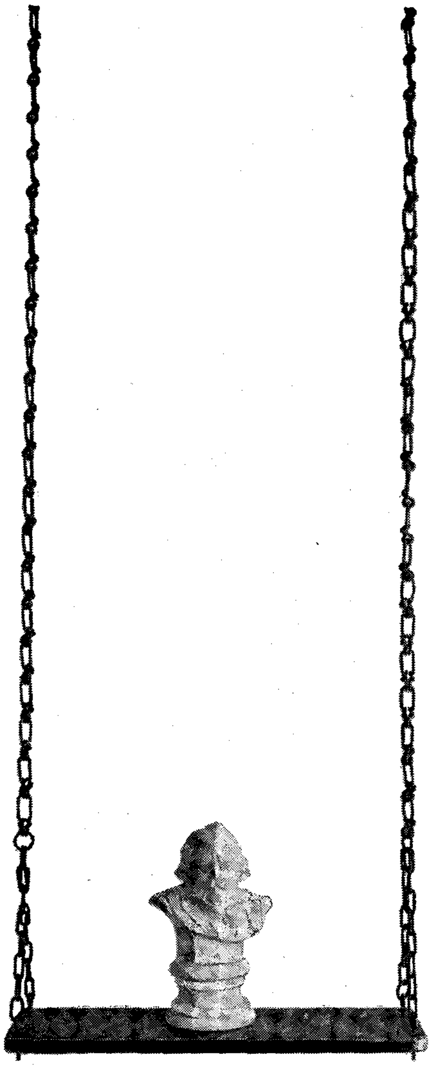
U.N. LETTER

OCTOBER 1

THE American hope, expressed here by the Secretary of State a week ago, for the early selection of an "outstanding world leader" to direct the affairs of the United Nations appears to have been dashed. Soviet intransigence is partly to blame, but the main difficulties have been the shortage of candidates and the race-consciousness of the Afro-Asian powers. Most world leaders, outstanding or otherwise, are already under contract. The President, in his address to the General Assembly, scaled down our requirements and proposed that an "outstanding civil servant" be put on the job, but he gave no clue as to where such a man might be found. The traditional European supply sources, it is generally felt, cannot be tapped. A country like Switzerland or Dag Hammarskjöld's Sweden might be able to provide a man who would, in time, achieve something comparable to Hammarskjöld's stature, and in its recently retired president, John Boland, of Ireland, the Assembly has a diplomat of high ability who enjoys the good will of almost every delegation. Mr. Boland's color is against him, though. The Afro-Asians have made it clear that the next Secretary-General, or the man who may carry on the work of that office without its signs or seals, must be of a hue darker than that of most Europeans. The term "Afro-Asian," however, covers a wide variety of ethnic types and a multitude of conflicts. When the session opened, two days after the shattering news from Ndola, the United States and a good many other countries thought they had a powerful candidate in Mongi Slim, of Tunisia, who wanted (and still wants) the job very much, and who was unanimously elected president of the Assembly. Mr. Slim has been an effective and popular diplomat here, and although a certain amount of Greek blood flows in his veins, he seems to qualify as an "Arab" and thus as an "Afro-Asian;" besides, he has done time in French jails. He may yet be called upon to serve, but his candidacy is in trouble now because Israel and India consider him unsuited by nationality and religion. The Israelis maintain that no representative of an Arab League country could evenhandedly administer the numerous United Nations undertakings in the Middle East, and they have made much of the story that when Mrs. Golda Meir, their Foreign Minister, showed up at a reception for President Kennedy last Monday, Mr. Slim was at great pains to make certain that at no time were he and Mrs. Meir together within range of the widest of wide-angle photographic lenses. The Indians have been saying that they would welcome an Arab as Secretary-General but that they and their Buddhist neighbors are disturbed by the fact that Mr. Slim is also a Moslem, and would therefore be inclined to sympathize with Pakistan, a well-known ally of imperialism. They have also made a good deal of the taint of Europe in Mr. Slim's ancestry. The search for a non-Moslem Arab civil servant seems so hopeless that no one has begun it. As Mr. Slim's stock has declined, that of U Thant, of Burma, has enjoyed a modest rise. His gifts are said to be large and his racial qualifications unassailable. The Arabs, however, find him unacceptable, on the ground that Burma recognizes and enjoys reasonably good relations with Israel. The Indians have not come out flatly in opposition to him, but they have pointed out that Burmese relations with India have been deteriorating. The Indians have several Indian candidates they would like to put forward, but the difficulty here is with the sub-Saharan Africans; if there is anything most of their people detest more than a white man, it is an Indian.

It may be that within the next few days or weeks Mongi Slim, U Thant, or some new candidate will be chosen by the General Assembly to head up the Secretariat on an interim basis, with some such title as Acting Secretary-General. Clearly, a great majority of the delegations prefer a single executive to the Soviet *troika*, or triumvirate, which would institutionalize, in this supposedly supranational office, three broad, sometimes meaningless, and sometimes

"I pity the girl that marries you."



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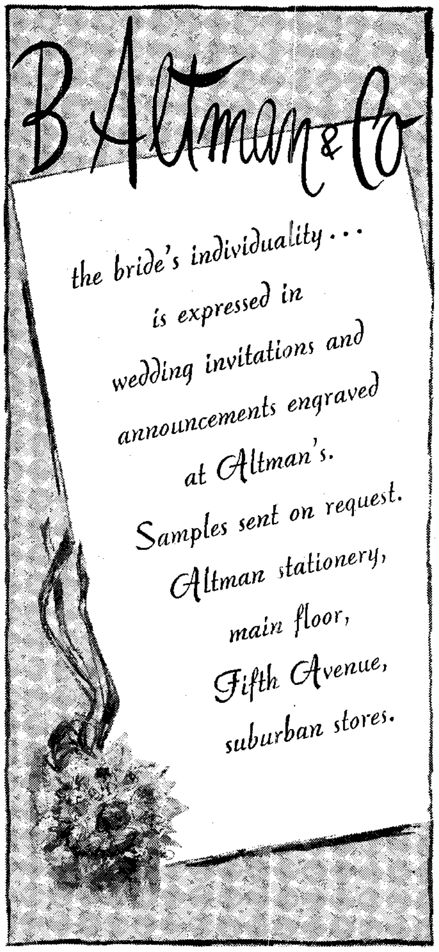
dangerously meaningful tendencies of national foreign policy—pro-Soviet, anti-Soviet, and "unaligned." Mr. Khrushchev himself seems resigned to the fact that the plan he advanced a year ago has met with very little favor, and although his delegation still calls for the application of *troika* when and if the Secretariat is reorganized on a permanent basis, no desks are thumped and there are no harsh criticisms of the opposition. In his first speech to the Assembly, Andrei Gromyko did not touch upon the question of an interim arrangement except in a vague peroration, delivered to a half-empty and dozing chamber, and two days ago the Soviet delegation, in a fuzzy memorandum, proposed that the Assembly appoint four men—one from the Soviet bloc, one from the West, and two neutralists—to "organize the work of the Secretariat." The four, one of whom would be elected chairman, would be expected to "do their utmost" to reach agreement, but nothing was said in the memorandum about what happens when the utmost is not enough. With things going as they are, there is little doubt that if a reasonably attractive candidate should come to light within the next couple of weeks, he could be elected in the General Assembly without much fuss from the Soviet bloc. But the outlook at the moment is poor, and the general impression is that unless a solution is found before the Assembly goes much further with its agenda, interest in one or another of the Soviet proposals will revive—not because anyone will perceive any new merit in the idea of divided authority but because it will offer an easy way out of a sticky situation. Mr. Khrushchev put forward the *troika* principle in the first place because he was angered by the fact that one of the consequences, or side effects, of the U.N.'s intervention in the Congo, which his delegation had supported, was the elimination—for a time, at least—of Communist power there; his clear aim, in his attacks on Mr. Hammarskjöld and in his demand that the Soviet Union be given the veto power in the Secretariat, was to see to it that the U.N. never again did anything without consulting him. The majority of the U.N. members—most of them weak and poor by great-power standards, and most of them outside the system of great-power alignments—were quick to see that *troika* would work against them. A Secretary-General not subject to direct great-power veto would tend to escape the pressures of the principal adversaries by adopting something like their own at-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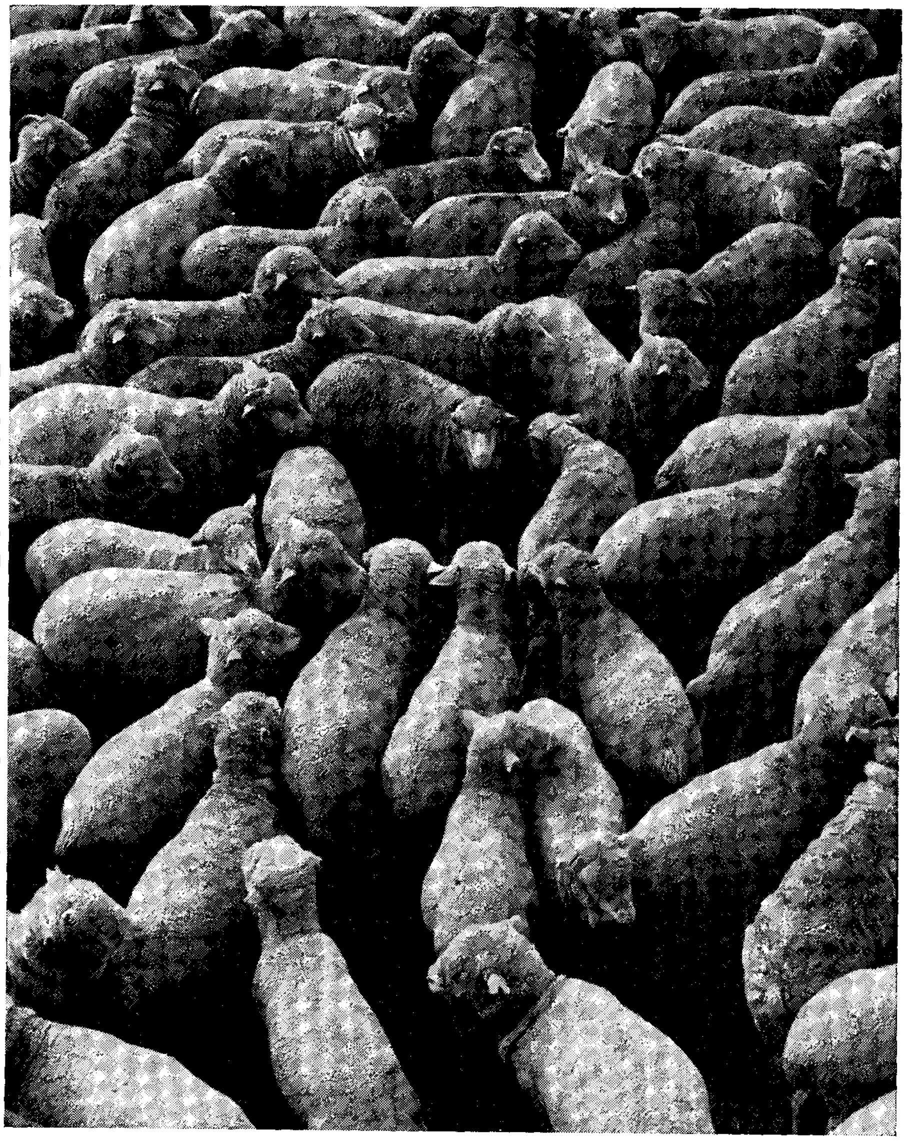
titude of formal neutrality and non-alignment; a commission requiring the approval of *both* the Soviet and the anti-Soviet blocs would tend to operate at the expense of the lesser powers, who, of course, benefit far more from most U.N. services than any of the great powers do.

Still, in the event of a stalemate at this session, *troika* may prove the only way of keeping the show going, and a good-sized majority would accept it on the principle that a third of a loaf (or a fourth, in the case of the latest variant) is better than none. The maintenance of this organization on almost any terms is a matter of the greatest importance to the smaller members (or at least to their statesmen and politicians), who have the real voting power in the Assembly. Where but here might the voices of Upper Volta or Sierra Leone or El Salvador—or, for that matter, the Republic of China—ever be heard? One sometimes suspects, indeed, that the U.N. may be as much a force for fragmentation as it is for unity in this world. It has been reported from Jamaica that one of the principal arguments of those who successfully opposed membership in the West Indies Federation in the recent plebiscite was that federation would deny the island a vote and a voice here on East Forty-second Street. If *troika* seems to be the one way of keeping the U.N. alive, most of the smaller powers will accept it. They will be little moved by being informed that it will reduce the U.N. to the level of a mere debating society. They might regret such a degeneration, for they can make much use of the specialized agencies under the Secretary-General, but they would not look down their noses at a debating society. For many of them, that is the U.N.'s chief attraction.

Most of the Westerners here, and, probably, most members of the Secretariat, share President Kennedy's view that any dilution of authority in the Secretariat would lead to paralysis everywhere but in the tongue. The case is an imposing one. All modern political experience seems to show that strong, unitary executive power is the condition of effectiveness—though not always, to be sure, of effectiveness in a good cause. The late Secretary-General died trying to strengthen the central executive authority of a divided government. The Secretariat is to the U.N. what the Presidency is to the government of the United States, where the application of the *troika* principle, even without the right of absolute veto for anyone, would lead to something as preposterous as installing John F. Kennedy, Barry Gold-



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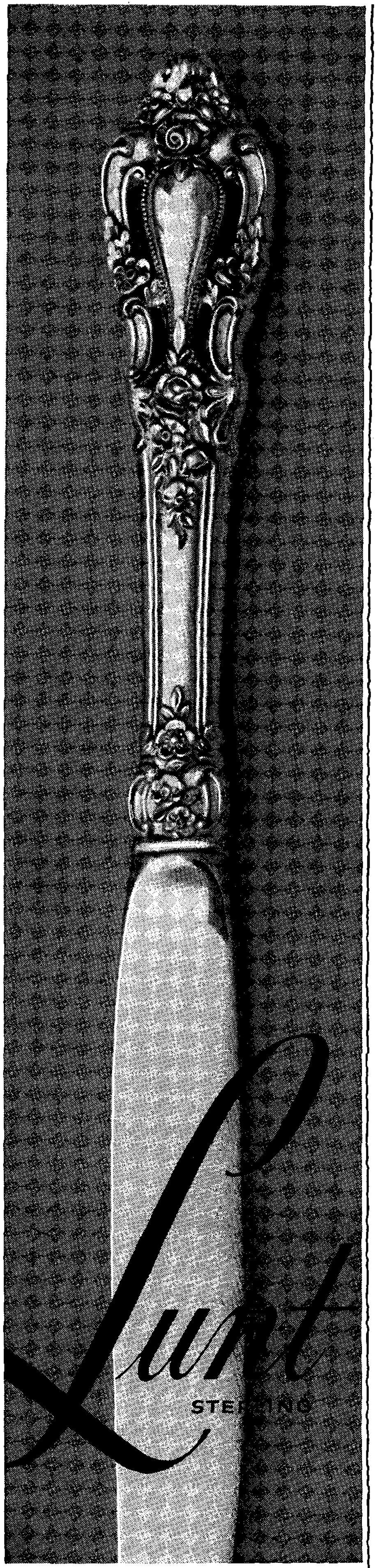

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water, and Norman Thomas in the White House, with equal and coördinate powers. There is, however, another view of the Secretariat problem, adhered to by some people of considerable experience in U.N. affairs. These people hold that the structure of the U.N., unlike that of the United States government, is anything but an inspired piece of political architecture. It was based in the first place on a principle that *troika* merely revives—great-power unity. It was assumed from the start that if the permanent members of the Security Council found themselves in a conflict that was irreconcilable outside the U.N., there would be no hope of reconciling it inside the organization. Little account was taken of the problems that would be created by any large number of new members. The major accomplishments of the U.N. have been made possible not by any features of the original design but by later institutional modifications and adaptations. One of these was the United States plan of 1950 for breaking Security Council deadlocks by strengthening the General Assembly. At the start, the office of the Secretary-General was an exalted clerkship. It grew somewhat in prestige under Trygve Lie and greatly under Dag Hammarskjöld. Mr. Hammarskjöld's triumphs were triumphs of imagination and initiative—not of the specified powers of his office. There are people here who thought enough of the quality of his imagination to believe that he could have exercised it even as the chairman of a commission—which, in a sense, he really was. Mr. Khrushchev's demand for the veto, they say, was a demand for something he already had in almost every U.N. enterprise. If, they go on to say, a single successor to Mr. Hammarskjöld is elected at this session, he will work in constant awareness of Soviet power and will exercise a kind of proxy veto over himself. (In his first days in office, Mr. Hammarskjöld, who took the job with full knowledge of the fact that his predecessor had been driven out by the Russians, was the soul of caution. It was not until the Suez crisis, three years after his election, that he gave the slightest offense to any of the great powers. The offense then was to Britain and France. It was not until 1960 that he incurred any strong Soviet displeasure.) Those who take this view of the matter are basically unperturbed by the possibility of structural changes. Their concern is with the character of the man, or men, chosen to head the organization. They feel that if the work is turned over to

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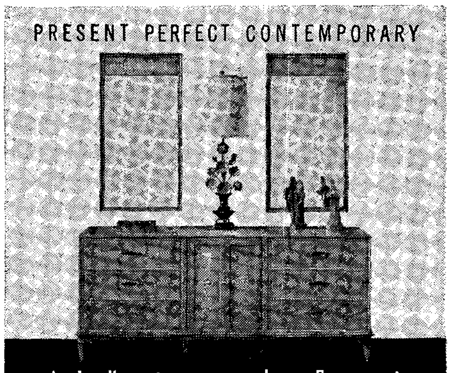

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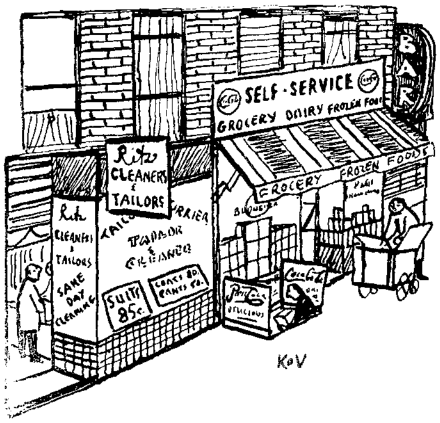
anyone with Mr. Hammarskjöld's kind of responsiveness to its needs, ways will be found to carry on—provided the conflict between the great powers is anything short of irreconcilable.

FROM the perspective one gets here—which, as often as not, is a deceptive one—it would appear at the moment that the Russians have gone as far in outraging "world opinion" as they care to go, and if this is so, then it would seem to follow that they have also gone as close to the brink of war as they dare to go. Here, certainly, Mr. Gromyko has been quite moderate in language and amiable in behavior. The temporary abandonment of *troika* has been carried off almost with grace, and the Soviet Foreign Minister's speech to the General Assembly contained only a few really ugly lines. His three talks on Berlin with the Secretary of State, the last of which was held at the Waldorf Towers yesterday, were conducted in an atmosphere that seems to have been seasonably cool but reasonably civil. Almost nothing is known of what was said, and this, along with the number and duration of the meetings and the announcement that they will be continued in Washington, is taken as a moderately hopeful sign. Before the first of the talks, nine days ago, administration officials here advised American journalists to regard no news as good news. If things went at all well from the American point of view, they said, there would be no "leaks" and no "briefings." Thus far, the major participants have been promisingly tight-lipped. Both sides have, of course, made it clear that the talks are not "negotiations" but an effort to determine whether any basis for negotiations exists. Conjecture has it that the two men are exploring each other's understanding of such terms as "access," "guarantee," "recognition," "European security," and "sovereignty." If Mr. Gromyko finds this a useful exercise, then there may be some basis for an accommoda-



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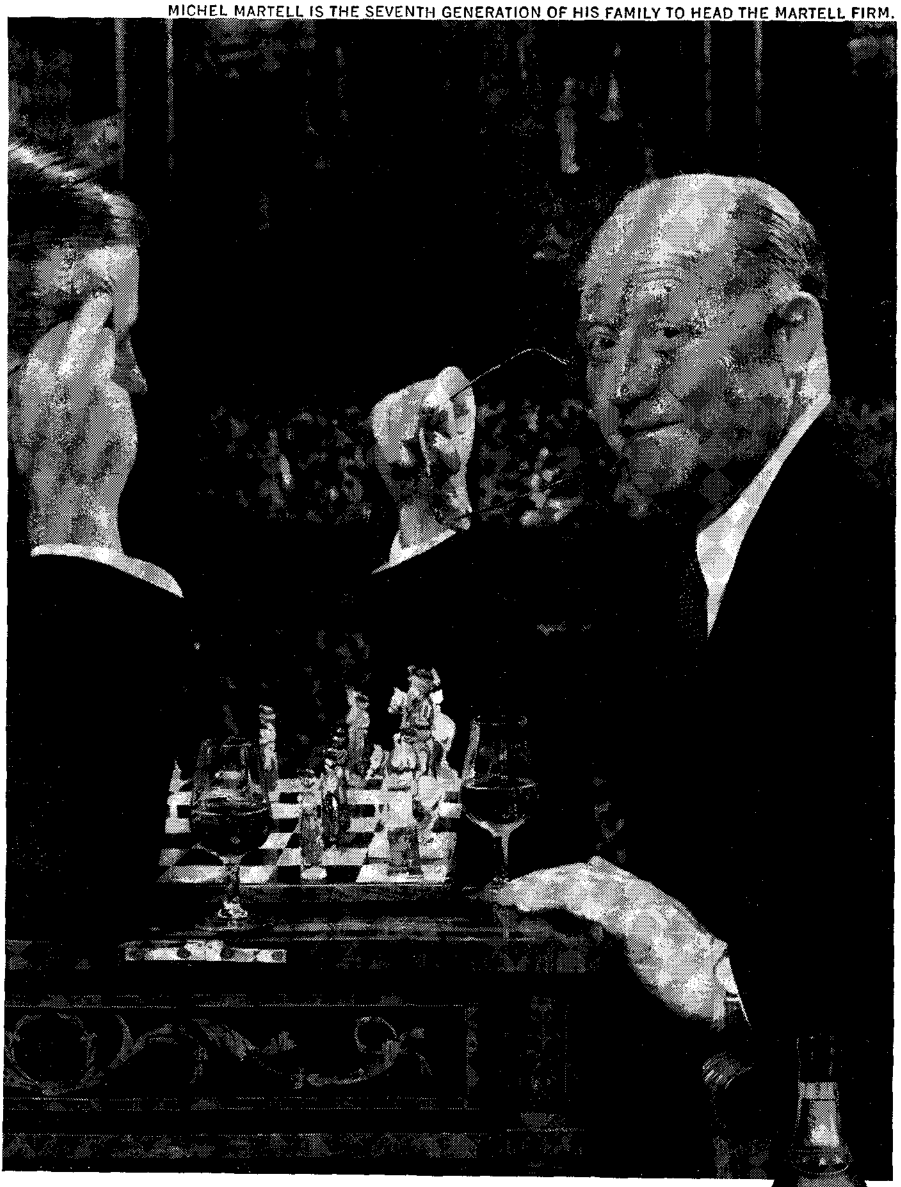

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tion, because the American policy toward a negotiated settlement on Berlin turns on the possibilities of dealing with the East German government without granting it diplomatic recognition. When, in 1958, Mr. Khrushchev first announced his determination to delegate his remaining responsibilities in Berlin and Germany to Herr Ulbricht, John Foster Dulles said that we could do business with the East Germans if it was clearly understood that they were acting in the capacity of "agents" for the Soviet Union. The Russians, and, more emphatically, the East Germans, who are understandably touchy when anyone speaks of them as "agents," said that this would not do. The demand of both has been that the Western occupying powers follow the Soviet lead and put in writing their acknowledgment of the German Democratic Republic as a sovereign power with fixed boundaries and the right to administer all affairs within those boundaries. The language that Mr. Gromyko and the East Germans have been using lately seems a trifle less explicit and a trifle less demanding than their language of a few weeks ago. In his Assembly speech, Mr. Gromyko said that the one condition his government held essential to negotiation was "unqualified respect for the sovereignty of the [East German] state." "Unqualified respect" seems quite a lot to ask, but it is possible to "respect" a state's sovereignty without giving it diplomatic recognition and without underwriting the legitimacy of the arrangements made by its government. And a couple of days ago the Ulbricht regime announced that "whoever wants something from the German Democratic Republic, including agreements on access routes to West Berlin, must negotiate with us." There was no demand for a treaty or for recognition. Nor was there any insistence that the boundaries between West Berlin and East Germany henceforth be regarded as marking only a regional division inside the "sovereign" state.

The Russians here have almost always seemed more conciliatory when the General Assembly has been in session than at other times—and more conciliatory than other Russians in other places. Mr. Khrushchev's performance last year was a notable exception, but it gained him little, and it is plain that he has instructed his Foreign Minister to behave properly and speak with moderation. It is altogether in the Soviet interest to have Mr. Gromyko appear as a man willing to listen to reason about

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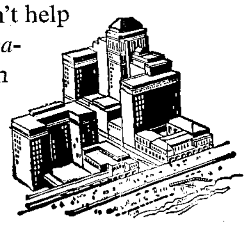

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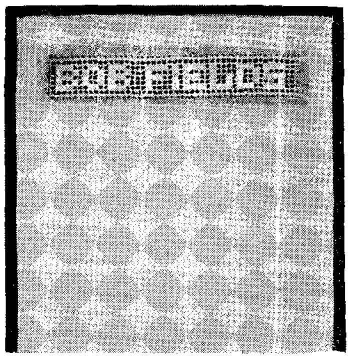

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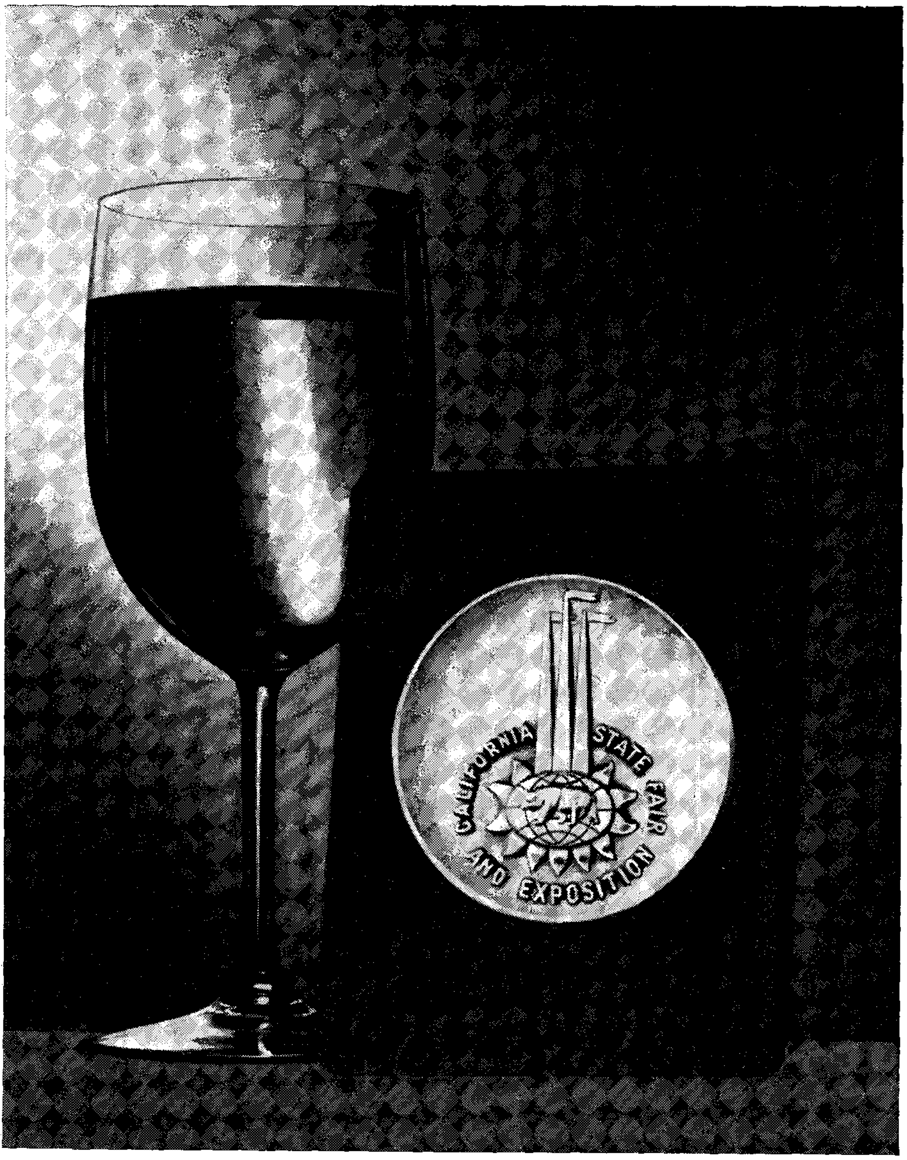
Berlin now, for Mr. Gromyko is surrounded by people who have no interest whatever in the fate of the city, and whose sole concern with the controversy is that it not lead to their own extinction. Among the Americans here there continues to be a good deal of anxiety, rooted in the suspicion that Mr. Khrushchev does not wish to let the Berlin crisis end without making it the occasion for a vast humiliation of the United States. Those in whom this suspicion is strongest feel that the Russians do not intend to offer us any terms whose acceptance could be regarded as anything but a major defeat for American power. Nothing that has come out of Moscow, except the instructions to Mr. Gromyko and the speech that Moscow had him read here, has quieted any of their suspicions. It does seem reasonably clear, though, that if our humiliation is what Mr. Khrushchev seeks, he has deferred by a bit, at least, his hope of getting it. It has generally been assumed that he originally planned to announce his triumph before the Communist Party convention that begins on October 20th, which is only three weeks away. It will take place only ten or eleven days after his next scheduled meeting with Mr. Gromyko, who is to leave here on October 8th and report on his talks with Mr. Rusk. That is a rather short time in which to arrange a great defeat for a great power. And a number of Westerners here were agreeably surprised when the Russians made no response to the President's unexplained assertion, in his Assembly speech, that the problem would have to be disposed of in the next "ten months." He helped himself to at least seven more months than the Russians had given him.

If there has been some revision of the Soviet timetable, there may shortly be a major one in that of the United States. The administration decided some time ago that it no longer had enough support in the General Assembly to prevent any discussion of Communist China's right to U.N. membership. The most it could do, the American delegation felt, was to put off a vote for another year or so, and although there was some question as to whether it could do even that much, it was agreed that to go on attempting to stifle debate would merely worsen our position whenever the matter did come to a vote. However, Premier Chou En-lai's speech of yesterday in Peking seems likely to hasten the whole process of admission and to increase the chances for admission to be



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voted this year. The Premier said that China wishes "to live together in peace with the peoples of all countries, including the United States." The speech, according to newspaper reports, was filled with expressions of Chinese devotion to peaceful coexistence. Over the years, Washington has always defended its China policy by pointing to the absence of such expressions from Peking rhetoric. Now it will undoubtedly be said that words are less important than deeds, and that Peking has *done* nothing to demonstrate its peacefulness. But this place is a temple of rhetoric, and the general feeling here is that Chou En-lai has in one speech made it altogether possible, and even probable, that his government will be admitted during this session. —Richard H. Rovere

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THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From the Cincinnati Post & Times-Star*]

Monday is the deadline for submitting entries in an annual poetry contest, sponsored by the Ohio Poetry Society. Winners will be announced at a Poetry Day observance Oct. 15 in Columbus.

Contestants are limited to two typed poems. Only one entry is eligible in the ballad contest. Poems must be unpublished and must not have been a previous OPS, or Poetry Day winner.

Entries for the various classifications should be sent to: Ballads, Dr. Tom B. Haber, 220 Canyon drive, Columbus; any poem up to 24 lines, to Sam Schierloh, 5820 Wayside avenue; poems up to 16 lines, to Edna Hamilton, 2636 Fenton avenue or Mary S. Rempe, 4911 Oaklawn drive.

Terza rima sonnets to Mrs. Lola Morgan, 1543 Monroe avenue, River Forest, Ill.; entries in a lyric contest, "This Is My Land," up to 40 lines, to Mrs. Alma L. Gray, 1380 Newton street, Akron; poems, any length, in experimental form, to Virginia Moran Evans, 114 W. Norman avenue, Dayton, O.; sonnets to Mrs. Beth Murray Shorby, 836 Northwest boulevard, Columbus; sonnets written since Poetry Day of last year, entries to Tessa Sweazy Webb, 251 W. Eighth street, Columbus.

•

Such preoccupation rarely takes birds and animals unless they are enraged with a rival. I remember something of the sort happening to me when I was out shooting. A pair of stoats began to fight at the bottom of a drystone wall. They were not playing but intent upon doing each other serious injury and after a minute or two they began to run round me in a circle. This continued until I seemed to see nothing but a blur. The circle decreased. Soon, I thought, they would be running round my feet, and then one might take refuge up a leg of my trousers. I dispelled the unpleasant thought by shooting both of them with one shot.—*Country Life* (*England*).

No more blur, eh, old boy?

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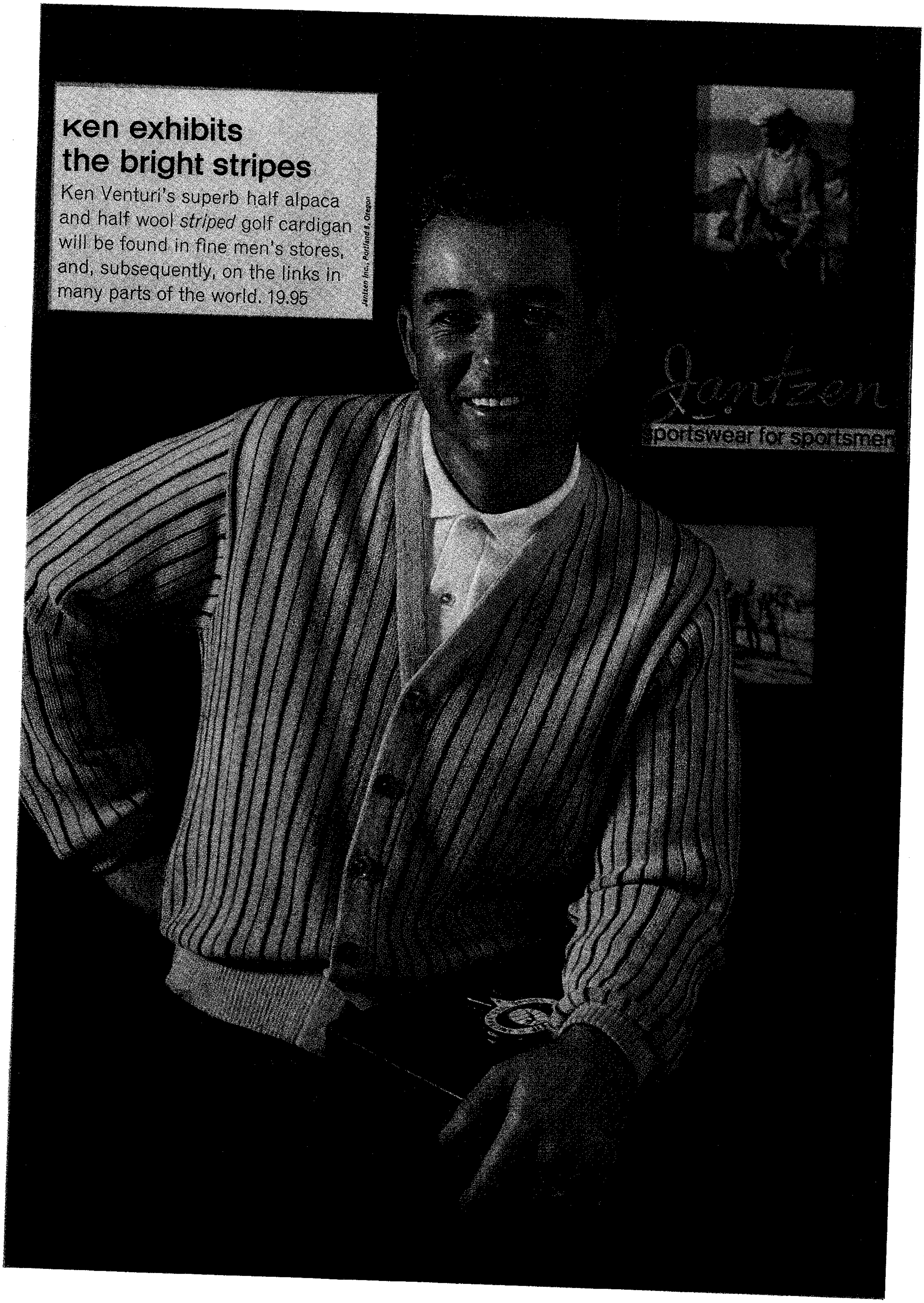

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IT is a favorite quip of Tokyo residents nowadays that the only item they can't buy in their cornucopian department stores is a coffin. The dozen or so big stores, quite a few of them occupying spanking-new structures, offer an astonishingly comprehensive assortment of goods, encompassing everything from dried seaweed to automobiles. Their buildings accommodate many of the city's principal art galleries, and from their rooftops sprout carrousels, Ferris wheels, and other such attractions. Lately, most of the stores, eager to satisfy every current demand of their customers, have installed branch sales offices of one or another of the four major Japanese brokerage firms—Daiwa, Nikko, Nomura, and Yamaichi, all prime movers in, and prime beneficiaries of, a stock-market boom that has attracted more and more Japanese investors in the post-Occupation years. They are familiarly known to most Japanese investors as the Big Four. To date, the city's largest and most elegant store, the Mitsukoshi, has held out against a securities department, but nearly all of its competitors have opened their doors to one of the Big Four—even though, by thus encouraging investment in securities rather than in, say, household appliances, the retailers might seem to have made a self-defeating move. The Shirokiya, a store whose roof boasts a temple and an aviary, harbors Nomura Securities on its third floor, along with handbags, gloves, perfume, and Mikimoto pearls. The Maruzen, a store with an extensive English-language book department on its second floor, has Nikko Securities two floors below, near drugs, men's suits, and a golfers' corner. In the Marubutsu establishment, along with a theatre specializing in nude shows, is Daiwa Securities, not far from coffee, umbrellas, and foundation garments. Most of the stores sell groceries and other perishables in their basements, and downstairs at Takashimaya—which once kept a baby elephant upstairs but evicted the animal when it threatened to outgrow the elevators—Yamaichi Securities sells stock in the midst of counters laden with dried fish, tea, and flowers. Takashimaya's is quite possibly the most aromatic brokerage office on earth.

A while ago, the New York Stock Exchange announced its surmise, based on a fact-finding survey, that only one in every four Americans could correctly define "common stock." Securities men I have talked with lately in Tokyo suspect that far fewer Japanese could do so, but if this suspicion is justified, the Tokyo market's gyrations appear to provide striking evidence of the correlation of ignorance and bliss. Some four million Japanese now own stocks, and many of them have been riding a bandwagon far more exhilarating than any merry-go-round they could hope to board, even on the roof of a Tokyo store. Doctors, lawyers, farmers, and university students have grouped together into investors' clubs. A widely current story has it that an astute undergraduate not long ago fattened a hundred-and-fifty-dollar stake into a hundred-thousand-dollar fortune, but this tale is probably apocryphal, since every time one hears it the boy wizard is described as attending a different school. Still, there is certainly no doubt that many Japanese market-players have made much money. (The high-class geisha, who are privy to more inside information, from businessmen and politicians among their customers, than any other mortals in Tokyo, are sometimes thought to have made the most.) Since the postwar reopening of the Tokyo Stock Exchange, in 1949—to get down to incontrovertible statistics—the local stock-price average has increased fourteen times over, and in the past five years a good number of stocks have increased twenty or thirty times in value. In the first six months of this year, stock prices went up by thirty-five per cent. Japanese securities analysts, like their American counterparts, enjoy dreaming of might-have-beens. One sedate employee of a Tokyo brokerage house compiled a list of twelve stocks, each of which, during a given month of 1960, had fluctuated more widely than any other on the market; he then figured out what would have happened if he had bought the January stock at its low for the month and sold it at its high for the month, invested his paper proceeds in the February stock

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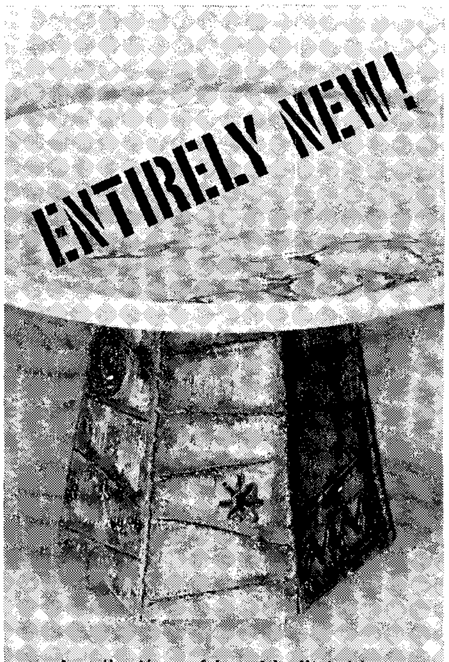
at *its* low and sold out at its high, and skipped along in that fashion through the year. He concluded that if he had been possessed of prescience as keen as his hindsight, he could have multiplied his original investment by 3,190.956 in the course of the year. On the other hand, there are eleven horse races on the card at the Fuchu track, outside Tokyo, and a day-long winning parlay could conceivably be even more rewarding, and easier to dope out besides.

Of nine stock exchanges operating in Japan today, those in Tokyo and Osaka are far and away the biggest. Between them, they account for ninety per cent of all transactions, and the Tokyo Exchange, or Kabutocho, alone accounts for two-thirds. In 1949, the daily average turnover on the Kabutocho was one and a third million shares. Now the daily average is well over a hundred million shares. Last April 11th, a record was set for the Tokyo Exchange—and presumably for any exchange anywhere—when 252,893,000 shares were bought and sold. For the year 1960, the turnover came to more than forty-three billion shares. However, this staggering volume seems less impressive when one adds up the capital it represents. The average current market value of all the six hundred and sixty-seven stocks listed on the Kabutocho is slightly over two hundred yen (sixty-four cents), so the New York Stock Exchange, with an average daily turnover of around four million shares, and an average price per share of around fifty-three dollars, conducts a business more than three times as large monetarily. Nevertheless, the sums involved in the Tokyo market transactions are undeniably substantial, and because Japanese have been buying and selling with such exuberance, both the Ministry of Finance and the governors of the Tokyo Exchange have been trying to exercise a steadying influence. In fact, by stiffening controls, these authorities have over the last several months halted—for how long no one knows—the market's upward surge. The normal margin rate has been raised to sixty per cent, and for a few stocks whose performances the Exchange authorities consider unduly volatile the margin has been set at seventy. The minimum unit of transaction for fifty-yen-par stocks used to be five hundred shares; the Exchange has increased this to a thousand shares. For a time, it even limited trading hours to three a day. (This was something of a damper on the department-store sales outlets, be-



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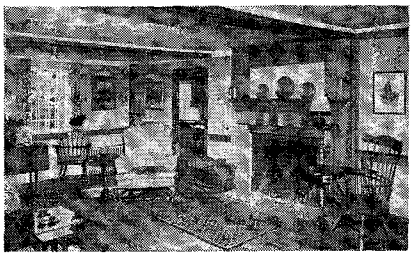

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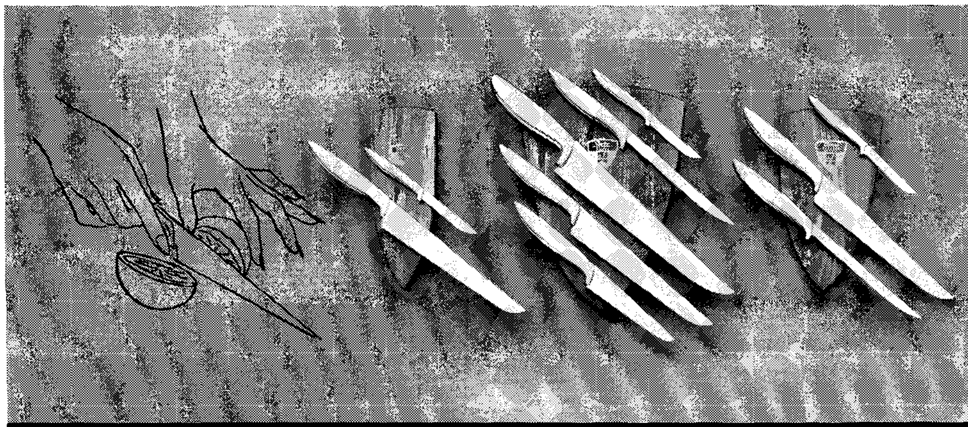

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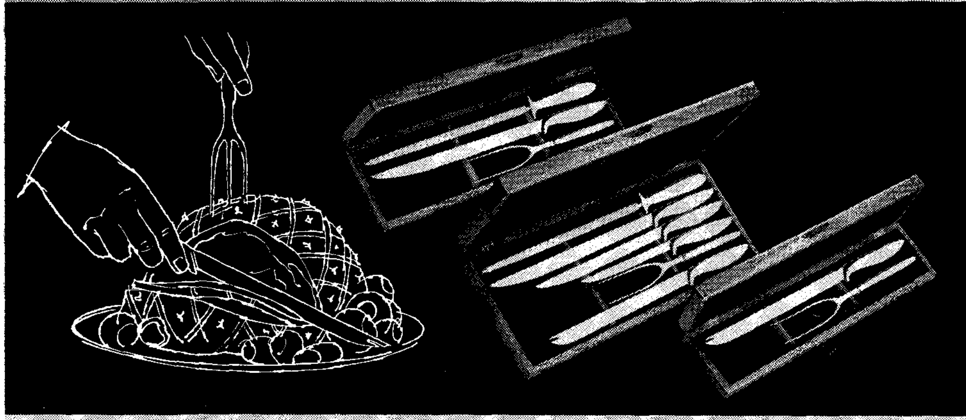
Left: Jr. Chef Set. Pixie and French, the two most useful kitchen knives. $17 including shield.

Center: Royal Chef Set. Five most popular kitchen blades in one handy walnut shield. $49.50

Right: Chef Set. A 3-piece kitchen set that includes a paring, a boning and a French blade. $25 including shield.

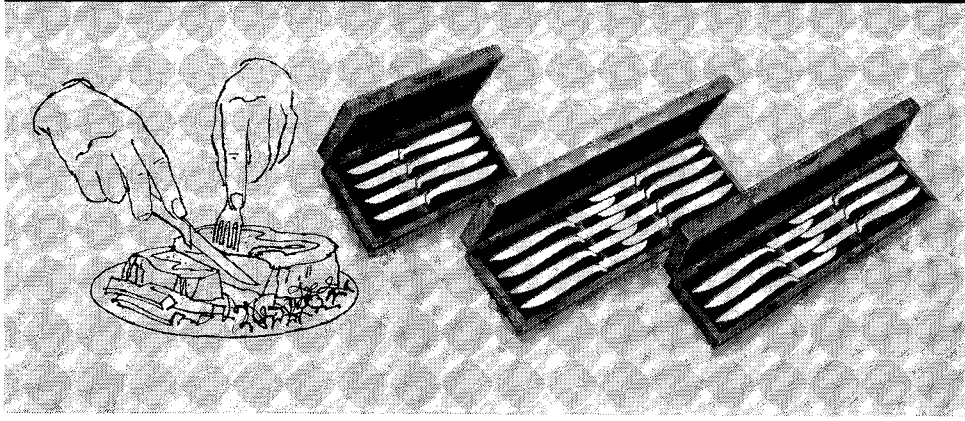


Carving

Left: GER Set. Traditional 3-piece carving set includes Excalibur blade, holding fork and sharpening steel. $36.50 including chest.

Center: Master Set. A treasure chest of 4 blades, holding fork and sharpening steel. $65 including chest.

Right: SR Set. The basic 2-piece carving set has Snickersnee blade and holding fork. $27.50 including chest.



Dining

Left: Four Miming Dining Blades. $23.50 including chest.

Center: Eight Miming Dining Blades. $42.50 including chest.

Right: Six Miming Dining Blades. $32.50 including chest.

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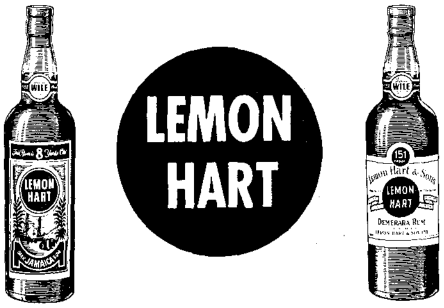
1½ oz. Lemon Hart Demerara Rum

Mix with cracked ice and strain into 10 oz. silver mug filled with crushed ice. Decorate with cinnamon stick and serve with malt straw.



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cause the Exchange opens at nine and the stores don't open until ten.) One reason for shortening the trading period was that although the Big Four brokerage houses have high-speed computing machines, some of their smaller competitors still rely on abaci for their bookkeeping, and their clerks simply could not keep up with the avalanche of order slips descending on their desks. None of these measures, however, have noticeably reduced the daily turnover.

The Tokyo Stock Exchange dates back to 1878, but as recently as 1935 its *annual* volume of business amounted only to a hundred million shares—less than one day's trading by present standards. During the war, when all Japanese stock trading was taken over by a government-controlled agency called the Japan Securities Exchange, the turnover fell considerably below that level. Until recent years, many shares were tightly held by the *zaibatsu*, the prewar Japanese cartels, and these securities seldom changed hands at all, except in private transactions. During the first four years of the Allied Occupation, the Tokyo Exchange and its smaller and younger counterparts in Osaka and Nagoya were closed, and stocks could only be sold over the counter. When the three exchanges were allowed to resume operations, General MacArthur made the Japanese adopt a new securities-and-exchange law, patterned after our own New Deal legislation, and he made the *zaibatsu* offer some two hundred and thirty million shares of their stock to the Japanese public. (Subsequently, additional exchanges got under way in Kyoto, Kobe, Hiroshima, Fukuoka, Niigata, and Sapporo.) On the floor of the resurrected Kabutocho, which covers more than half an acre, are thirteen horseshoe-shaped trading posts (the Japanese don't consider the number thirteen unlucky—nor do they consider horseshoes lucky), around which swarm hundreds of jabbering brokers and clerks, communicating in the swift, mysterious manner so baffling to onlookers at any stock exchange. The pace these floor men have had to maintain lately has been so strenuous that there has been a good deal of talk about opening up a second Tokyo exchange to provide them with a little more elbowroom. Additional facilities may prove an imperative need if a current scheme to simplify the investment of United States dollars in Japanese securities goes into effect. At present, an American who buys a Japanese stock with dollars can-

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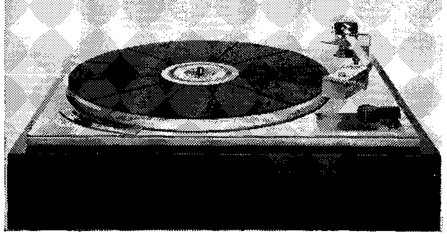

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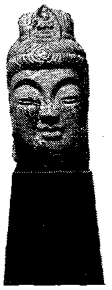

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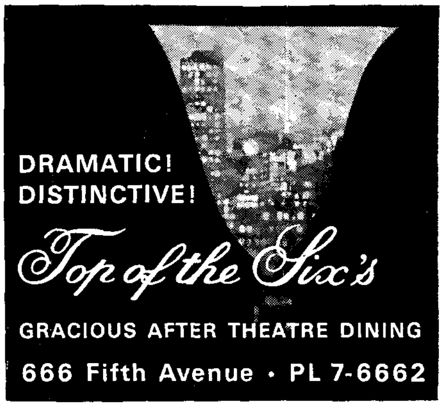

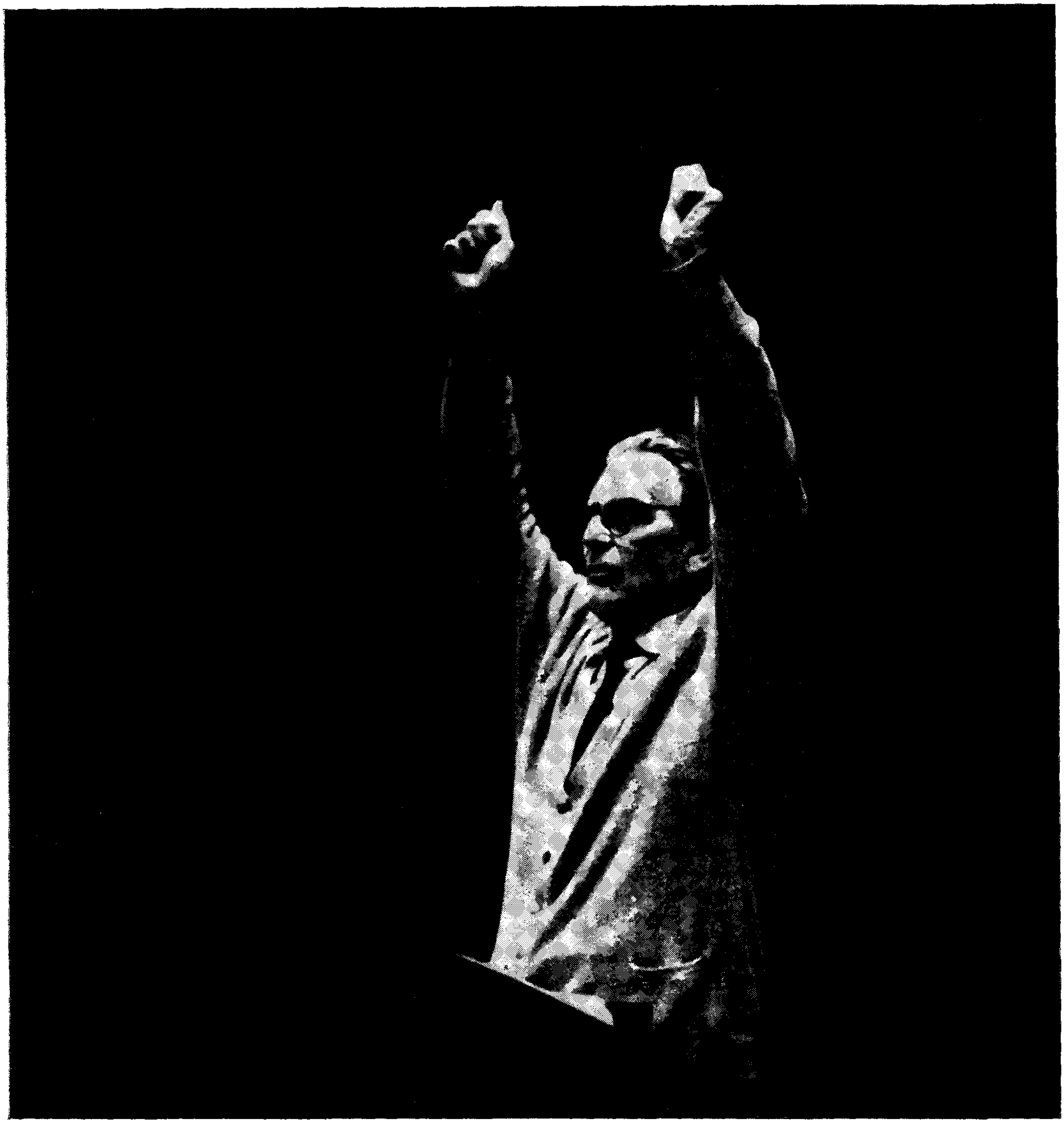

"...as though Beethoven himself were standing there."

The tall, gaunt conductor dropped his arms. The symphony was over. For a long silent moment, the members of the Philharmonia Orchestra gazed motionless at the legendary figure on the podium. Later, one of them said, "It's as though Beethoven himself were standing there."

The conductor was Dr. Otto Klemperer.

There is validity, perhaps, in that identification. For there is a curious parallel in their careers. Both men were stricken by severe illness at the height of their musical powers. Both achieved preeminence in spite of great affliction.

Critics have hailed Dr. Klemperer as possibly the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, the distinguished London critic, wrote in the New York Times: "Perhaps it is not over-fanciful to think that his profound sympathy with Beethoven has been nourished by the similarity between the shattering experiences undergone by each. Both men have triumphed over misfortune, attaining to serenity on the far side of tribulations greater than fall to our ordinary lot."

Angel Records is now pleased to release a most extraordinary set of recordings. Dr. Klemperer has newly-recorded the nine Beethoven Symphonies.

It is offered as a special, limited-edition boxed set. This eight-disk album is handsomely bound in linen, and contains a richly-illustrated booklet of program notes and biographical material. Each set is individually numbered and is available in monophonic or stereo. The price in either medium is fifty dollars.*

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Each foggy morning in August will bring a snow next winter.
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Men who chew tobacco in the day-time snore at night.
A hog can see the wind, and if a man drinks sow's milk, he can see it too.

Today, thanks to the spread of Common Sense, most of these fancies have disappeared.

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Now, I want no customer of mine to pay whiskey prices for H2O, 'specially when it's as handy as his kitchen tap.

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not retrieve its full selling value in dollars unless he holds it for at least two years. Over a year ago, four United States banks—the Morgan Guaranty Trust, the Chemical Bank New York Trust, the First National City, and the Irving Trust—notified our Securities and Exchange Commission that they planned to deposit Japanese stocks bought by American investors in Japanese banks and then give the American investors receipts tradable in dollars, called American Depositary Receipts, for the securities. The S.E.C. raised several questions, and so far only one Japanese stock—that of Sony Corporation—can be traded by Americans in this manner.

The Japanese buyers and sellers, naturally, don't have to wait to cash in on their investments, and some of them have adopted the habit of taking a flyer in the market whenever they need a few thousand extra yen for a weekend at a spa. (There must be *some* losers in the market here, but they are almost impossible to find; presumably, they are so embarrassed by their nonconformity that they keep quiet.) "*Maneibiru*" ("money-building"), a word that stems from "*bodeibiru*" ("body-building"), has become an active part of the Japanese vocabulary; many a Japanese with a frail and puny pocketbook finds stock-market advertisements as full of promise as a ninety-seven-pound weakling finds a Charles Atlas ad. Through installment-buying programs, it is possible for a Japanese to get into the market for as little as a thousand yen (less than three dollars) a month, and quite a few local portfolios are of exceedingly modest proportions. Japan has no stock tickers (even though the English-language *Japan Times* carries an investment column called "Ticker Talk"), but those Japanese who like to follow the market closely find it easy to keep informed. Not only are brokerage offices almost as ubiquitous as *sake* shops—and far more handsomely fitted out—but two short-wave radio networks have broadcasting booths on a balcony overlooking the floor of the Kabutocho, and during trading sessions transmit staccato, up-to-the-second reports of price fluctuations. Last spring, Nikko Securities inaugurated a similar service on television, and since whatever one of the Big Four does the others eventually emulate, the channels will probably before long be vibrating with images of stock-quotation boards and the latest word on the ups and downs of Tokyo Shibaura Electric (known to everyone in Japan as To-

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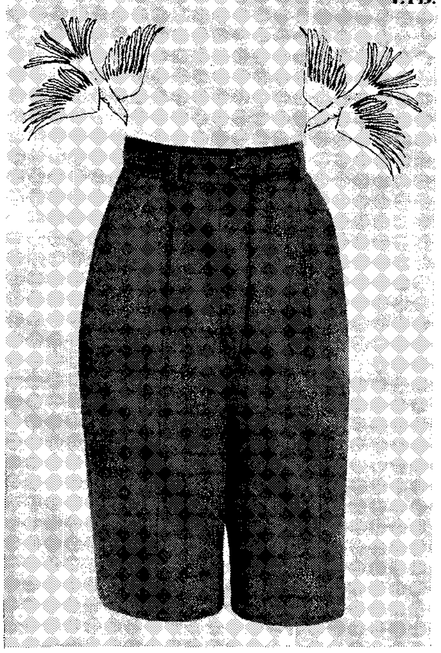

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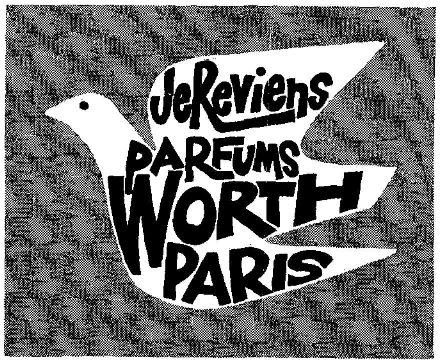

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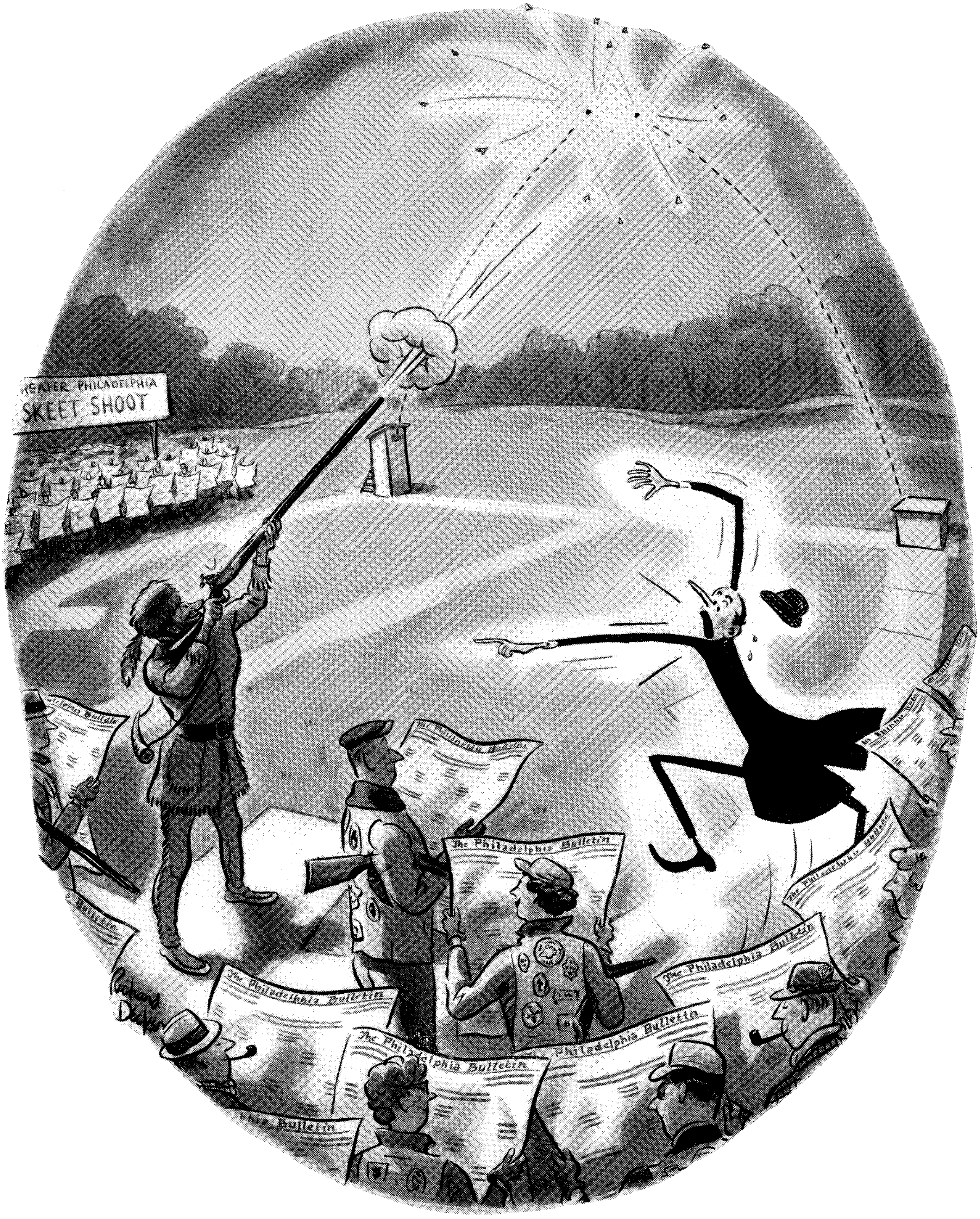
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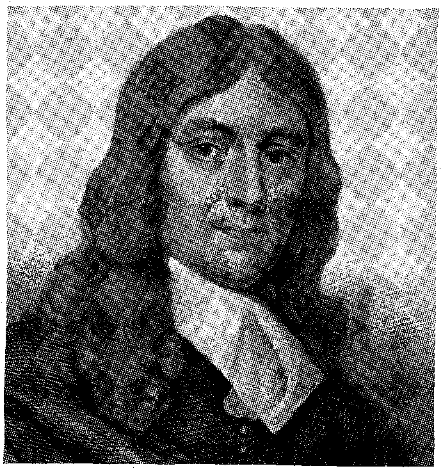

JOHN MILTON

opinion

"Where there is much desire to learn," Milton observed, in *Areopagitica,* "there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."

We understand that necessity very well.

Among the many members of our Investment Research Department, there is often considerable friendly argument . . . about the market's trends, or about an individual industry or security. But out of that healthy diversity of opinions, they arrive at a common judgment. And their judgments have proved valuable to our clients.

For there is no arguing about the fact that Smith, Barney's one aim and end is to put the firm's 88 years of experience at the service of the individuals and institutions who seek investment assistance from us. The very length of that experience is evidence that we do so successfully.

Would you like to see some examples of the "much writing" recently emanating from our Research Department? Just let us know. We're happy to share their opinions with you.

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EACH of the Big Four has national financial leverage far greater than that of any American securities firm. The quartet jointly handles seventy-five per cent of all stock-market transactions in Japan, acting either for their customers or for their own substantial trading accounts. They also engage in underwriting, and manage various kinds of investment trusts similar to our mutual funds. Last December, Nomura started a common-stock investment trust that, according to the firm's estimate, was likely to attract about eighteen billion yen. Within two weeks, twenty-five billion yen had been subscribed. All told, Japanese money-builders currently have a trillion yen invested in the Big Four's trusts. Daiwa, Nikko, Nomura, and Yamaichi are spiritedly competitive, both in their quest for customers and in their touting of certain stocks. Every week, each of them picks two or three companies of which it is momentarily fond, and this partiality often results in turbulent market action, with fifty million shares of a single stock changing hands in a week. In one respect, though, the Big Four are very much in harmony: they all agree that they enjoy enormous profits. Nomura, the biggest of the Big, has a million customers, and singlehandedly—"tentacularly" might be more exact—takes care of a fourth of all Japanese stock-market transactions; with a capital of only four billion yen, it netted close to three billion (about eight million dollars) last year. A story that has been going the rounds in Tokyo concerns a farmer who made a modest sum by selling timber off his property, bought stocks through a rural branch office of one of the Big Four, and prospered so mightily that he decided to go to Tokyo and visit the firm's head office. Upon his arrival there, he was politely escorted from one end to the other of the company's elegantly decorated premises, whereupon he announced abruptly that he would never buy another share of stock. "You people are making too much money out of my money," he said.

The securities houses churn out a bubbling stream of hortatory reading matter, in both Japanese and, for the benefit of foreign investors, English. From time to time, the Big Four piously caution investors by means of temperate statements, such as this one from Nomura: "Since the securities firms and the Ministry of Finance do not think that the current picture of the stock market

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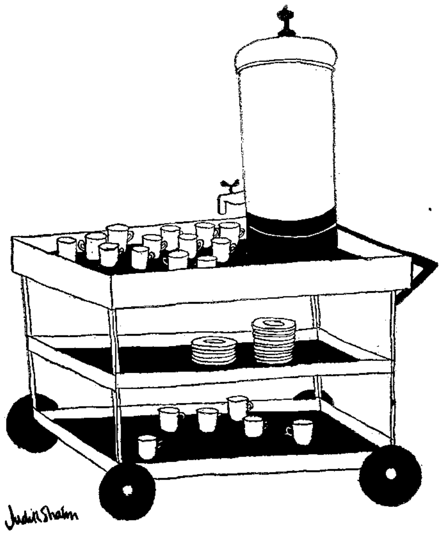
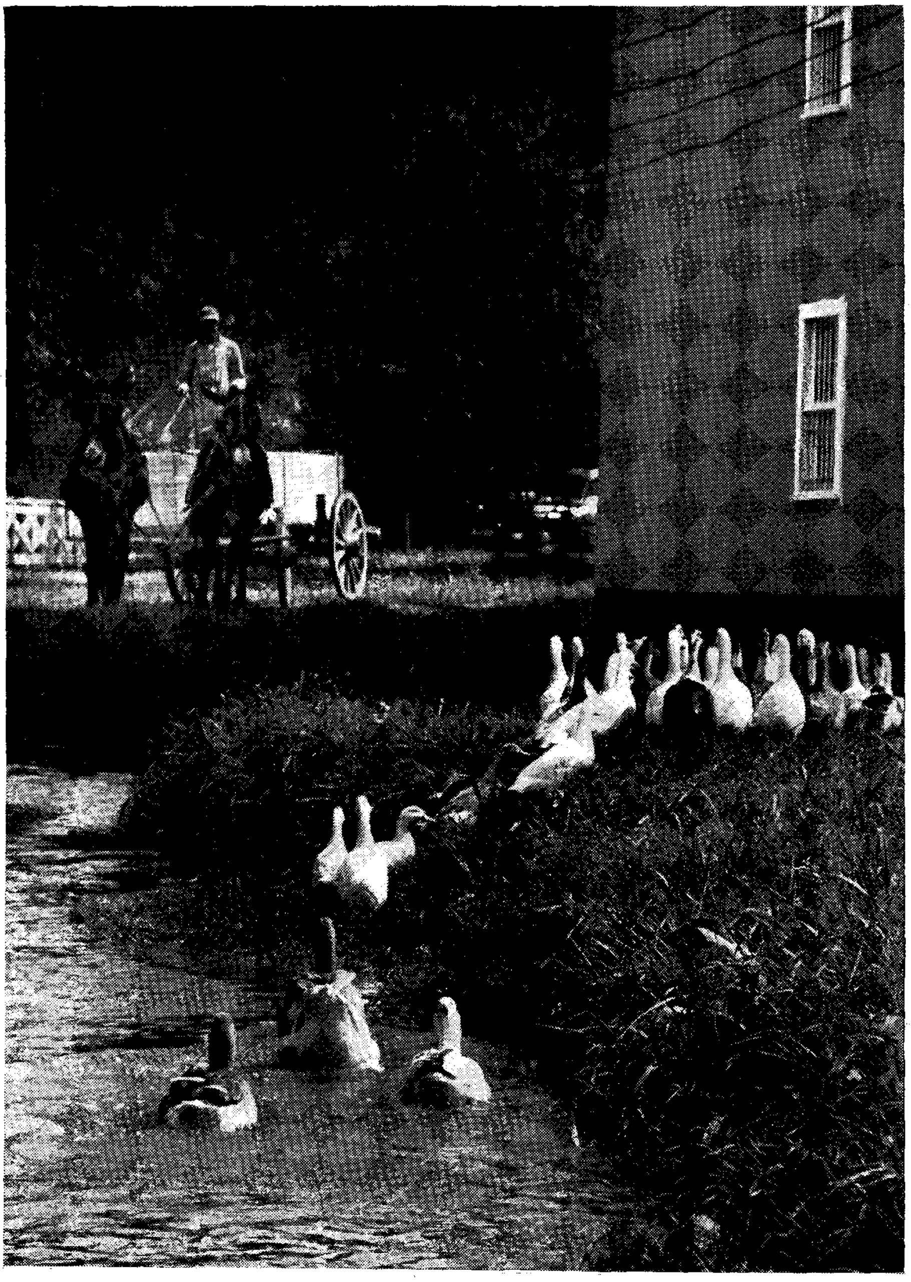
is a healthy one, the investing public is warned against being involved in a speculative frenzy as prevailing now." But this company's advertisements generally strive for a tone that is less temperate and more tempting. "How can you go wrong?—See Nomura" is one message (whose ambiguity has so far given pause to neither investors nor Nomura). Even without seeing Nomura, or anybody else, the investing public is exposed to all sorts of alluring literature hinting at lavish wedding feasts, round-the-world trips, new houses, and new gadgets for old houses—all within easy reach of anyone involved in the speculative frenzy. Nomura spends five per cent of its commission income on advertising and promotion, or slightly more than the percentage so spent by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith—a company on which the big Japanese firm has tried hard to pattern itself, and to whose American offices, in the last decade, it has sent a steady stream of inquiring and observant emissaries. On one Nomura executive's desk, during a visit I made to the firm's headquarters, I saw a well-worn copy of a book called "How to Buy Stocks," which, I learned, had been written by a Merrill Lynch vice-president named Louis Engel.

JAPANESE women have become special targets of the Big Four's blandishments. Thousands of Tokyo housewives have joined investors' clubs organized by securities firms, and are regularly treated to lectures and guided tours of factories and of the Kabutocho. (Nomura used to hold meetings of these clubs on Saturday afternoon, but Japanese men, who still have some rights, began complaining about their wives' weekend truancy, so the sessions were switched to Tuesday.) Every





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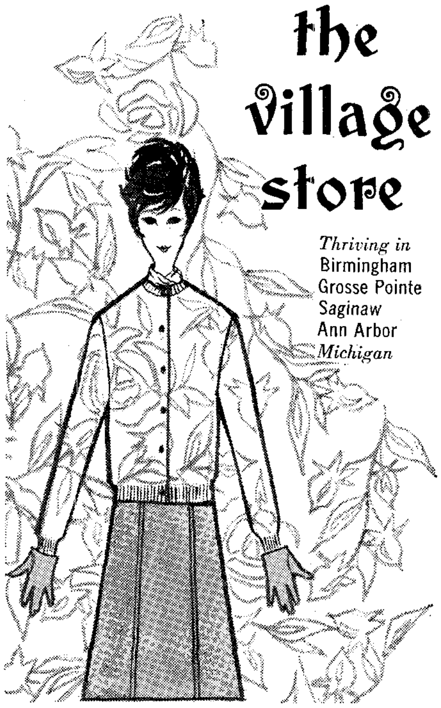
month, Nomura sends out, mostly to women, three hundred thousand copies of a magazine called *Second Income*. It carries fiction, general articles, and some hard-sell copy, such as a testimonial from a celebrated Japanese male author stating that he's too busy to worry about securities himself and leaves the management of his investments to his wife with complete confidence. A recent issue of *Second Income* featured a comic strip in which two women skiers, after a nasty collision on the slope, arose and bowed deeply in affectionate communion; they had recognized each other as fellow-shareholders in a certain investment trust. According to publicity put out by the Tokyo Stock Exchange, millions of Japanese housewives have equipped themselves with short-wave radio receivers in order to listen to stock quotations. If their attention lags, they may be jabbed into alertness by visits from securities saleswomen. Nomura alone has three thousand women serving as part-time field representatives, who travel from door to door inviting other women to buy stocks, and who, in the process, earn tidy second incomes for themselves. Several months ago, the Tokyo papers told of a housewife who apparently couldn't wait for a call from one of the saleswomen, and, stuffing her ten years' savings of four hundred thousand yen into her handbag, headed for the brokerage office, only to be robbed en route. This object lesson has presumably not gone unnoticed by the travelling saleswomen. (A securities-house customer's man, doing business, as so many Japanese do, over a glass of something in a hotel lobby, had an even more unsettling misadventure. He was drugged by a potential customer and relieved of five and a half million yen of his own. He said afterward that he had willingly swallowed the mysterious powder his prospect poured into his glass when the fellow explained, "It will keep you from getting drunk during our business talk.") So far, there have been no direct attempts to separate children from their yen, but the brokers are aware that in the United States some school classes, in order to familiarize themselves with finance, have pooled their pennies and bought a share or two of stock. Not long ago, I learned, a Nomura man visiting a school in Tokyo just happened to have some promotional literature with him, which, on departing, he took the liberty of leaving behind.

Nomura, which usually has fifty operatives on the floor of the Kabutocho at a clip, was originally an Osaka firm, and did not move its head office to



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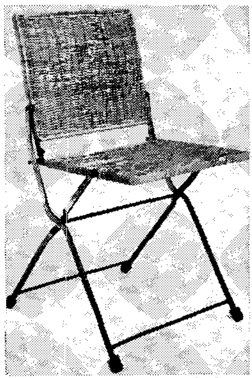

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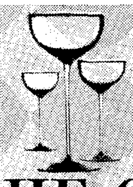

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Tokyo until after the war. It now has a hundred and eleven branch offices and six thousand employees, not counting its house-to-house peddlers. In 1959, it expanded its first, and by then cramped, Tokyo quarters by building an eight-story annex. The new wing has a marble staircase reserved for the use of the chairman of the board and the president, as well as an elevator that whisks executives' limousines between the basement garage and street level. Merrill Lynch never had it so good. In underground safe-deposit vaults that are second in commodiousness only to those of the Bank of Japan, Nomura keeps in custody securities worth two hundred and fifty billion yen. Its research staff has access to a library containing—along with up-to-the-minute data on practically every Japanese company worth keeping track of—such English-language publications as "Dictionary of Guided Missiles and Space Flight," *Ultrasonic News*, "Polymers and Resins," *Journal of Organic Chemistry*, the *World Almanac*, and Veblen's "Absentee Ownership and Business Enterprise in Recent Times." The firm has almost a whole floorful of modern electronic computers, and it has on order, for 1963 delivery, a batch of even newerfangled ones. Gallantly reciprocating the hospitality of the department stores, Nomura has a special booth at which the various stores periodically offer the brokerage-house employees men's ties, women's hats, and other items that Wall Street drudges have to go out to procure.

This year, Nomura and the rest of the Big Four have made sizable public offerings of their own stock, thus letting outside investors in on what had been a very good thing for the insiders. I asked one Nomura man if he thought it likely that his firm would ever find itself touting one of its rivals' stocks as the buy of the week. His reply was a broad and far from inscrutable smile.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

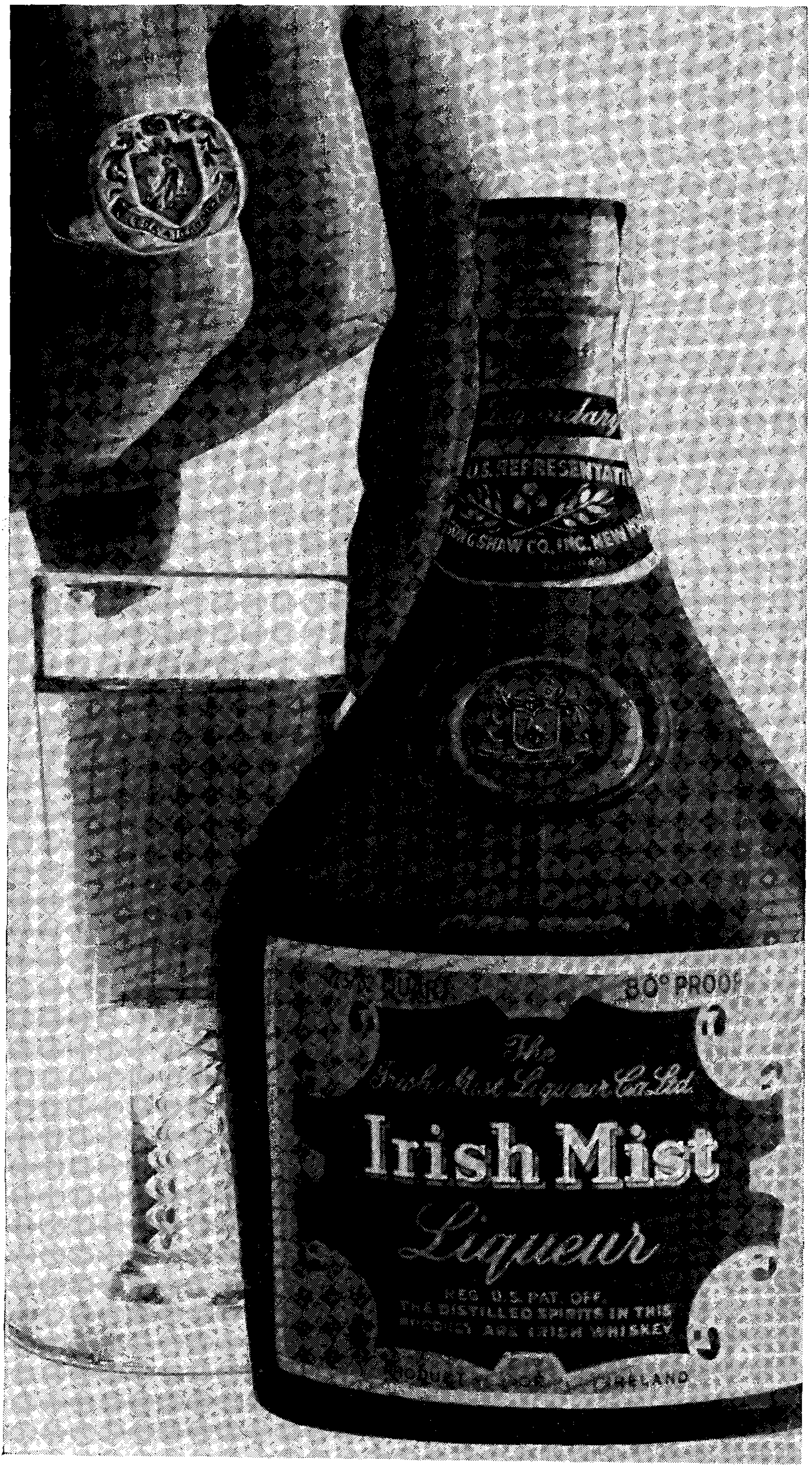
THE NEW WEST (WHERE YOU CAN BRING THE CHILDREN)

[*Press release from the Cripple Creek (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce*]

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY

The old Homestead, last of the infamous pleasure palaces of Cripple Creek, stands alone in quiet dignity today on deserted Myers Avenue in mute testimony to its raucous, glamorous past. The bright lights, the tinkling pianos, the coarse shouts of the pleasure-seeking miners are gone but the Homestead remains.

The sturdy old building was erected in 1896 following the great fire and under the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Baron Ricasoli's

BROLIO BIANCO

IMPORTED BY BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.

direction of such experts as Hazel Vernon, Pearl DeVere, Nell McClusky, Laura Evans and Lola Livingstone, it achieved fame as has been accorded only to such noted European brothels as the Trois Moulins in Paris. At the height of its fabulous career it enjoyed the finest trade, gave the grandest soirees and in general, achieved the greatest sophistication of any brothel in the Gold Camp. The Homestead's girls, in their Parisian gowns and leghorn hats, were the scorched toast of the town and the only thing they had in common with their sisters of the cribs was their profession.

The Homestead was opened to the public last year by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mentzer who have done a comprehensive job of restoring the old parlour house to its original splendor. Today, visitors see the Homestead as it was and for what it was . . . the best "house of ill-repute" in the west.

From the office visitors can see the three parlours where the girls displayed and bargained their wares. Mannikins, dressed in authentic costumes of the past, have replaced their flesh and blood sisters to lend realism to the scene.

To the back is the large entertainment room, handsomely decorated with the original wallpaper which was imported from Europe by Pearl DeVere. The room exudes a warmth that is reminiscent of Victorian England.

Some outstanding objects d'art in the room are the crystal alcohol lamps over the fireplace. The Pier mirror was one of the elegants of the era that symbolized wealth and taste. The gambling table is from Johnny Nolan's Saloon on Bennett Avenue.

The "second" parlour houses the grand piano and an old Edison phonograph which has a large morning-glory speaker. Teakwood tables, old paintings and banquet lamps add opulence to the rest of the Victorian furniture. The sage green geometric pattern wallpaper and the harmonizing velvet draperies give the room an air of refinement and dignity.

The front parlour is simply and elegantly furnished with the tasteful Victorian furniture and there is an Oriental carpet on the floor. In the interests of authenticity, the Mentzers have gone to great pains consulting old photographs, newspapers and books in collecting the furnishings of the house.

Some of the former girls of the establishment have also been consulted in restoring the Homestead.

Your visit to Cripple Creek, the world's greatest Gold Camp, will not be complete until you have seen the treasures of the Homestead. The glamorous and heady past of Cripple Creek is not fully understood until you see, and appreciate all of the contributing factors . . . even the so-called "bawdy" houses" that sprang up along Myers Avenue as the miners were drawn to Cripple Creek by the lure of gold.

It might well be said that the Homestead was one of the greatest gold mines of them all.

VISIT THE OLD HOMESTEAD
"The last of Cripple Creek's notorious parlour houses"
Myers Avenue, Cripple Creek, Colorado
BRING THE CHILDREN

"All women can be caught; spread but your nets and you will catch them."

—Ovid

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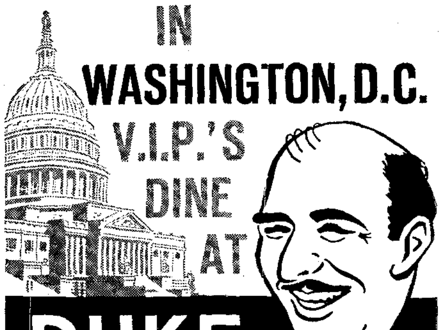

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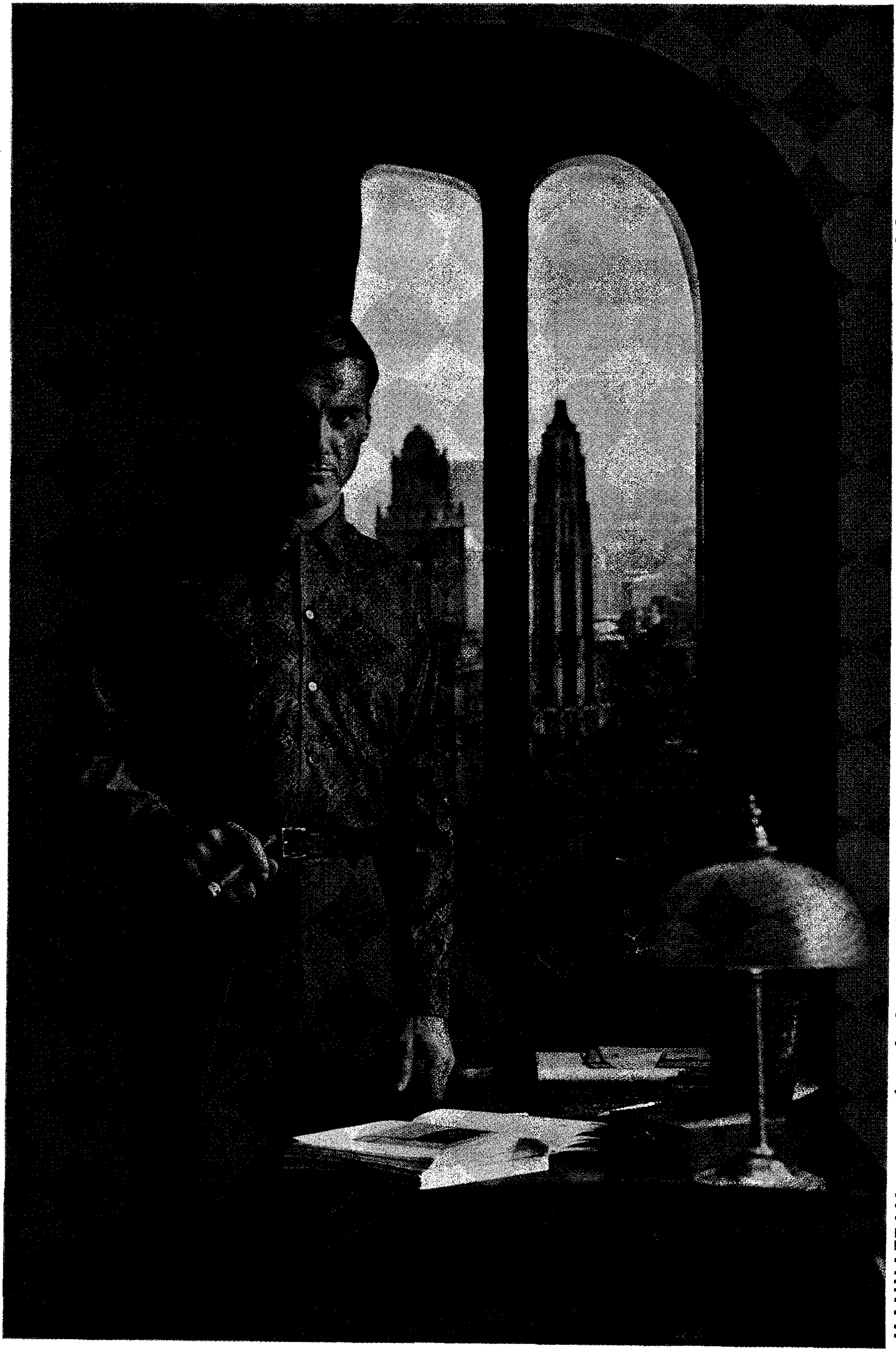

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THE COUNTDOWN

CARRYING his duffelbag, Jack Bell climbed the stairs to Dan Oldfield's office. The door was open, and through the outer office, now empty of secretaries, Bell could see Oldfield sitting at his desk, the phone in one hand, a toothpick in the other. Bell walked in without knocking, and waited for the other man to finish his conversation.

Oldfield hung up the phone. "Well, old Sleepy Bell. I thought you'd crashed by now."

"Almost—not quite, though."

Oldfield watched Bell. He noticed the gray creeping in around the temples, the flaccid cheeks, the pushed-out face from too many rides in the centrifuge.

"I need a blast," Bell said.

"Drink?" Oldfield asked.

"No, thanks. Never touch it."

"So I've heard."

"Oh, can it," Bell said, sitting down without being asked, his duffelbag beside him.

"How many blasts have you had this year?" Oldfield asked.

"One. A Redstone. Suborbital."

"A liquid-fuel job, wasn't it?"

"Yeah."

Bell looked around the office. There were dusty models of the Redstone, the Mercury capsule, the Minuteman; a few brownish photographs of pads at Vandenburg, at Cape Canaveral, and one picture, taken years before, in the infancy of space flight, of the seven original astronauts; a few framed newspaper clippings; a business license; a Lions Club plaque.

"There aren't many blasts around," Oldfield said.

"I'm still an astronaut, you know," Bell said.

"Sure," Oldfield said, "and I'm still a space agent. Well, I can book you into a night space circus right here at the Cape. By the lake on the edge of town."

Bell looked at the agent. "I hate circuses. You know that."

"It's all I've got. Still got your G-suit?"

"Yeah. What about the real blasts here at the Cape? I hear they're trying for a soft Mars landing."

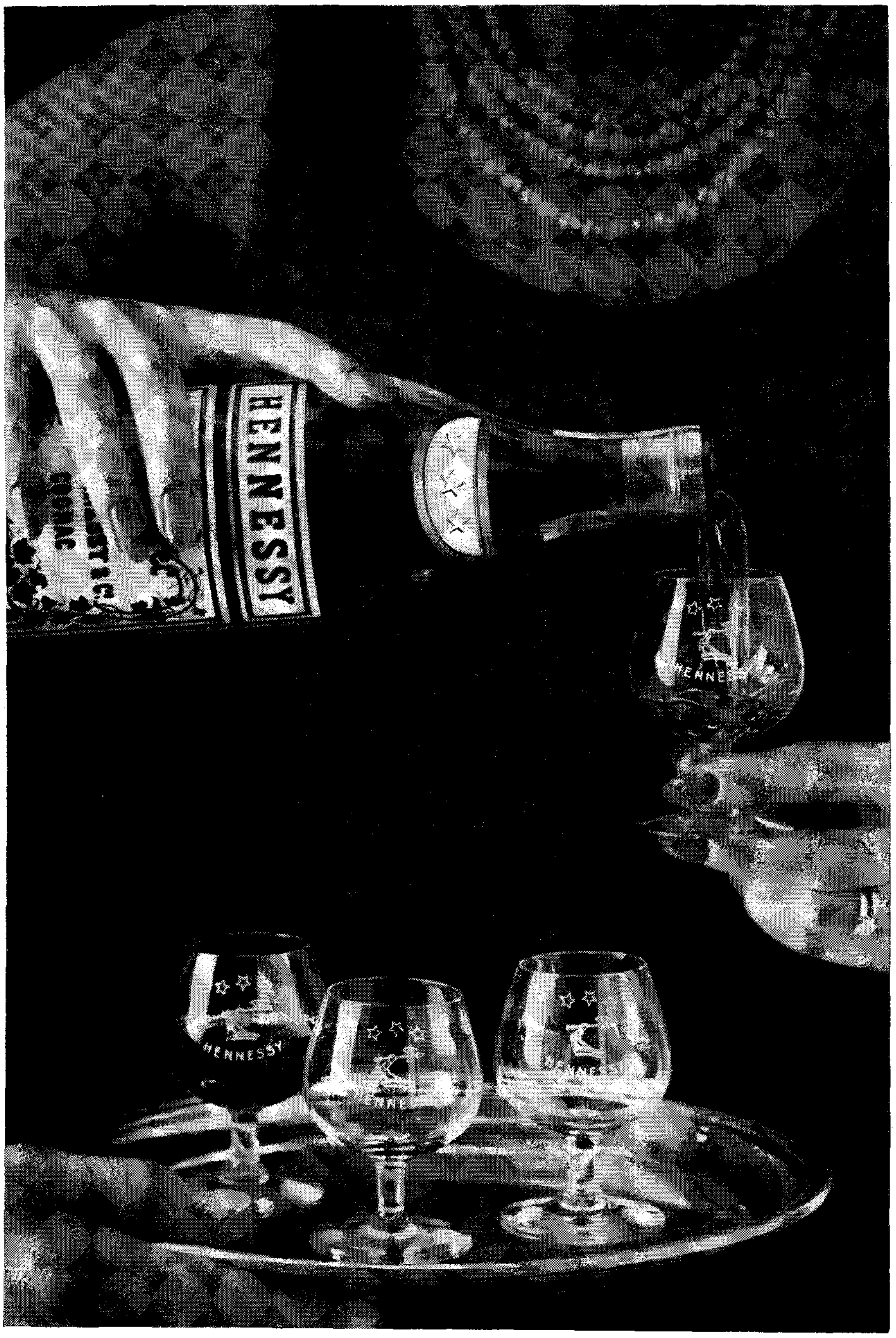
"They are. It's all Air Force stuff."

"How much for the circus?"

"Two hundred bucks."

Bell sighed hard, then looked at Oldfield. "What time do they blast off?"

"Tomorrow night. Seven-thirty," Oldfield said. "Countdown begins at



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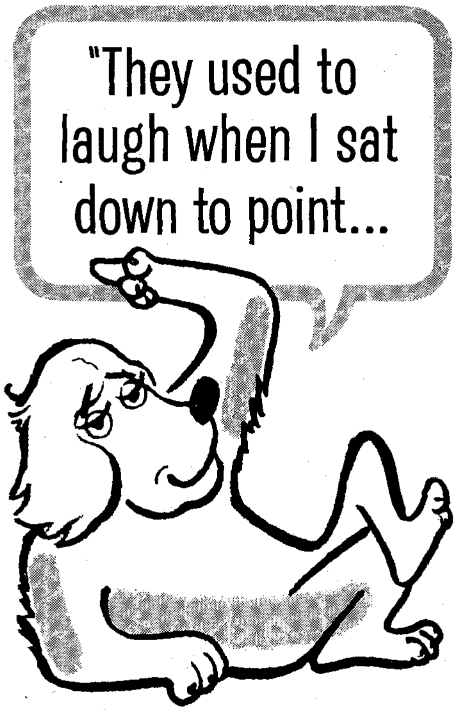

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six-thirty. Be there, and sober. It's a little circus. They've only got one missile."

Bell looked at Oldfield. "How about fifty on account?"

"Sure," Oldfield said, and handed him a twenty-dollar bill.

"This is only twenty."

"If you're really on the wagon, that's all the dough you'll need till tomorrow night."

"Yeah," Bell said. "I guess you're right." He took the twenty-dollar bill and, getting up, started to leave. "He shook my hand, you know," Bell said.

"Who?"

"The President."

Oldfield looked at the astronaut, and a touch of compassion brushed his eyes. "Sure, Jack. Those were good days. Good for everybody."

Bell picked up his duffelbag, which held his G-suit, his helmet, his boots, and a few toilet articles, and left the office.

"Oh, Bell!" Oldfield yelled.

"Yeah?"

"You got a dresser?"

"I think so. I think Barney's still in town. He's the best."

"Well, that's out of your cut."

"I know," Bell said. "I know."

He left the building and walked along the broad boulevard. The warm breezes of the Cape ruffled his shirt slightly. He walked into the Hangar, a favorite bar of the astronauts, and put down his duffelbag in an empty booth.

A waiter came over. "What'll you have?"

"Rye-on-the-rocks. Have you seen Barney?" Bell asked.

"Sure. You know Barney?"

"Yeah."

"You a space jockey?"

Bell nodded.

"You on the Mars shot?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"Just bring me the drink."

"Yes, sir."

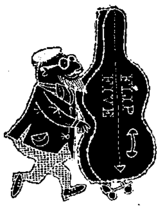
The waiter returned with the drink. Bell drank it, and sat there and waited, and ordered another drink, and then another, and then Barney came in.

The two men had not seen each other for five years, maybe six, yet Barney walked right over, shook hands, and seemed not at all surprised to see Bell. He took a seat opposite Bell and ordered a drink.

"Well, kid, how's things?" Barney asked.

"Up and down."

"Very funny," Barney said. "You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DOES anybody here recall the old Eagle Laundry gag? Maybe the only reason we do is because we are 94 years old. First Man: My sister works at the Eagle Laundry. Second Man: What does she do? First Man: She washes Eagles. ★ So much for the warm-up. Malachi Hogan, the Eagle (shirt) salesman out of Kansas City, has come up with an idea to show you how beautifully our shirts are finished. He contends that no man is *really* happy about the way his shirts are laundered; and that this is because laundries (or wives) just don't have the skill, equipment, experience, time, or love of shirts to do them up the way the ladies in Finishing do. ★ Therefore, Mr. Hogan–being a salesman and interested in such things–also contends* that we could at one time show up the competition and gain your goodwill by fixing your shirt up something like new; if we wanted to. O. K., we want to: the Eagle Laundry is in business. For the moment. ★ We can't make a regular thing of this, understand, so just send us your favorite shirt in good condition. If by some chance your favorite shirt isn't yet an Eagle, send it anyway. Whatever it is, we'll launder it, iron it, fold it, pin it, and then put an Eagle label in it–unless it has one already. But we won't be sad if it doesn't. Many Eagle shirts have other labels put in by the fine stores that sell them.** And even if yours isn't an Eagle, the vicarious pleasure of owning a Mock Eagle*** may eventually lead you to the true joy of wearing the real thing. ★ In any case, stuff your favorite shirt in a big manila envelope and send it off to Barry Boonshaft, our Production Mgr. He'll bring it down to the Finishing Department and stand by while the ladies give it the 8-step new-shirt treatment. Better pin the coupon with your name, address and mark to the shirt so he can get it back to you as soon as it's done. Any shirts left at the end, he'll give over to charity–except maybe the 16-35's.

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*He also contends that Ray Squire, our man in New England, had the idea first and that we should mention him too. All right.

**i.e. an Eagle shirt with a non-Eagle label.

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Dear Barry Boonshaft, Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania:

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guys always had a crummy sense of humor."

"I guess we did. I got a favor to ask you, Barney."

"Yeah? What's the favor?"

"I need a dresser—the circus tomorrow night. You're the best in the business."

"I was," Barney said. "I was. But no more. No more dressing for me."

"I just thought I'd ask."

"Yeah," Barney continued. "I guess you haven't heard."

"What?"

"I bought me a little bait shop. Right on the coast. Four days I sell bait. Three days I fish. What a life!" He patted his stomach.

"Sounds good. Don't need a partner?"

"No. We're overstaffed now. That was the smartest thing I ever did. You know, Jack, I'm right near the Cape. I see 'em go off every day and I say to myself, 'Thank God.' Yeah. That's what I say. 'Thank God *it* ain't my worry if that damned suit leaks, or if the valves are stuck, or there's spit caught in the poor slob's throat.' " Barney drank deeply and looked accusingly at Bell. "You think you guys had all the sweat? Do you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Well, you didn't. All you did was lie there. All the rest was up to the guys on the ground."

"I know," Bell said. "I know. I just thought I'd ask."

"You're not still blasting, are you, Jack?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"You're too old."

"I did real good out on the Coast in the Orbit-O-Rama."

"A milk run," Barney said.

"Yeah."

"What was the apogee?"

"Three hundred and forty miles," Bell said.

"Yeah, kid stuff." Barney nodded his head. "How many moon landings have you had, kid?"

"Two."

Barney shook his head. "You're too old, Jack. Why don't you throw away the G-suit?"

"I just want to get up and out, Barney. I just want one more try. Up and out. I know a way."

"A way what?"

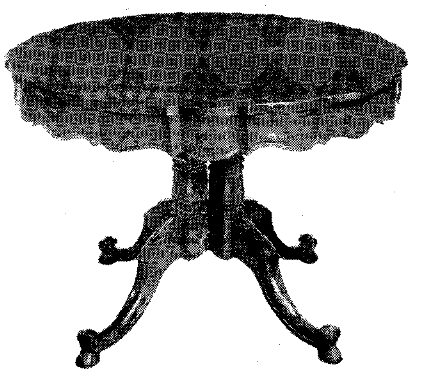
"A way to beat 'em to Mars."

"Sure, Jack. The thing you'll be riding won't get you past five hundred. . . ."

"You haven't seen me lately, Barney."

"I've seen you, Jack, I've seen you

BON APPÈTIT



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plenty. I seen you one night, Jack, I'd rather forget it."

Bell stared at Barney. "All right, I was stewed. Jesus Christ. Haven't you ever gotten stewed? You were with me. You dressed me. You checked me out. We rode over together in the van. Why didn't you stop me?"

"Don't think I haven't thought about that night plenty."

"Well, why didn't you stop me?"

"I didn't know you was loaded. What the hell were you drinking? Vodka?"

Bell nodded.

"I couldn't smell a thing on you. I thought you was tense, that's all. How the hell can you tell about a guy? You're lying on that chair in the van. We took the elevator up the gantry. I strapped you in. You were still lying there."

"Well, I walked away from it, didn't I?"

"Sure." Barney nodded. "But the senator riding with you never saw home again."

"I know," Bell said. "I already got punished for it. I just asked you a question. Forget it."

"How much they paying you for the blast tomorrow?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, I get more than that for dressing."

"That settles it then, doesn't it?"

"Yeah. I guess it does."

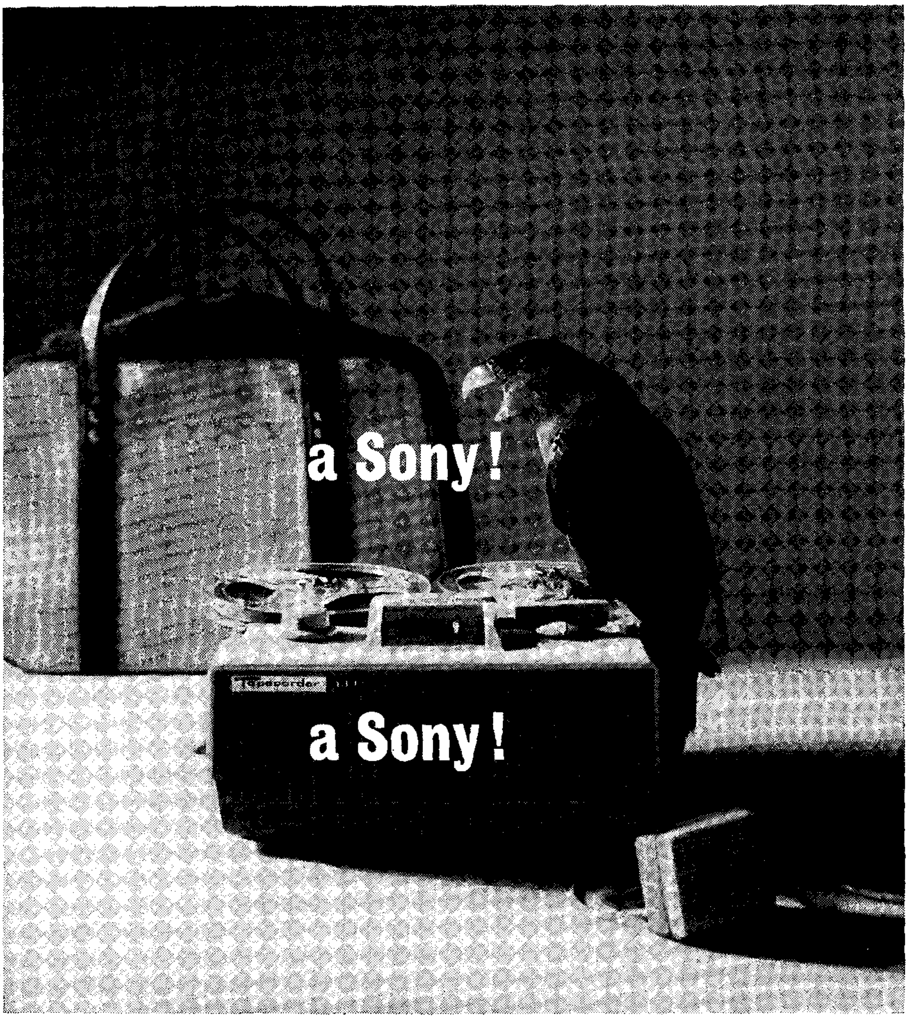
The two men sat silently and alone.

"What time's countdown?" Barney asked.

"Six-thirty."

"Get a tank of oxygen, and I'll meet you. Let me feel your suit."

Bell reached for his duffelbag, loosened the strings, and pulled out an arm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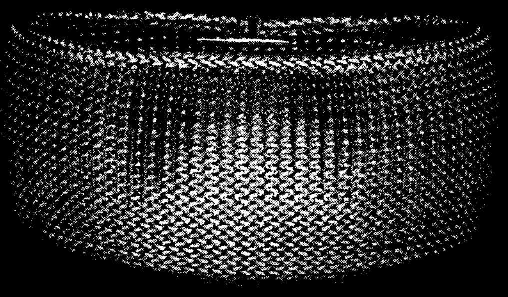

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of his space suit. Barney picked up the empty sleeve and expertly kneaded the rubberlike material in his big sea-scarred hands. "Getting pretty stiff."

"She'll hold," Bell said eagerly.

"Yeah," Barney said. "She'll hold." He got up and left two dollars for his whiskey. "Old G-suit. Old space jockey, old missile. It'll hold. Yeah." He left the bar.

BELL arrived in the dressing shack of the circus grounds at five o'clock the next afternoon. A few minutes later, a boy knocked on the door. "This your oxygen?" he asked, lowering a tank to the floor.

"Yes."

"Four-forty."

Bell paid him, and the boy started to leave.

"Hey, kid," Bell said.

"Yeah?"

"What kind of bird they got here?"

"A surplus Redstone."

"Recovered?"

The kid laughed.

"What's so funny?" Bell asked.

"Recovered? That thing's been recovered twenty times."

Bell remembered dimly the lectures on metal fatigue at the Cape. "Thanks, kid. Will you be watching the blastoff?"

"Nah. I gotta date. Gung-ho."

The boy left, and Bell, sitting down on a wooden bench, unpacked his G-suit and his boots and his helmet. He laid out the tubing nice and straight, and unlaced the boots; then he unpacked the long woollen underwear and stripped naked to put it on. He scratched the tattoo mark where they used to tape on the first sensor. He felt his heart beat below it. Well, nobody cares how my ticker's working now, he thought, laughing to himself. Up and out, he thought. One more try. He slipped on the woollen underwear, then zipped it shut and sat there on the bench waiting for Barney.

The door opened, and the circus manager came in. "Bell."

"Yeah?"

"Let me smell your breath."

"Oh, can it."

"You dry?"

"Dry as a blotter."

"O.K. Now, listen. Straight shot. Blastoff, apogee three hundred miles, retrojet, land in the lake behind us. Got it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, just remember it. She's loaded to the hilt. She takes a lot to get her off. But don't go wasting the

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spare stuff. No fancy ideas. Get it?"

"Check."

"Who's dressing you?"

"Barney."

"Good."

Barney walked in and told the circus manager to beat it.

"Touchy little guy, ain't you?" the manager said.

"You want to listen to the leaks?" Barney asked. "I ain't getting nothing out of this."

"O.K. O.K. Blastoff at seven-thirty. I want him to shake a few hands at seven-fifteen. Press. Stuff like that."

"Ask him," Barney said. "He ain't got his helmet on."

"O.K.," Bell said. "O.K."

The manager left, and Barney helped Bell get into the G-suit. Carefully, Bell stepped into one leg, then the other. Barney started pulling zippers, and then Bell's torso slipped into the suit, and finally Barney strapped down the helmet. He attached a hose from the suit to the oxygen tank; then he attached a smaller hose to the suit and taped the other end of it behind his own ear.

"O.K., Jack. Here goes." Slowly, Barney turned the knob on the oxygen tank and waited for the suit to inflate. He heard the gas flow out of the tank, but no air reached his ear. "The sucker's leaking like a sieve," he said.

"Give it more juice!" Bell shouted.

Barney increased the pressure on the valve, and the astronaut's suit inflated slowly. Barney's eyes watched the tarnished silver material lose its creases, and he listened to the exhaust behind his ear. He knew there were leaks; he could tell by the lack of pressure behind his ear. He ran his hands over the suit. He knew where to look for the leaks—the armpits, under the neck, at the seat. Sure. They were there. Big leaks. "She'll never hold," Barney said.

"She'll hold!" Bell shouted. "Just glue them."

Barney reached into his pocket and pulled out a tube of liquid rubber and slowly mended each hole, waiting for the rubber to harden, repressurizing the suit, listening, feeling, listening, gluing.

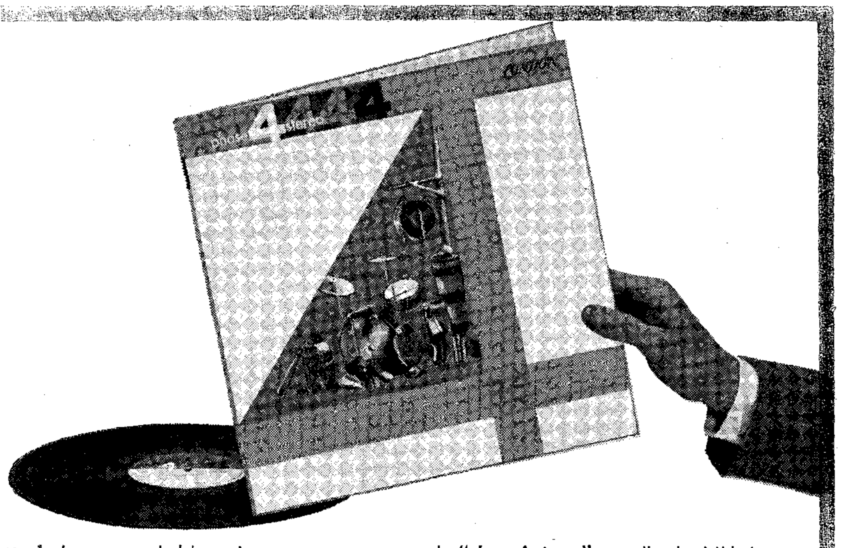
"I've got you tight at ten Gs," Barney yelled. "You get any cute ideas and you'll turn into a jigsaw puzzle."

"Run 'er up," Bell said.

"What for? You ain't goin' nowhere past three hundred miles."

"Run 'er up, Barney."

Barney increased the pressure. He watched the G-meter. Eleven Gs,



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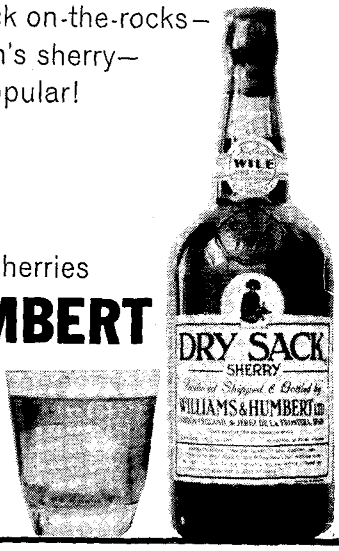

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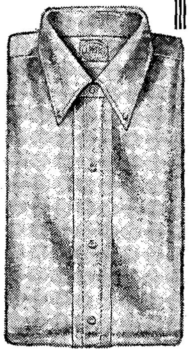
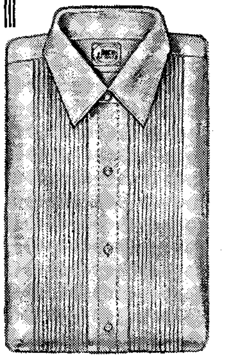

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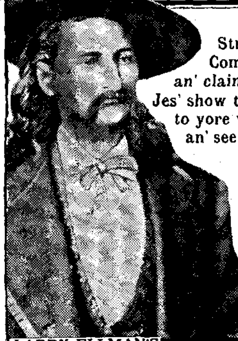

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twelve, thirteen—then he heard the leaks again. "See?" he said, pointing to one of them.

"Glue it," Bell said.

Barney glued, and reduced the pressure. He held up both hands. "Ten Gs is all she'll take. And you'll be lucky at that."

The circus manager came to the door. "Ready?"

"Yeah," Barney said.

The circus manager looked at Barney, then at Bell, and led the way as they walked the two hundred yards to the missile, past the snake show, the belly dancers, the penny pitches, a hot-dog stand, a wheel of fortune.

Heavy ropes held back about a hundred spectators. There was no press. Bell knew there'd be no press. He stepped over the ropes and looked at the missile. It *was* an old-timer. The markings "U. S. Army" had been crudely painted out, and the words "Kingsley Shows" ran up the length of the missile, the paint faded and scorched.

Bell felt better when he was knee-deep in vapor at the base of the missile. There was no elevator, just a steel ladder. He mounted the ladder, and Barney trailed behind him. There were sixty-five steps, and on the fiftieth Bell stopped and looked at the corroding seams of the missile's skin. He pointed to them for Barney to see and continued his climb until he reached the hatch of the capsule. There he did not hesitate, but stepped in and lay down on the well-worn leather couch. He spread his arms and waited for Barney to strap him in.

Barney puffed heavily and sat down on the floor of the capsule. He made a thumbs-down gesture in front of Bell's helmet, but Bell yelled, "Strap on!"

"She ain't safe!" Barney yelled. "Forget it. We'll go fishing."

"She'll go," Bell said.

"Ditch the ride," Barney pleaded. "Let's go fishing."

"Count down!" Bell shouted.

Barney mechanically strapped the shoulder braces and leg braces. He took a last pressure reading of the suit, then started to step out.

"Jack, for Christ's sake. Eject. Go up and eject."

"Count down, Barney."

Barney reached in his pocket and pulled out the tube of liquid rubber. He squeezed the tube and poured a small mound of rubber on the instrument panel in front of Bell. "Just watch the rubber, Jack," Barney said. "If she starts to bubble—" He pointed down. "Retrojet. Do you hear me?"

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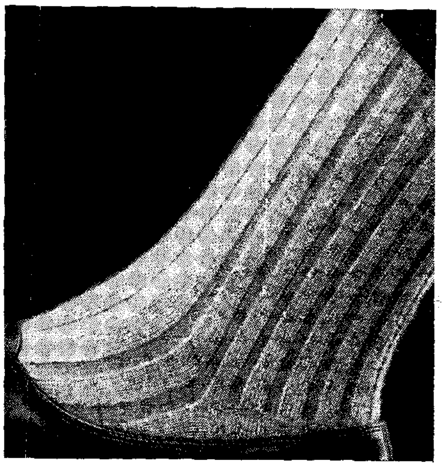

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Bell watched Barney and smiled. "Cut bait!" Bell shouted, and Barney left the capsule, sealed it, and descended the long steel ladder. He joined the circus manager in the control wagon.

"You sure that jockey was sober, Barney?" the manager asked.

"What do you want for two hundred bucks?"

"I want my missile back in one piece."

"Did you ever shake the President's hand?" Barney asked.

The manager looked at him. "He don't go around shaking carnies' hands."

"No, I guess he don't."

Barney left the control wagon and heard the loudspeaker. "Ladies and gentlemen, at the count of zero you will witness a manned space flight. At the controls—Jack Bell, the second man to reach the moon. Are you ready now? Count down . . . ten—nine—eight—seven—"

Barney could barely hear the countdown, and yet, out of habit, he counted to himself as he walked down the highway. He saw, over his shoulder, the lights dim behind him as the circus generators ignited the fuel, and then he saw his shadow clearly ahead of his body as the blastoff lit the countryside. He could not bring himself to look back and see whether his friend lifted off the pad. He walked on, and his right hand played nervously with the tube of rubber cement in his pocket. Then he yanked it out and threw it into the gully at one side of the road.

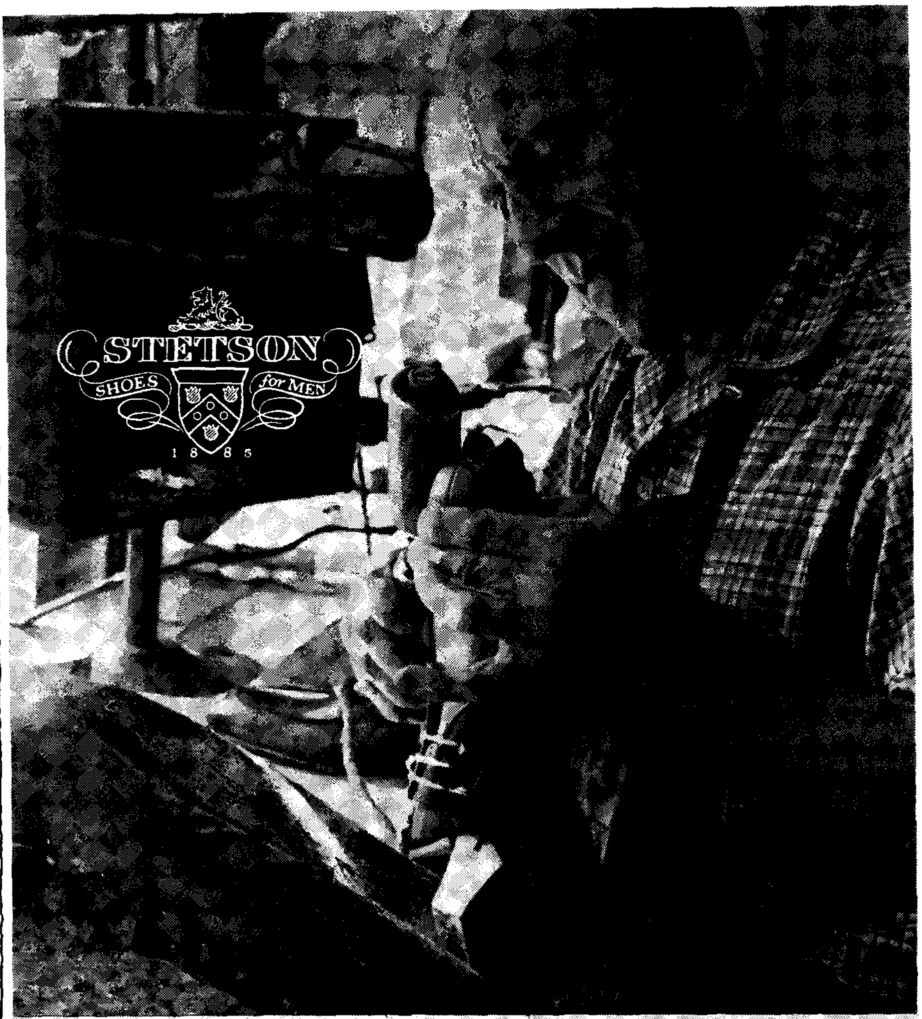
—JOHN HAASE

•

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Kenneth Wisneski in Suburban Life, St. Paul, Minn.*]

There have always been arenas in which the middle class displays its superiority to the lower-middle class, the lower-middle to the lower, and so on up and down and sideways on the ever-accelerating escalator of American social life. Most accessible of our caste arenas is the movie theatre, where the midwives of national smalltown morality still kill largeness with a snort of distaste and a flutter of a Sunday-washed hand at the prospect of "sitting on the side" while they view what they nursed to ignorant and tasteless life a few years ago. Haughty, arrogant, disdainful of the lowlife and misfits who choose to munch movie culture from "in the back," "on the side" or "in the front," the maidenly makers of screenblob insist regally to their curdled husbands (and to docile ushers and the back ten rows of massamerica) that the place to sit is in the middle, the safest place in any American arena in which to be seen and from which to look back.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

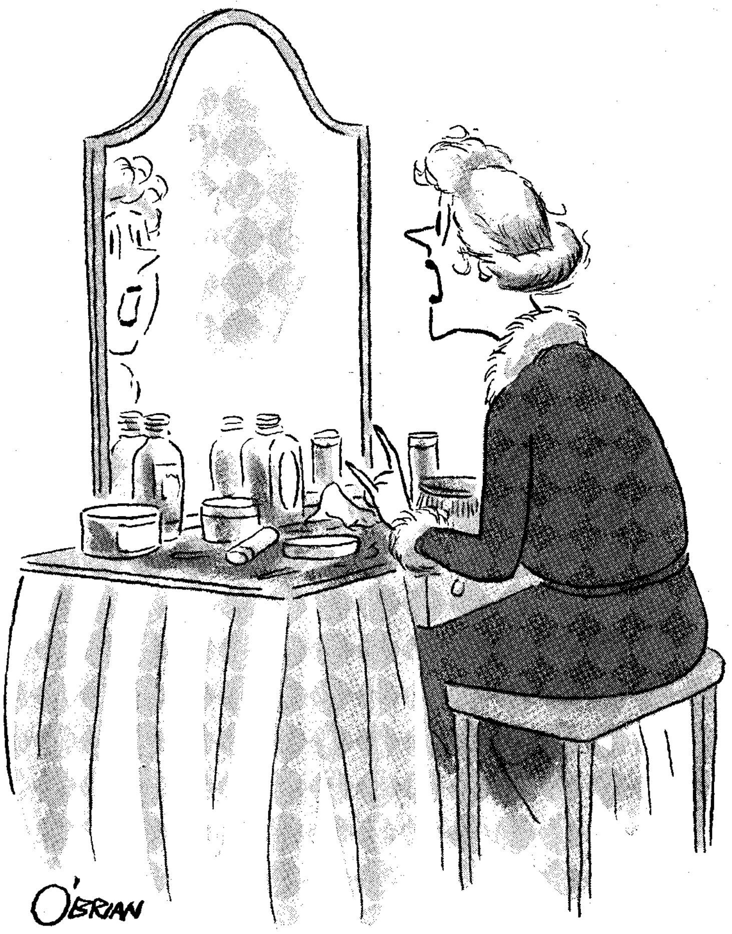
ABOUT THE HOUSE

A YOUNG woman who I like to think is a more than ordinarily consistent grumbler complained recently that what is wrong with these reports (or she may have said *one* thing that is wrong with them) is that they have failed to give the householder any real, down-to-earth, practical assistance. Pressed for an example of such failure, this grumpy critic came back quick as a flash (she had evidently been waiting for just such a chance) with the suggestion that how to dispose of a dead horse might very profitably be discussed in these columns. That penetrating criticism has—at least for this week—jolted my attention away from even remotely aesthetic subjects and toward a consideration of the basic, not to say tedious, problems of household management. You won't find any dilemma more basic or more tedious than that of the one-room apartment dweller whose convertible sofa bed refuses to convert, so I'm happy to report that the Grand Bed Manufacturing Company, of 674 Remsen Avenue, Brooklyn (Evergreen 5-3676), stands ready to come to the rescue of any such unfortunate. In fact, the Grand Bed Manufacturing Company is an outfit dedicated exclusively to the expert repair of convertible sofa beds—and even in an age of specialists this is, I should say, carrying specialization to its very limit. It is also, in spite of its conveyor-belt-sounding name, a pleasingly informal business carried on by two highly competent brothers named Denenberg, who for the past eight years have given themselves so wholeheartedly to this sort of repair work that today no Castro, Pullman, or Simmons bed is likely to contract anything that is beyond their curative skill.

To give you an idea of how the Grand Bed Manufacturing Company operates, routine calls for its services are invariably answered within thirty-six hours, and usually within twenty-four. (In an emergency, when somebody can't go to bed because the convertible won't open, help is dispatched as quickly as possible, and on one occasion, with a Christmas Eve party ready to begin and the living-room sofa bed refusing to shut up, a first-aid party reached the field in a matter of minutes.) On a first call, the ailing bed is looked over by one of the brothers, a diagnosis is made, and a price is fixed, and a day or so later the brothers arrive together (it seems that dealing with the springs of a convertible sofa requires two pairs of hands), bringing whatever parts need to be replaced, and the operation, whether major or minor, is performed right there in the home. The usual cause of trouble is a snapped-off rivet or some broken small part that makes opening or closing difficult, and against just such contingencies G.B.M. keeps duplicates in stock of every part of every make of sofa bed.

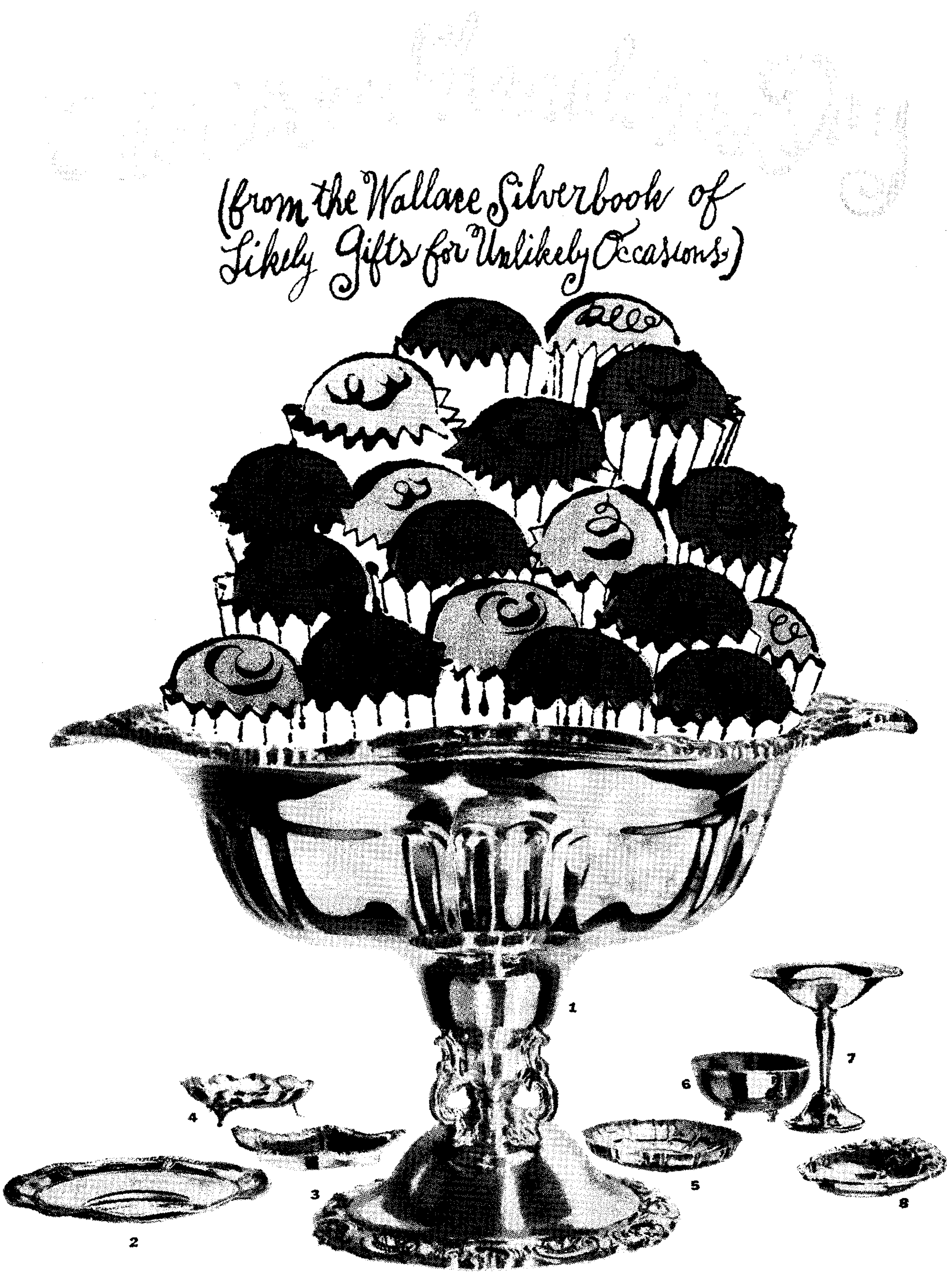
Although the Messrs. Denenberg will have no truck with mattresses for ordinary beds, they do a brisk business in reconditioning and altering mattresses, and will even make entirely new ones, for their chosen medium—sterilizing them, replacing old ticking with new, cutting down bulges (a common cause of trouble), or constructing a brand-new, reversible mattress of cotton felt, complete with inner springs. They will also do whatever needs to be done to springs—tighten them, oil them, or administer other indicated therapy.

Not owning a sofa bed—either sick or in good health—I have been unable to follow my general rule of reporting only on repairs that have been made before my very eyes. I have, however, seen some of the Grand Bed Manufacturing Company's finished work, which looked fine to me, and—much more to be relied on than my judgment when it comes to such intricate feats as these—have heard the unqualified recommendation of a devoted patron, who has for years called on the Denenbergs whenever her convertible developed any of the ills that convertibles are heir to. As for the prices, the usual repair job runs to around $15, only very occasionally rising as high as $25. A new mattress costs $50.



"Now, don't get panicky. I'll have you looking ten years younger in no time."

WHETHER it is true, as one is forever being told, that American consumer goods are deliberately manufactured to wear out, the fact remains that an awful lot of them *do* wear out, and an enormous convenience for their owners is an outfit called Electra-Craft, at 348 West 42nd Street (there are four branches outside Manhattan), which repairs portable appliances and sells their components. There are, I know, any number of shops around town that offer the same service, but it is doubtful whether any of them takes care of such a varied collection, put out by so many different manufacturers, with the same expeditious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Wallace for "thank you's." Weekend guests (and hostesses) are devoted to it. But think of all the others who'll thank you for sanctioning one gorgeous day of gorging. They'll gain weight. You'll gain acclaim. Especially if you send Wallace. **1.** Baroque Compotier*, 11¼" dia. $37.50. **2.** Pierced Rose Point Sandwich Tray, 10¼" dia. $30.00. **3.** Traditional Candy Dish, 6½" length. $10.00. **4.** Scalloped Sterling Candy Dish, 5¾" dia. $19.95. **5.** Betsy Ross Candy Dish, 6¼" dia. $10.95. **6.** Footed Revere-Style Bonbon Dish* 5" dia. $6.00. **7.** Classic Compote, 6¼" dia. $14.50. **8.** Sweetheart Bonbon Dish in Grande Baroque, 6" dia. $12.50. All items listed are Sterling Silver except where otherwise indicated. *Silverplate.

All prices include federal tax.

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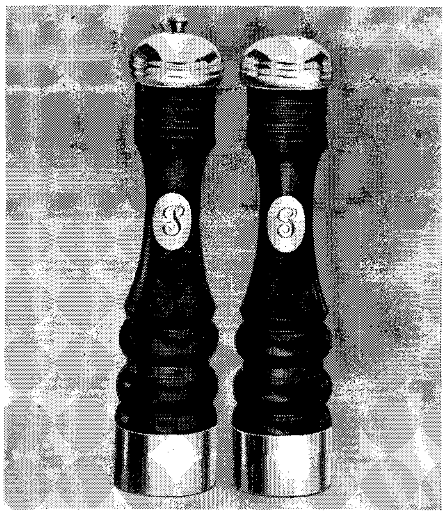

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competence as Electra-Craft. Although Electra-Craft, as its name implies (or is supposed to imply), exists primarily for the repair of all portable electric equipment, the shop, for some reason, will not concern itself with electric clocks but *will* take on standard Bissell carpet sweepers and the various types of Presto non-electric cookers.

To the busy householder who has come to associate toaster or radio troubles with endless standing in line just to *leave* the thing, and more standing in line to pick it up, Electra-Craft's brisk way of doing business is a blessing. Though I was unable to produce a sofa bed for experimental purposes, I have been under no such handicap in trying out the workmanship and business methods of the Forty-second Street concern; indeed, my home yielded such an abundance of broken-down equipment, all of which has been set to rights there, that I feel entitled to speak with great authority of the company's qualifications. While there are always plenty of customers in the shop, the management's aim is to keep nobody waiting longer than ten minutes, which you will agree, if you know such repair places, is something of a record—even as an aim. When an appliance is suffering from some minor disorder, it can sometimes be fixed up while you wait (all the work is done on the premises), but nothing—whatever the degree of affliction—is allowed to leave the workshop without a thorough testing. Defective toasters being among the articles most frequently brought in, the management figures that it buys as much bread for trial toast as is consumed by a small restaurant, and its bill for canned food, to test electric can openers, is also considerable. Before these appliances are given a clean bill of health, toasters must turn out perfect toast in Electra-Craft's workshop and can openers must have opened real cans, not just hypothetical ones. I assume that the company's repairs of electric blankets stop short of quite such practical tests, but each job of this sort includes recalibrating the controls (or, when necessary, replacing them), rebinding the blanket, and rewiring it—doing everything, in fact, except washing the thing, and all for $8.95.

Electra-Craft has an arrangement with some eighty manufacturers of household appliances to do the repair work guaranteed whenever and wherever the appliances are bought, and although most guarantees run for only a year, Electra-Craft doesn't haggle over time limits, and does what it thinks is fair and reasonable. Other convenient

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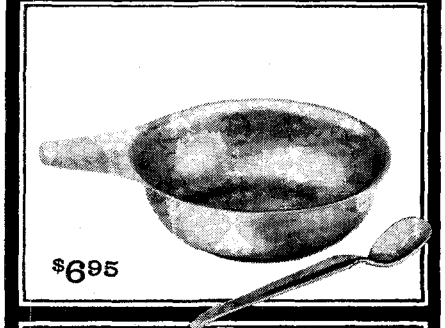

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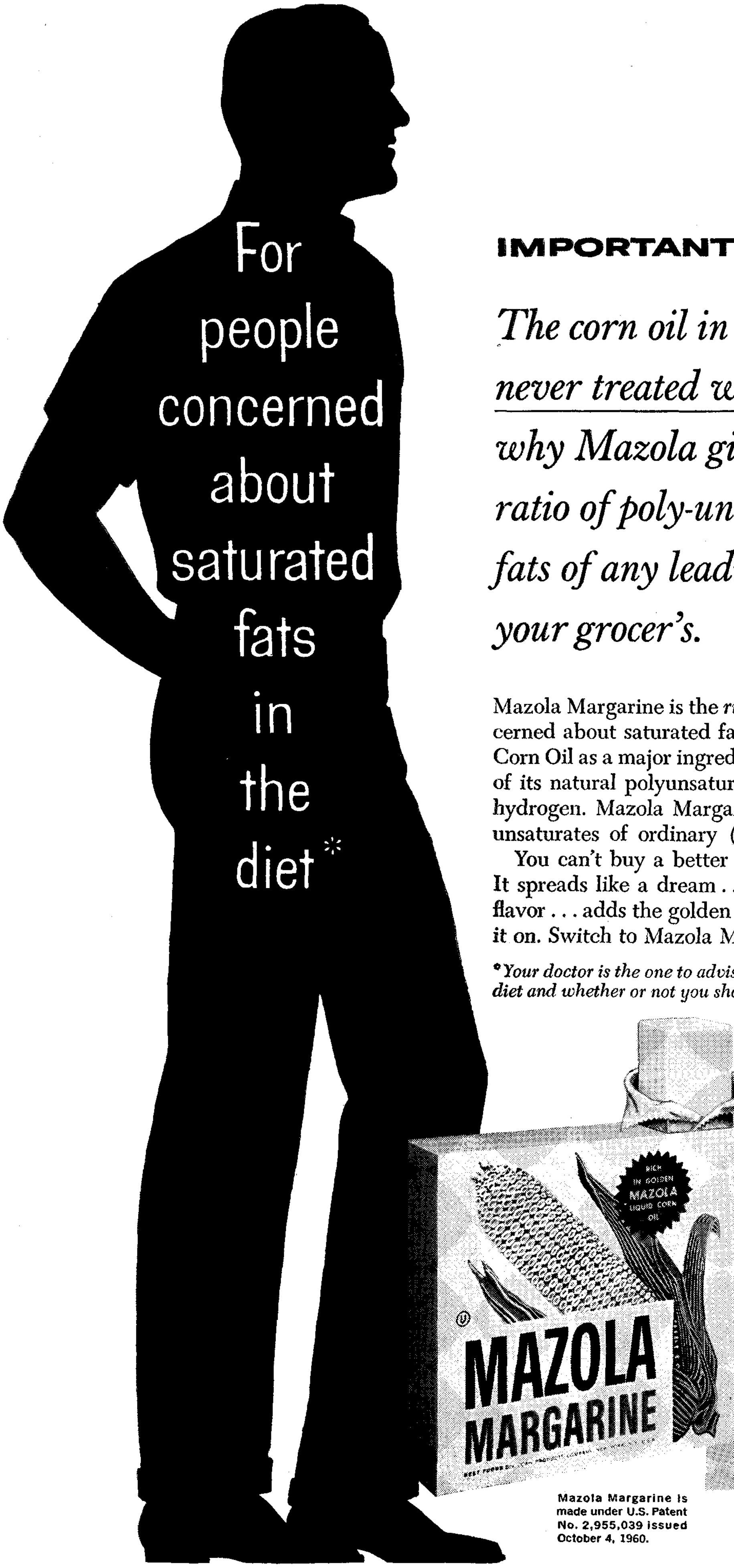
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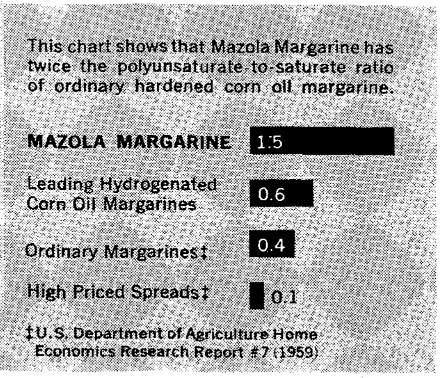

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practices of the firm are return delivery of the mended article—this, of course, is optional—by United Parcel, for a fee of from sixty-five to eighty-five cents anywhere in Manhattan (no pickups, though), and staying open until eight o'clock Thursday nights.

IF you take an electric clock to the Electra-Craft people for repairs, they will, after explaining that clocks are the only exception to their all-embracing service, direct you a couple of blocks east, to a long-established concern called Electime, at 112 West 42nd Street, which handles absolutely nothing but electric clocks and related time switches. The job that I recently took to Electime was such a trifling affair that it was attended to while I waited, and cost only seventy-five cents, but any serious piece of work involving the clock's motor is kept for a week's testing, and the charge may be anywhere from $2.75, for furnishing a small desk model with a new motor, to $30, for completely overhauling a grandfather clock. One fancy job on a grandfather clock, involving an elaborate system of tests for chimes as well as for the motor, was going forward on the occasion of my visit. The Forty-second Street Electime (the main office is in Brooklyn, in case you're interested) receives around a hundred and fifty ailing timepieces a week; these include a lot of defective alarm clocks whose repair is a simple matter, as well as more seriously disabled wall and radio clocks, and the firm also makes numerous calls to attend to thermostatic controls and time switches that have gone awry in homes or on business premises. The phone number is Longacre 5-2362.

AT the head of any list of emergency services, I am convinced, should go the Hotz & Aaron Locksmith Co., at 255 West 14th Street, but I have hesitated to bring it up, for no better reason than that I feel incapable of dealing adequately with the adventurous side of the company's story. I daresay that if I had thought about it at all, I might have expected locksmithery to be full of excitement, with all sorts of dramas enacted on the other side of a broken-in door, but, never having put my mind to the subject, I was unprepared for—and utterly spellbound by—the incidents that the Messrs. Hotz and Aaron related to me when I visited their headquarters not long ago. Not amounting to much, of course, is the routine job with the woman who has lost her front-door key (she usually finds it in her

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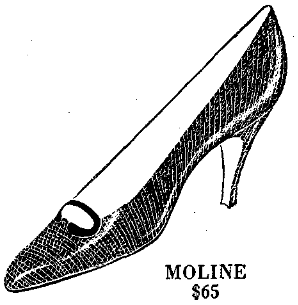

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purse when it's time to pay), or the living-alone lady who wants a new lock because she feels that the superintendent is being too free with her liquor. The real excitement starts when an angry wife orders the lock changed to keep her husband (or vice versa) out, or when a husband, expecting to find his wife *en flagrant délit*, has a changed lock broken (Mr. Aaron was shot at in the course of one such entry, the husband's suspicions having proved only too correct), or when a damaged lock is opened so expeditiously that the burglars who had damaged it are discovered still at work. "And nearly every time," the partners complained bitterly, "who do you suppose the householder is mad at? Not at his wife, who has locked him out, or at the girl who is two-timing him, or even at the superintendent, who may be drinking his liquor! No, it's always at the locksmith, when he does his job in six minutes and charges fifteen dollars!"

The firm's most serious competitor in emergency lock-breaking, I was told, is the police. A woman who has lost her key telephones the service to rush somebody over to let her into her apartment, but before the mechanic has time to reach the scene a helpful neighbor suggests asking the policeman at the corner for help, instead of paying out all that money to Hotz & Aaron. When the locksmith arrives—maybe in Brooklyn or on Riverside Drive—there is the lady all comfortably settled at home, and as often as not, I was told indignantly, nobody has made so much as a nickel out of the deal. The firm, whose answering-service numbers are Chelsea 3-7166 and Algonquin 5-0370, accepts calls around the clock from anywhere in the five boroughs (a sizable percentage of its emergency work is done around Sutton Place, where one apartment house recently turned in three separate calls on a single night), and the charge—depending, of course, on the amount of work to be done—is usually around $6.50 for a daytime call, around $15 for evening calls up to midnight, and $20 thereafter. The Messrs. Hotz and Aaron, who are able to fit keys to any make of foreign car as easily as to an apartment-house door, are, naturally, scrupulous about requiring identification, the penalties for illegal entry being what they are.

A MERE service for repairing thermos bottles, jugs, and ice buckets seems a pretty tame enterprise alongside lock-picking, but such innocent objects do get broken, so you had

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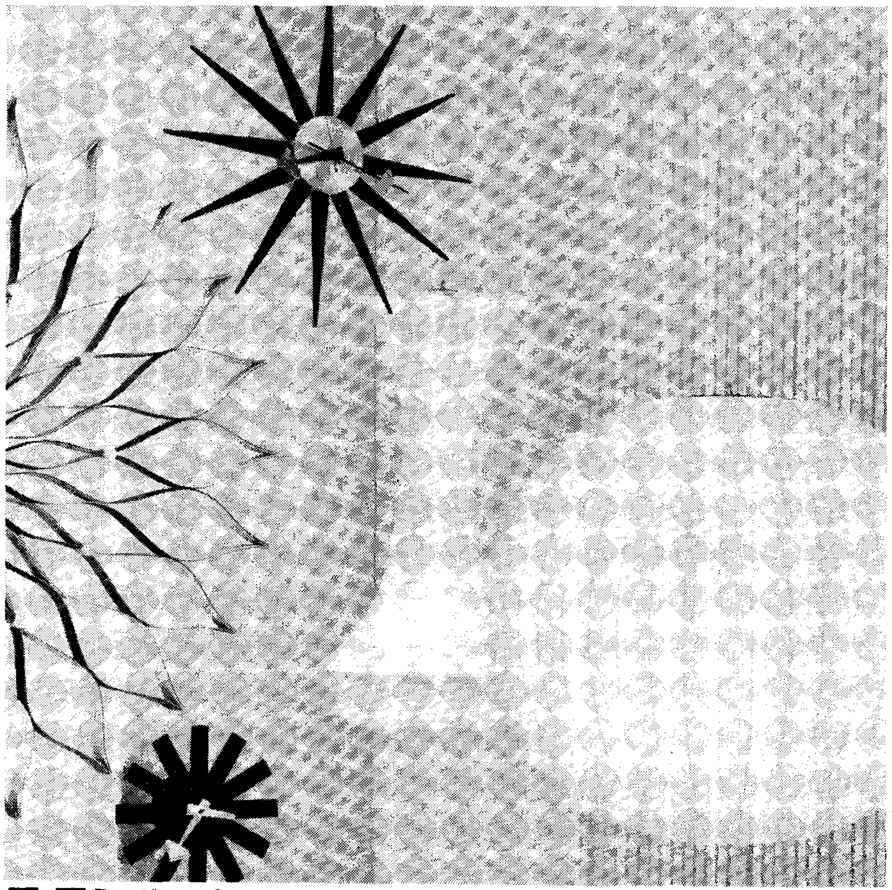

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better know about the Hormel Corporation, at 20 West 47th Street, which has been expertly replacing thermos linings at the rate of around two hundred a week for the past twenty-five years. Such repair work requires no wait longer than the few minutes it takes to fit a lining into the container, for Hormel is equipped with every type and size of insert used in the manufacture of American thermos containers. Prices run from $1.10, for the lining of an ordinary small-sized bottle, to $20, for that of a one-gallon ice bucket. A lost thermos cap can also be replaced here. —S. H.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Crisis in the American High Schools," by William H. Cornog, in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, November, 1958*]	[*From "The Human Comedy and Education," by Llewellyn O. Griffith, in Educational Horizons, summer, 1960*]
The first article of educational faith in America is that education is a good thing. . . . We tell our children that education is good because you can't get anywhere without it. This would seem to indicate that education is good because it has a vocational or useful end.	The first article of educational faith in America is that education is a *good thing.* We . . . tell our children that education is a good thing because you can't get anywhere without it. This would seem to indicate that education is a very good thing because it . . . serves a utilitarian or a vocational end.
Equally central to that philosophy is what might be called the education of political man. From the beginning of the republic we have accepted the principle that a people's government cannot survive and flourish unless the people are educated to its cherishing, fostering, defense, and advancement. . . . Education for citizenship is an alluringly easy thing to do and so easily defensible by sentiment and so immune to the attacks of critics that the weaker apologists among American educators have in times of crisis and doubt rallied round the flag and educated furiously for political man. But education conceived wholly as an instrument of the state is subject to swift subversion by political power.	Equally central to this philosophy is one which may be referred to as the education of political man. From this republic's beginning, we have accepted the principle that a government for the people and by the people cannot exist . . . unless the people are educated to its cherishing, fostering, defense, and advancement. . . . Education for citizenship is assuring, so readily defensible by sentiment, and so immune from the attack of critics that the weaker apologists among American educators have often, and in many places, rallied round the flag and furiously educated for political man. But education conceived wholly as an instrument of the state is subject to . . . swift subversion by political power.
A third article of faith in American education is that education is a social asset. If you can't get anywhere economically without education, it is certainly true that you can't get anywhere socially without it.	A third article of faith in American education is that education is a social asset. If we can't get anywhere economically without education, it is undoubtedly true that we can't get anywhere socially without it.
The great debate in education is between those who wish to educate man as economic, political, and social man, and those who wish to educate man as man.	So . . . a fierce debate is raging between those who wish to educate man for economic, political, and social ends and those *who wish to educate man as man!*

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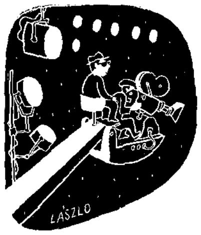
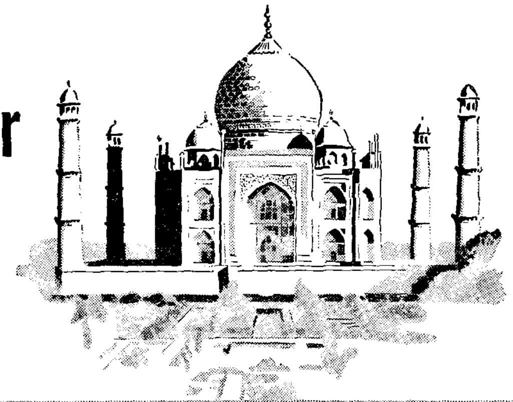


"THE MARK" is a fine picture and you won't be sorry if you go to see it. I salute it in this peculiar fashion (why hint at possible regrets in the very act of praising something?) because I fear that when I tell you what the picture is about, you will ignore my praise and resolve that the wildest of wild horses couldn't drag you to it. For there's no getting around the fact that its subject is a radically unpleasant, if finally hopeful, one; it concerns the rehabilitation of a man who has been sentenced to three years in prison as a result of having abducted a little girl for the purpose of sexually assaulting her. The most diligent student of dramaturgy would be hard pressed to name a subject that sounded less promising, but I assure you that "The Mark" is neither a lurid psychiatric shocker nor that honorable but dreary thing, a medico-socio-penological study done in documentary style. On the contrary, it's a story like any other, and succeeds by performing the old, necessary miracle of coming to life; quietly and with extraordinary confidence in itself, it draws us into its harsh and often heartbreaking world and makes us uncannily glad to be there.

The chief factors in the success of "The Mark" are a plot—the handiwork of Sidney Buchman, Stanley Mann, and Charles Israel—that not only is a model of tact but is sufficiently full of unexpected turns to keep us wondering what will happen next to our poor hero; an assortment of robust, no-nonsense roles, all of them important and all acted with grave skill; and an attentiveness—almost a tenderness—on the part of the director, Guy Green, that grants every episode of the film a just duration. The man who abducted the child (and was literally so sickened by the crime he was bent on committing that he returned the child unharmed and begged the police to arrest him) is played by Stuart Whitman; the psychoanalyst who has introduced the sick man to group therapy in prison and is on hand to help him as he tries to make his way back into ordinary life is played by Rod Steiger; and the woman with whom, for the first time, he comes to enjoy a genuine relationship is played by Maria Schell,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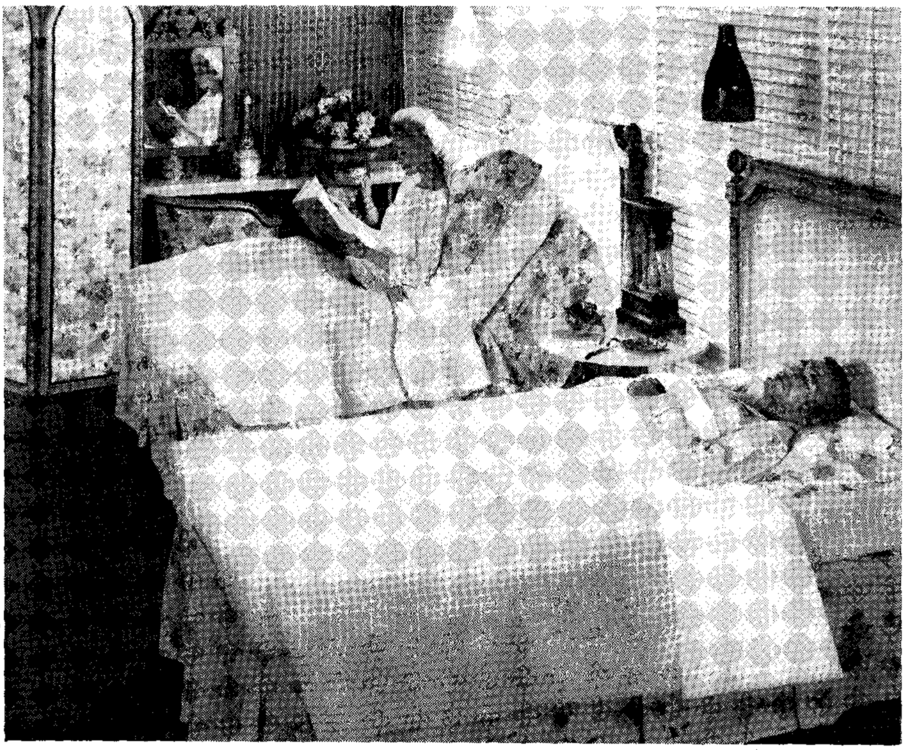
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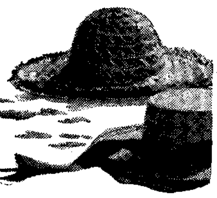

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whose beauty does much to brighten the darker stretches of the film. No less excellent, in smaller roles, are Brenda De Banzie, Donald Wolfit, and Donald Houston. (Like so many pictures nowadays, "The Mark" is a sort of united-nations affair; an English production filmed in Ireland, it employs actors of several nationalities, and I wouldn't be surprised if it had been backed financially by the First Farmers Bank of Tierra del Fuego.) Having felt obliged to utter so many gloomy hints about what takes place in "The Mark," maybe I'd better note that it has a happy ending. Not only that, the happy ending rings true.

"BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S" is one of those odd works that if they were any better would be a lot worse. It's a thoroughly silly picture, but if it weren't so thoroughly silly it would be thoroughly tasteless; a fluffy, costly, beguilingly photographed, not unhumorous but utterly false comedy, it fails on so opulent a scale that its failure passes for success. Above and beyond this negative advantage, the picture boasts the almost continuous presence of Miss Audrey Hepburn, who is as pretty as ever, whom all the swans must envy, and about whom, when I recall how fetchingly her eyes can brim with tears, I doubt if I will ever say an unkind word. The picture is taken, of course, from the lucid, elliptical novella by Truman Capote, which in paperback form covers some seventy-six pages. Plainly, that is a story too skimpy to yield a great big Hollywood movie, and George Axelrod, who prepared the screenplay, has apparently sought to preserve Mr. Capote by recklessly expanding him. A crucial error—better pure Axelrod than blown-up Capote, and though we keep hoping to catch a glimpse of the author somewhere in the picture, he is never really there; many of his engaging wisps of dialogue have been piously retained, but in their new context they give off a downright tinny sound.

As you no doubt remember, Mr. Capote's narrator was a penniless young writer occupying a single wretched room in an old New York brownstone; Mr. Axelrod's young writer is being kept by a rich American matron, who has set him up in an apartment lavish enough to represent lavishness even in Hollywood, with blue flock paper on the walls, a nubbly gold telephone, and a room-size closet full of suits. Whenever they make love, she leaves a couple of hundred dollars beside the bed before tiptoeing home to her husband. This—or a little lower than this—is the level

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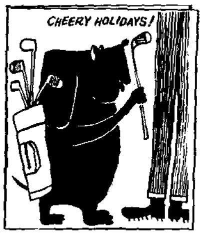

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of witty invention that the picture reaches for and rarely misses; it's a very long way indeed from what Mr. Capote achieved, but Mr. Axelrod is a slick article and I have no doubt that the box office will prove him right in every particular. And I must be fair—on his own hook, he can be extremely funny. There's a cocktail party in "Breakfast at Tiffany's" that is entirely his and that should serve forever as the classic statement on that theme. There is also a charming visit to Tiffany's, in which Miss Hepburn and George Peppard seek to purchase something truly Tiffany-like for less than ten dollars and a Tiffany clerk does his civil, almost inaudible, best to oblige.

I ought to mention that Mr. Peppard plays the young writer with phenomenal grace, considering the things he has to do and say; that Patricia Neal is admirable as the generous matron; and that Martin Balsam and Buddy Ebsen are also admirable as, respectively, an actors' agent of solid brass and a troubled horse doctor from Tulip, Texas. Millions of people are going to be enchanted with this picture; I will try not to feel lonely in my semi-detached enchantment.

"QUESTION 7," filmed in Germany with English and German actors speaking English, is a propaganda film, designed to show the difficulties under which the Christian church, and church-going Christians, are currently laboring in East Germany. The picture was made for and by "our" side, but being propaganda, it remains defective art; no doubt, as the producers claim, it is "based on actual incidents and on documents out of the East Zone of Germany," but the good people are all too good and the bad people all too bad. Too bad. —BRENDAN GILL

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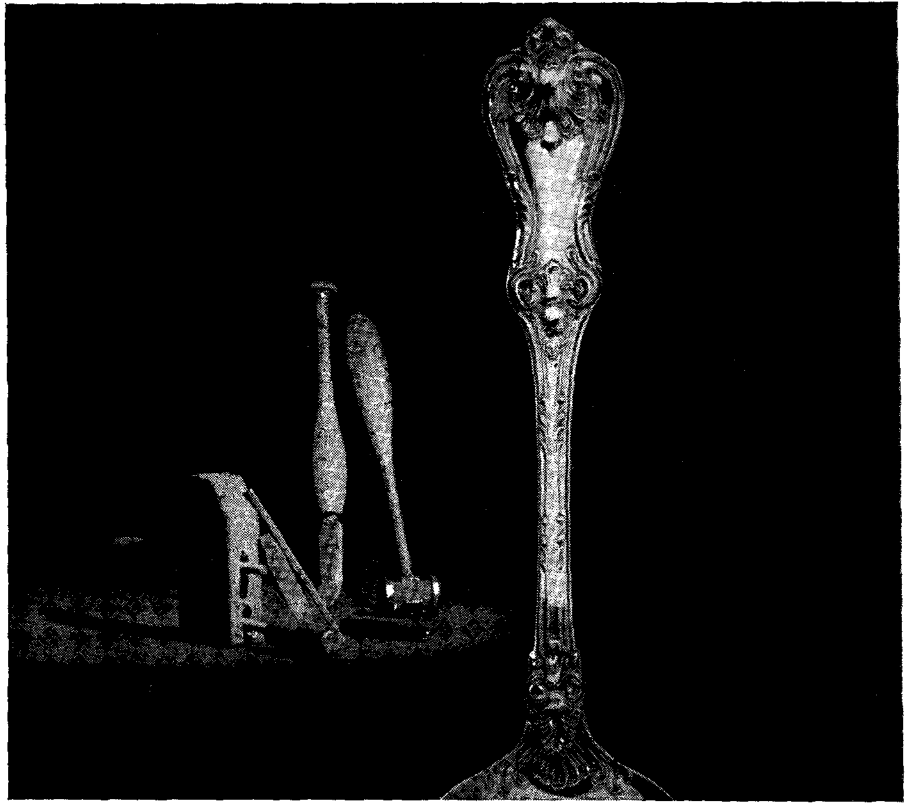

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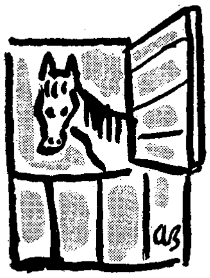
THE RACE TRACK

Mostly Kelso



IT is nothing new to see Bohemia Stable's Kelso winning the more important stakes, but the spirited style in which he raced away from Divine Comedy, Carry Back, Whodunit, and Tompion in the Woodward at Belmont last Saturday stamped him as the best horse in the country. Moreover, his time of two minutes flat was the fastest for a mile and a quarter at Belmont since H. P. Whitney's Whisk Broom II won the Suburban in 1913. Although the distance has been run faster every now and then at Hollywood Park and Santa Anita, and Noor did it in 1:58⅕ at Golden Gate Fields, setting an American record, Whisk Broom II's performance has always been looked on as being noteworthy because he carried 139 pounds. (They don't carry such high weight nowadays. Indeed, if any racer were asked to there probably would be indignation meetings at every track from Scarborough Downs to Bay Meadows.) I didn't see Whisk Broom II's Suburban, but a couple of years before that I saw him in England, where he was one of the top milers. A bright chestnut, tall and powerful in build, yet perfectly proportioned, he still seems to me as handsome a race horse as I've seen. Incidentally, he was the first to win the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn Handicaps the same season—a feat Kelso brought off this past summer.

Though Kelso is a wiry type, and rather lacking in distinction, he looked particularly good in the paddock before the Woodward. Carry Back also had a sheen to his coat and was on his toes, and even the most critical could find no fault in Tompion or Whodunit, but Divine Comedy had few admirers. It was Divine Comedy, however, who was quickest away, and he set a lively pace down the long backstretch and round the far turn. Tompion was closest for the first quarter, then gave way to Kelso, who galloped along so smoothly you knew he could take the lead when he pleased. With three furlongs to go, Carry Back, who'd been last, began his run, and the crowd roared encouragement, but as Kelso swept past Divine

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Comedy in the straightaway I began to suspect that Carry Back couldn't finish second. As a matter of fact, while Kelso beat Divine Comedy by eight lengths, Carry Back barely saved third place by a neck from Whodunit. It was Kelso's sixth victory in seven starts. His next start, and I daresay his last this season, will be in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on October 21st. Carry Back's next will be in the Lawrence Realization on October 11th. He had a good workout for it.

With such an attraction as the Woodward, and such delightful weather, I was surprised that the attendance on Saturday was only slightly over forty thousand. Seems there's just no pleasing our horseplayers.

NO question about it, Cicada is the best of the two-year-old fillies. She's won nine of her fourteen starts, and has never been unplaced. Her effort in the Astarita was a particularly game one; despite getting away tenth of the twelve starters and being outrun to the stretch, she managed to squeeze her way through the pack in the last furlong and win by a head. As for the colts, that's a sad story. Not altogether unexpectedly, for it was reported weeks ago that he had a bit of leg trouble, comes the news from Kentucky that Ridan won't run again this year. Dismaying as this may be, it's nothing compared to what happened to Cyane while he was winning the Futurity at Belmont several weeks ago. He suffered a hairline fracture of his right front ankle and has been sent to the farm. Nobody in his stable knows exactly when or how it happened; in fact, it wasn't discovered till four or five days after the race. Battle Joined is another casualty. In spite of having the equivalent of housemaid's knee all summer, he won four of his six starts, including the Saratoga Special. Now he has a fracture of the left knee, and when he'll run again goodness only knows. Colonel Martingale wonders how many of the better colts will be in training six weeks from today.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE HEALTHY HAPPINESS OF HEDDA HOPPER

[*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times*]

When I learned Cole Porter's started writing a new play I started singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" Although he didn't write "Beautiful Morning" I thought it an appropriate expression. I'm happy to learn also that Irving Berlin has started writing a new show.

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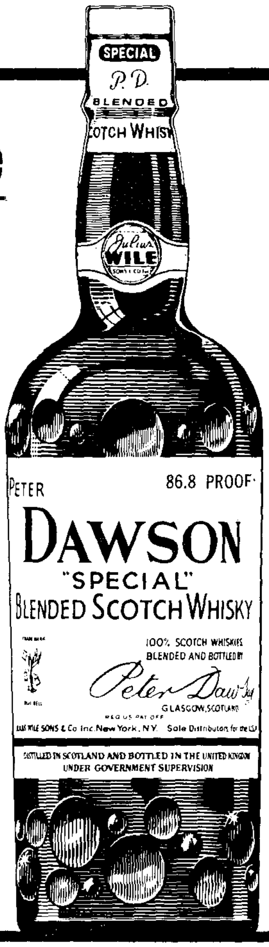
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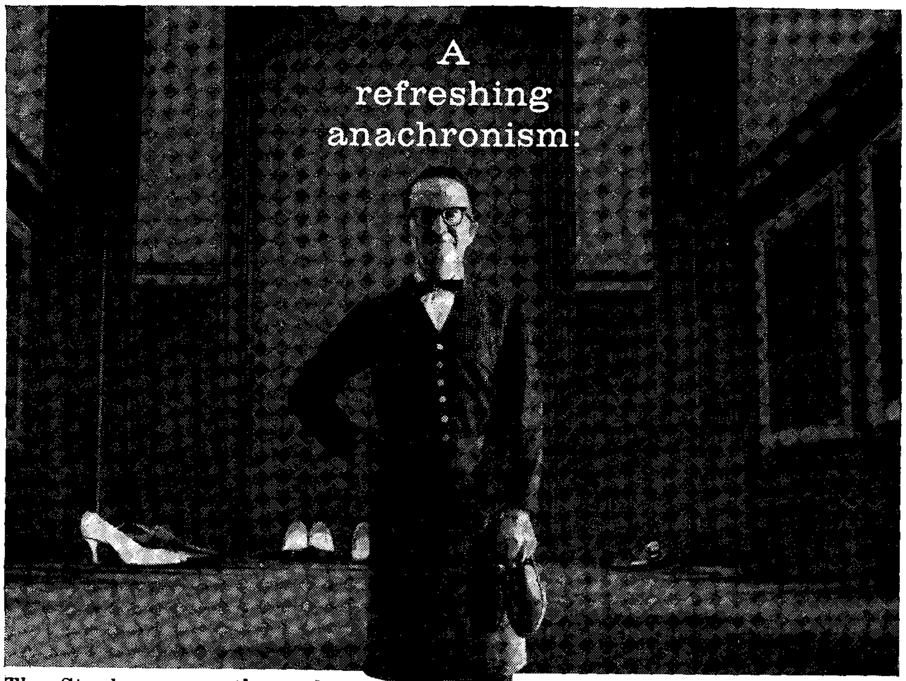
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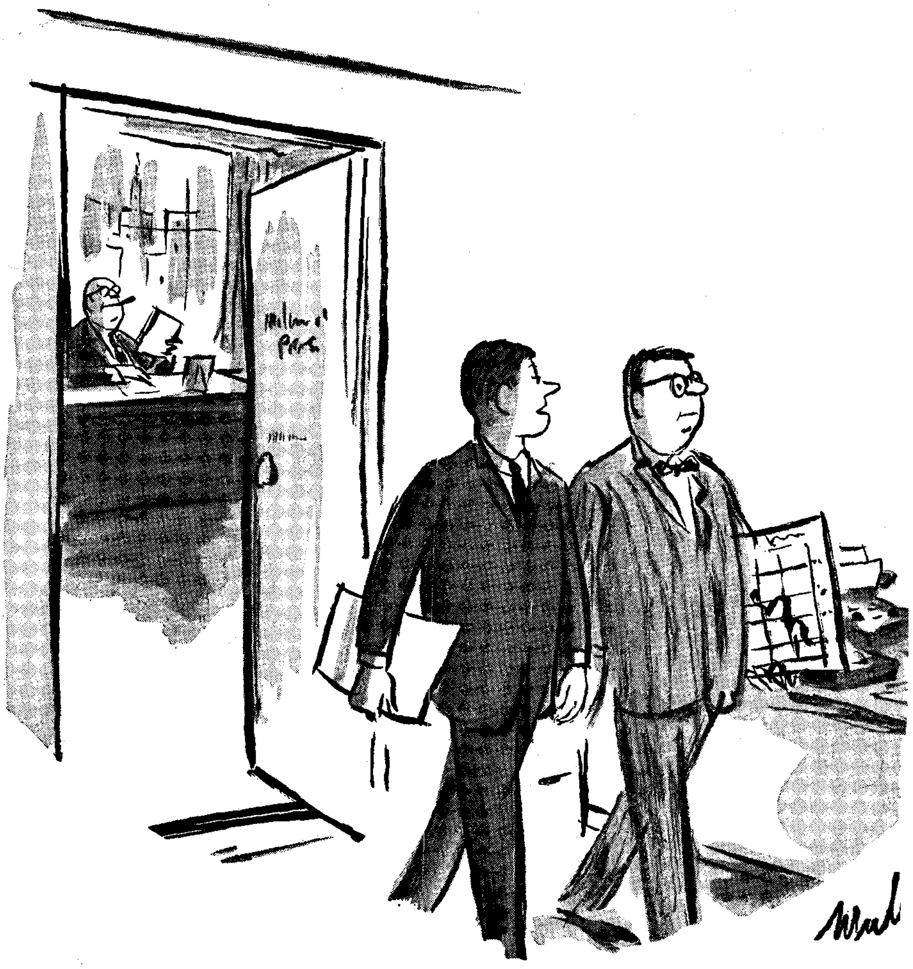
BOOKS

The Wars

"AN AMERICAN VISITOR" (Harper) is an early novel of Joyce Cary's, but in spite of being nearly thirty years old, it has an immediacy of reference which makes it seem as if it had been written to explain recent events in the Congo, in Kenya, and in other parts of Africa. Cary was for a time in the British colonial service in Nigeria, and he knew from the inside the workings of the best kind of paternalistic, authoritarian regime that any colonial system ever succeeded in producing. He also knew how genuinely good-hearted and disinterested most of the officials in the service were. He admired the men and the machine, and on the overt level of the author's conscious intention this book is a tribute to both. Yet the sharp detail of the story it tells constantly brings out the fact that the order which the dedicated and selfless men of the service impose on the subject people is wholly irrelevant to their past traditions and present needs, and that their operations have no moral basis whatever. In an uncanny fashion, Cary's gifts work against him and demolish the argument in favor of the authoritarianism that he wished to support.

The genesis of this novel, which is exciting and continuously interesting, however wrongheaded it may be, was a curious one. It had its origin in a discussion of nursery practices in which an American mother succeeded in shaking Cary's notions on a subject about which he felt most secure. Like nearly all people who are emotional and who fear or dislike the intellect, Cary had thrilled to the primitivism of William Blake, and had been particularly attracted by Blake's notion that the sound instincts and intuitions of a man in good health who has a mind in a carefully fostered state of innocence are much the best instruments for coming at the important truths. That these invariably prove to be identical with such a man's previous convictions is not the least of this doctrine's attractions; commitment to it had allowed Cary to state his beliefs with the force of certainty that is so characteristic of his work. When he reached a conclusion he felt to be right, he was *sure* that it was right. One of the things he knew about was children, who were not at all what Freud and the other clever chaps supposed. They were—on the contrary—thoughtless, instinctive, innocent beings, whose happiness could easily be assured; the great cause of misery among them was moral confusion. All that was necessary was to tell them in unambiguous terms what was right and what was wrong, and what they could and could not do. The American mother said that even if he wasn't misleading the children and deceiving himself by telling them that what he found convenient was right and what he found inconvenient was wrong, he was sapping their moral fibre by relieving them of their responsibility for making decisions. "We believe," she said, "that children should get their own ideas of right and wrong." The shock was still with Cary when he wrote the preface to this novel, not long before his death. "I still remember my stupefaction," he says, "when I found that she meant just that; that it was her practice to leave children of five or six to decide all moral issues for themselves, without guidance." It is the measure of Cary's provincialism (it is tempting to call it parochialism) that he never recognized that the question of how one human being qualifies as the moral guide for another is a real problem. And something about the quality of his mind is revealed by the fact that when he sat down to write a story showing the dangers of putting the American woman's ideas into practice, he transferred the locus of the argument from the nursery to an African colony and equated Africans with children.

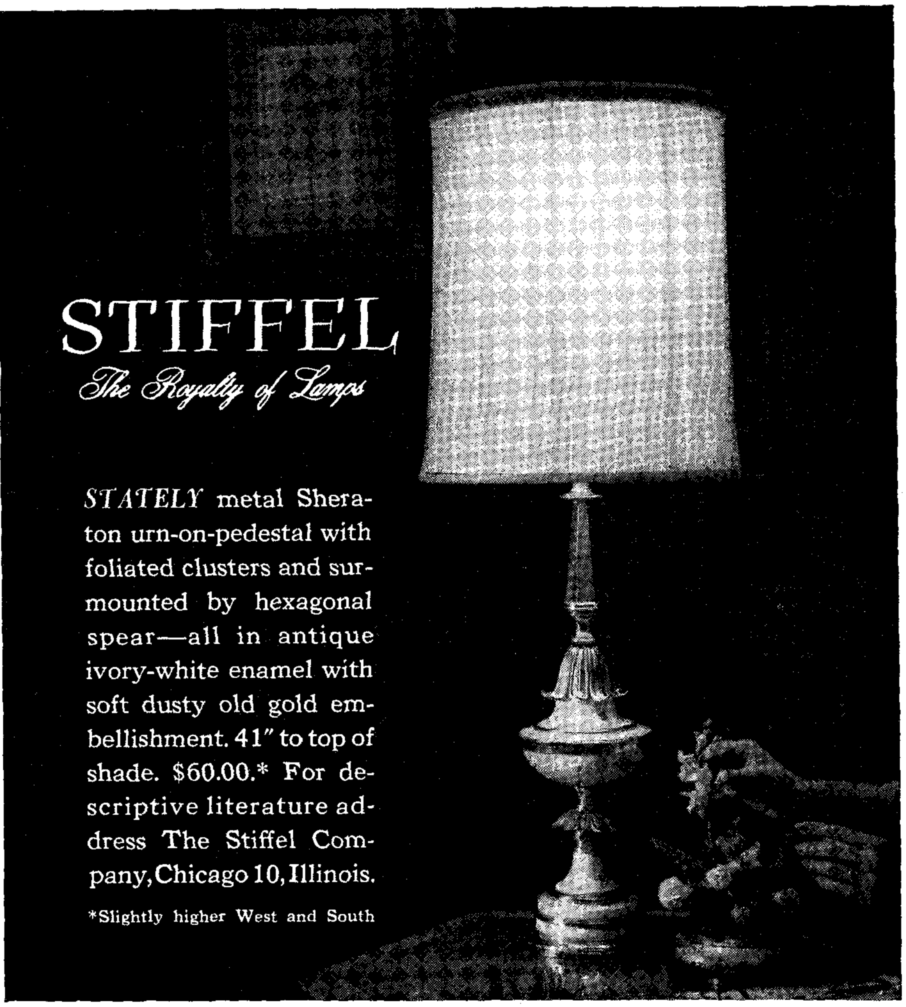
In this novel, he has a happy time running his victim into the ground. She is Marie Hasluck, an American anthropologist and the visitor of the title, who is drifting around the interior of Nigeria telling any of its natives who will listen that no foreigners have any right to plan their country's present or future, and that they should think for themselves and make their own decisions. She arrives in the tribal area of the Birri in the middle of a crisis that is being handled by a district officer called Bewsher.



"It's obvious why he acts so cool toward me. He sees me as a threat."

Bewsher isn't Cary, but he represents Cary's ideas in action; he knows much better than the Birri do what is good for them. In this case, he knows that bad trouble is coming because a tin-mining company is planning to expropriate a huge strip of land running through the tribe's best farms. Bewsher has tried to postpone the expropriation, but he has failed. He now thinks that if it is necessary, he can kill the right Birri man at the psychological moment and thus easily break the tribe's will to resist and at least spare it the horrors of being put down by troops. The visitor watches with awed respect his work among the furious tribesmen. She has no idea of his real intention and imagines him to be the moral man in action, arguing against steel and doing good by being good. She falls in love with him, and as the crisis moves toward its peak, they are married. When it arrives, she realizes that the situation is tense enough to tempt him to abandon persuasion and resort to violence. As a mob of spearmen closes in on the mission house that is his temporary headquarters, she hides his pistol. At the critical moment when he should kill his man, all he can do is bluff with a metal scissors case. This buys him a fifteen-second extension to his life, and then he goes down under a dozen spears. Marie has got him with both barrels, because the first spear thrust comes from a man to whom she was preaching the doctrine of self-government a few minutes before she first met her husband. Cary slams the moral home and leaves her, seven months gone with child, kneeling at Bewsher's graveside to do remorseful homage to his virtue and his wisdom—a woman who has learned her lesson. Oddly, this lesson is not the obvious one—that Bewsher was meaningless without his gun, and that when all the fine talk was boiled away, there was nothing to buttress his authority but the proposition parodied in Hilaire Belloc's verse on the white man's civilizing mission in Africa: “We have got the Maxim gun. And they have not.” Whatever its intentions, this book makes it easy to understand both the bankruptcy of the colonial idea and the passionate loathing it inspires in Africans.

“The Foreigner” (Atheneum) is the enterprising and imaginative first novel of Ralph Blum, a young American writer who was in his eleventh year when the Allied invasion of Sicily, the background event of his story, took place. What he has undertaken is to pass through the barriers of time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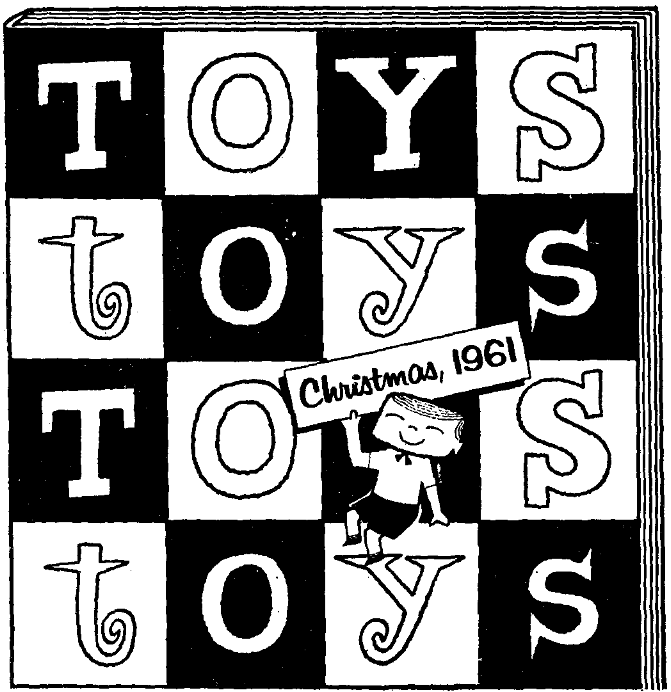

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Among other things, E is a Roman numeral for 250; it is also a symbol, in *chemistry*, for einsteinium; in *music*, for the third tone or note in the scale of C major, or the fifth in the scale of A minor. In *physics*, it stands for the modulus of elasticity and the electromotive force. In *education*, it is a grade that can mean excellent.

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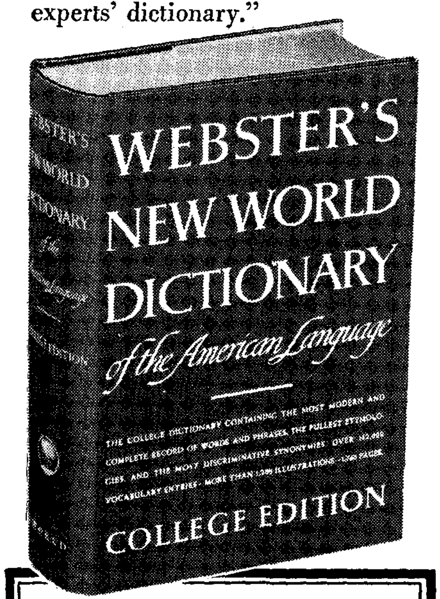

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and nationality that exclude him from the experiences he describes, and recreate the hysterical atmosphere, with its rapid fluctuations from relief to despair, that prevailed among the civilians on the island during the seemingly interminable period of mounting tension between the end of the war in Africa, the Allied landings, and the German withdrawal through Messina. Italy's war was over and Fascism was crumbling, but the irrelevant death struggle between Germany and its enemies stood between the Sicilians and the resumption of their old lives or the beginning of new ones. It was a time of waiting, in which every personal matter assumed an intensely heightened importance in the face of the cruel meaninglessness of public affairs, and in which each day seemed three or four times its length. Mr. Blum's two principal characters are a father and son at cross-purposes. The father is a naturalized American of Sicilian origin, trapped on the island by the war; he came home to persuade the illegitimate son he begot in his youth to go to the United States with him as a partner in his successful construction business. But the son doesn't want this ready-made career. His mother has made prudent use of the generous allowance the father has been sending—enough to enable them to escape the poverty that drove the father away and made him a foreigner. The son's education has made him a bourgeois and a member of the intelligentsia; he intends to become a professional man, a doctor, and to remain a Sicilian. The arrival of the invaders brings this conflict to a head, and father and son settle it in a land full of confusion and ghosts, of Fascist lions turning themselves into inconspicuous lambs, and of soldiers turning back into civilians. This promising and unusual novel is the work of a writer with a strong visual sense, and almost all its imaginative and inventive episodes are sharply defined, down to the smallest detail. It has a few spots that are a trifle out of focus, but on the whole this ambitious example of the novel of information is a notable success. —ANTHONY WEST

VERSE

IT is difficult to discover modern poetry in English (or in any European language, for that matter) uninfluenced, unfertilized, and unadorned by modern translations. Serious and sustained efforts have been expended in this century by translators—more often than not poets themselves—to bring over into current diction and acceptable

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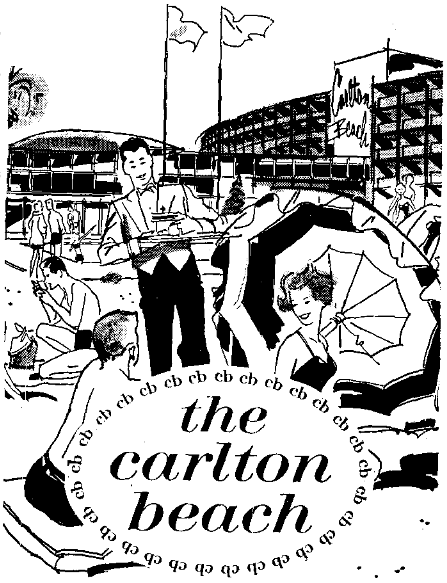

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contemporary form poetry of the far and near past, as well as of the present. The accomplishment of these tasks was long overdue. The nineteenth century in England and America, in spite of crucial breakthroughs into new territory (Edward FitzGerald into the Persian, and Douglas Hyde and others into the ancient Gaelic), had attacked the problems of translation in a scattered way. A good deal of rather dilettante translating took place in genteel book-lined studies, including that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the then professor of modern languages at Harvard ranged over a remarkably wide field, from the Finnish "Kalevala" to Dante's "Divine Comedy." Later, in Oxford, Professor Gilbert Murray, who was to be described by the young T. S. Eliot as a fine Hellenist but a very indifferent poet, rewrote Euripides. Meanwhile, Homer, Vergil, and classical literature in general either remained fixed in the language and form of Chapman, Pope, and Dryden or suffered under the hands of the most literal of scholars.

The bold forays of Pound into Provençal, Chinese, Greek, Latin, and Tuscan began in 1910, and during the last fifty years currents and crosscurrents have multiplied, so that at present little poetry, ancient or modern, in whatever tongue, has been passed over as being completely uninteresting or completely recalcitrant. And translators have left the hampering notion of word-for-word and line-for-line literalness far behind. They agree on certain points: that although the final "essence" of the poem cannot be transferred, it can be suggested, by fidelity to the emotional tone, by the exact carrying over of images, and by the application of an attentive ear to what Pound has called "the dance of intellect among words;" that unworkable metres must be eliminated; that the translator, moreover, can (and perhaps should) be more skilled in the language he is putting the poem into than in the language he is taking it out of; that he must never, as Rossetti warned, turn a good poem into a bad one. But he can loosen and interpret, and in some cases even condense and rearrange. "The best translation is to write in verse which is of our time," Richmond Lattimore has said. "We want a re-creation, not a reproduction. Contemporary verse offers a variety of variable forms unmatched, I think, in the history of our language; certainly it offers the chance of success in media far more variable than those which were thought available to Pope, or to Dryden

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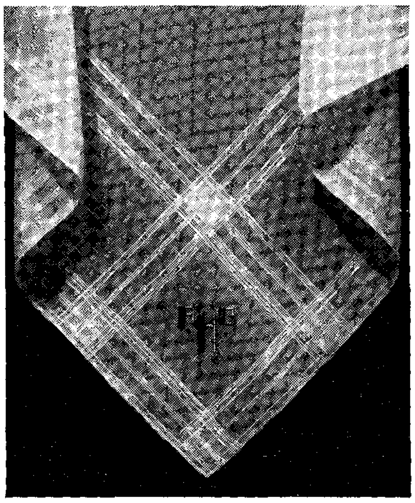

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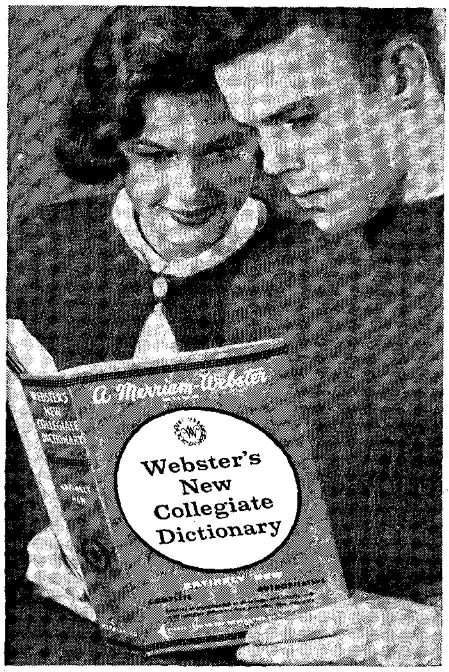

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either, or even to the Elizabethans."

Acting according to these principles, Lattimore himself, along with Robert Fitzgerald, Rolfe Humphries, Dudley Fitts, and C. Day Lewis, has given us new and striking versions of Greek and Latin epic and lyric poetry, while Arthur Waley has found means of making great quantities of Chinese poetry lucidly available in English. Frank O'Connor has retraced centuries of Gaelic song. J. B. Leishman has spent a lifetime in bringing Rilke to us from the German practically intact. French poetry, from Baudelaire on, has been translated endlessly. And since the early thirties the poetry of French Surrealism, in translation, has become widely international, sweeping into Wales (Dylan Thomas), Spain (Lorca), and South America (Neruda). During the same period, translations of the poetry of Eliot and Pound have strongly affected European and even Asiatic literature.

New areas of interest are now becoming rare, but one almost untouched national group has recently attracted the attention of translators in England and America. Modern Greek poetry has concerned the British since the war years. "The Complete Poems of Cavafy," translated by Rae Dalven, with an introduction by W. H. Auden (Harcourt, Brace); "Poems," by George Seferis, translated by Rex Warner (Atlantic-Little, Brown); as well as an anthology, "Six Poets of Modern Greece," chosen, translated, and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard (Knopf), have recently appeared. Constantine P. Cavafy (1863-1933) became a friend of E. M. Forster during Forster's stay in Alexandria during the 1914-18 war, and through Forster his poetry was brought to the attention of Eliot and Lawrence. Auden, in his introduction, acknowledges his own debt to Cavafy, whose work he has known for thirty years. He goes on to point out Cavafy's remarkable power of projecting emotion and dramatic idea without the aid of simile or metaphor ("Every line of his is plain factual description without any ornamentation whatever") and his exceptional honesty as a witness in the three fields of his interest—"love, art and politics in the original Greek sense." Cavafy, born out of his time, made for himself a myth of a Panhellenic world bound together by loyalty to the Greek language, and many of his subjects cast back to the ages of Constantine and of the Byzantine Empire. These historical vignettes, organized with the strictest economy and ironically projected, are a pleasure to

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read. But Cavafy's erotic poems are often filled with attitudes and directions of feeling that do not carry over from one culture to another—not, at least, from his to ours. There seems to be a definite Anglo-Saxon resistance to poems that express, on the one hand, casual love affairs and, on the other, the longing and melancholy of a lover grown old.

The poetry of George Seferis—born in 1900, brought up in Smyrna, educated in Paris, and long a member of his country's diplomatic service—though much less original than Cavafy's, combines traditional vigor with modern subtlety. Where Cavafy is neat, hard, and unembellished, Seferis is rich in content and design—restless and openly emotional. His poetry, shifting between the ancient and the modern worlds, reflecting color from both, has not escaped a touch of the prevalent international style. This style, with its roots in Symbolism and Surrealism, is overtly manipulated in the work of the younger poets represented in the Keeley-Sherrard collection, which presents Odysseus Elytis (born in 1911) and Nikos Gatsos (born in 1912) as well as Cavafy, Seferis, and others.

Side by side with this little constellation of modern Greeks, two interesting versions of French originals have recently been published. St.-John Perse, whose work has been put into many languages, has been fortunate in his British and American translators ever since Eliot produced his exquisite version of "Anabase" in 1930. Perse's latest long poem, "Chronique," has now been translated by Robert Fitzgerald (Pantheon). Perse has raised modern poetic procedures to a high pitch of effectiveness. "Chronique," described by the Swedish Academy, on the occasion of Perse's receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1960, as "a prophetic appeal to Europe to consider the fatal moment, the turning point in the course of historical events," has here been brought over into English in full rhetorical splendor.

"Racine's plays are generally and correctly thought to be untranslatable," Robert Lowell writes in an introductory note to his rendering of "Phèdre," published last season in a volume with Jacques Barzun's translation of Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Lowell understands that the classicism of France's greatest poet is not only a matter of form but a matter of civilization—of highly organized rituals of manner, custom, and belief. He also understands

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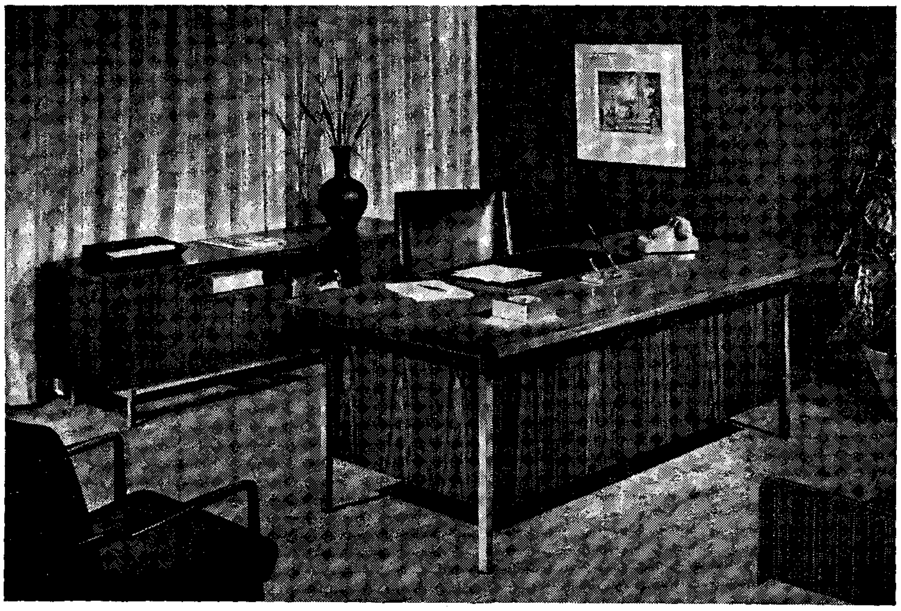

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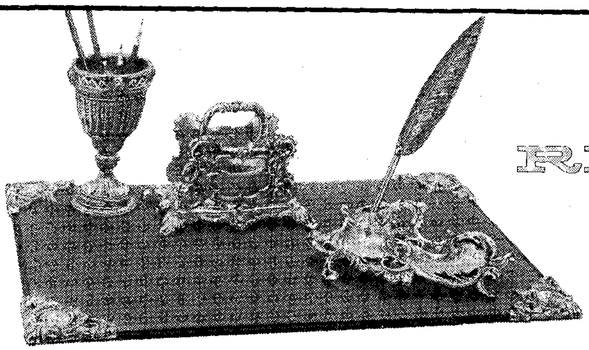

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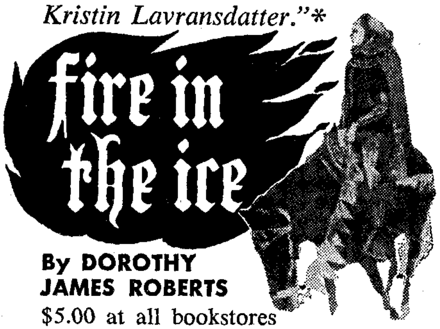

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that passion and truthtelling are bound into Racine's style, which consists, as a French critic recently remarked, "of a small number of extremely ordinary words that compose into a music." Lowell has faced his task with courage and resource. To manage five-beat rhymed couplets (his substitute for the French rhymed alexandrines) without stiffness, in straightforward idiomatic English, is in itself a feat. In addition, the play, under his hands, is filled with those happy discoveries of phrase that the French call *trouvailles*, which arise less from pure luck than from intense application to the work in hand, combined with intelligence and a kind of creative grace.

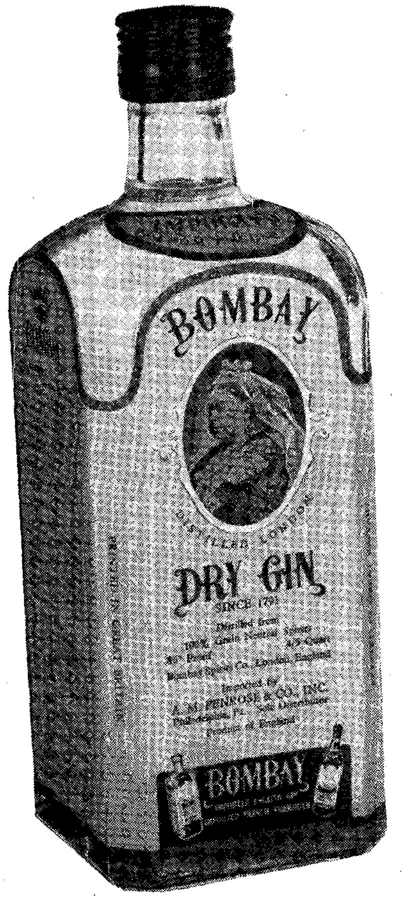
—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SERPENT'S BITE, by Christine Arnothy, translated from the French by Antonia White (Dutton). Miss Arnothy's manner of very weary worldliness is somewhat intimidating, but her story is not too hard to understand. The setting is a fairly luxurious French country house, and the weather is oppressively hot and sticky. The owner of the house, Gérard Gramont, is a wealthy industrialist with no imagination. His wife, Yvette, is well over forty, and her glorious and widely acclaimed beauty is fading fast. She is helplessly in love with her only child, Philippe, who has just returned from an Italian honeymoon with his bride, Marion, a spoiled, rich, and extremely possessive little girl of twenty. Philippe, as a boy, wanted to be a painter, but his father soon put a stop to that dream. Now, on this country weekend, the party, already tense, is joined by Lucien Perrin, a painter who was once Yvette's lover but whom she has not seen for twenty-five years. When Perrin appears, Philippe is mysteriously drawn to him, Yvette is driven into a hysteria of nostalgia and regret at the sight of him, Marion grows jealous, and Gérard becomes spiteful and restive. The crisis is on.

THE JUDAS TREE, by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown). A silly book about a very rich, retired Scottish-born doctor and his guilty conscience. The doctor, David Moray, who is fifty-five years old but looks much younger (as naughty, irresponsible people often do look), has established himself in Switzerland, where he lives very well—a happy widower with flowers and fruit trees and snow-topped



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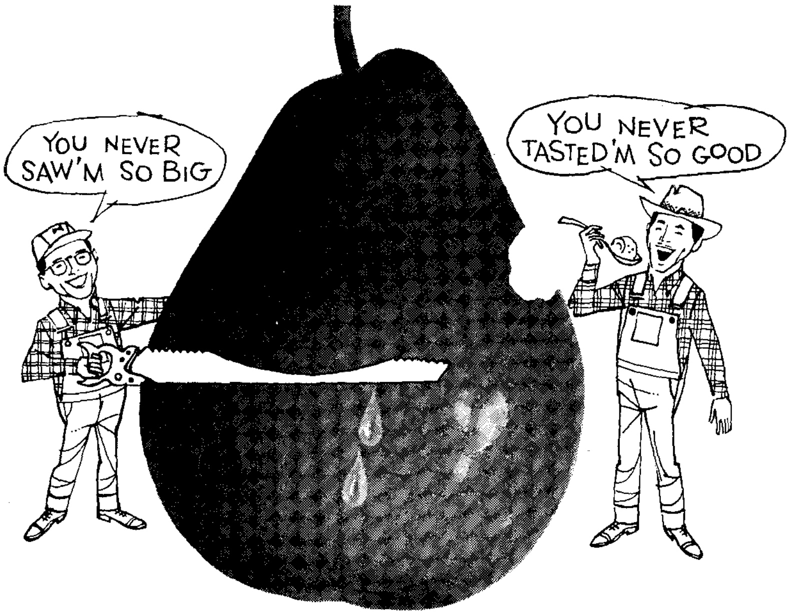
mountains to surround him with beauty, and a beaming Italian couple to keep him comfy and well fed. The serpent, conscience, slithers into this paradise when a chance word pinches David's memory and reminds him of the Scottish village where, thirty years earlier, he wronged and then abandoned a good young woman. He decides to go back to the village and see whether a little gift of money and a kind word might smooth her feelings, even at this late date, but on arriving in Scotland he finds that his lost love is not elderly and not humble and not sad but dead and buried, and no longer able to satisfy his appetite for gratitude and admiration. There is, however, her daughter, twenty years old, very religious, and quite penniless, who is the purest hypocritical spirit to appear on the literary horizon since Little Eva folded her paws and went wherever she went. What follows is lots and lots of doom, performed to the mission-bell music that is so well suited to Mr. Cronin's coy, parsonage prose. A Literary Guild selection.

The Other Side of the Summer, by Jean-René Huguenin, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Braziller). A somnambulistic tale, related in tones that express an unhappiness more dead than alive, about the love of a young man for his younger sister. His passion is strong enough to ruin his life and spoil hers, but one feels that what is strongest of all in his nature is his desire to simply lie down and dream, and regret what he could never have possessed. The setting of their story, the summer coast of Brittany, is misty and beautiful, and the time is the present.

GENERAL

Black Like Me, by John Howard Griffin (Houghton Mifflin). In the fall of 1959, Mr. Griffin, who is white, a Catholic, and a Texan, conceived and carried out the unusual notion of blackening his skin with a newly developed pigment drug and travelling through the Deep South as a Negro. This book, part of which appeared in the Negro magazine *Sepia*, is a journal account of that experience. Mr. Griffin did not identify himself as a Negro. It wasn't necessary. His color spoke for him—on one day, he was accepted with easy courtesy in every public place in white New Orleans; on the next, it was "boy," "nigger," and "get to the back of the bus." That, to a large ex-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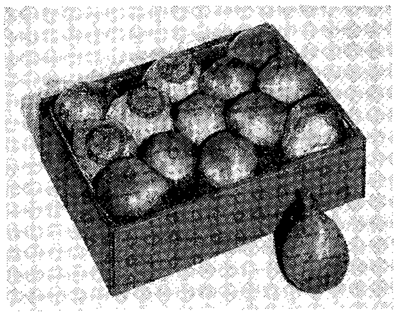

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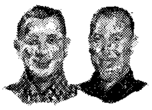

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tent, he had expected. What came to him as a shock was his response—an overwhelming wave of shame and humiliation. He had expected to find himself a second-class citizen; he found himself a tenth-class citizen, most of whose days were "spent searching for the basic things that all whites take for granted: a place to eat, or somewhere to find a drink of water, a rest room, somewhere to wash my hands." A vivid, low-keyed, totally sickening memoir.

LADY GREGORY, by Elizabeth Coxhead (Harcourt, Brace & World). The life story of a woman whose distinction lay mainly in the company she kept. Without her money and her husband's name and her beautiful Galway house, it is not likely that Lady Gregory would ever have been more than an ambitious attendant at the outer edge of the society of talent in which she wished to shine and which she succeeded only in dominating. What she was was a woman who knew men like William Butler Yeats and Sean O'Casey, and women like Sara Allgood. She was generous, but always within reason, and her talent as a writer was not great, or even nearly great. Miss Coxhead's sympathetic account of this Irish life makes very easy reading, and there are some interesting photographs.

THE NEW YORK I KNOW, by Marya Mannes, with photographs by Herb Snitzer (Lippincott). Though offered as an affectionate appraisal, this book, the work of a middle-aged native New Yorker, turns out to be much less a valentine than an obituary of a suicide. For wherever Miss Mannes casts her observant and experienced eye, she finds evidence of a triumphing mental, moral, or physical squalor—the tasteless vacuity of residential Park Avenue, the plush vulgarity of Central Park West ("men in vicuña coats spitting on the sidewalk . . . women in Dior dresses chewing gum"), the nightmare alley of Central Park ("a stalking ground for young predators and rapists"), the frozen brutality of Broadway (where "innocence is confined to the stage itself and those who perform there"), the "joyless self-consciousness" of the psychos and slatterns who parade the streets of the Village, "moving from kick to trance," and the white crosses on the windows of handsome houses and buildings that everywhere proclaim the lock-step advance of the "developer." Mr. Snitzer's photographs—some fifty in

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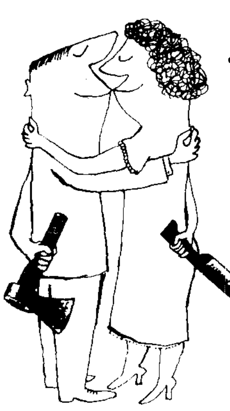

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all—superbly complement the elegiac tone of the text.

Married to Tolstoy, by Cynthia Asquith (Houghton Mifflin). Lady Cynthia Asquith's attempt to re-create and then explain the married life of the Tolstoys is limited mainly to a determined but bewildered struggle with the Tolstoys' marital correspondence, and with the open diaries kept by both the husband and the wife. Since most of this material merely reflects a reciprocal resentment that might have evaporated in the comparatively decent fashion of open battle, all we have here is a record of two nagging natures, one sullen, one shrill. If it had not been proved to us that one of these voices belonged to Tolstoy and the other to his wife, we would never guess which married couple was perpetuating its grievances—and, what is more, we would not care.

I Am Lazarus, by Sven Berlin (Norton). Memoirs of an English soldier who fought in the campaigns in Western Europe during 1944-45. The author was a conscientious objector at the war's beginning, but he changed his mind, enlisted, and became an artillery observer. He had been a painter and a poet, and he expected his fellow-soldiers and commanding officers to respect his superior perceptiveness; most of them didn't, and Mr. Berlin is still whining about it. His battle accounts, though, are superlative. He was thrilled by combat, and he tells what he saw, did, and felt—what fighting is like—accurately and beautifully. An irritating, fascinating book.

Voyage to America: The Journals of Thomas Cather, edited and with an introduction by Thomas Yoseloff (Yoseloff). The high-spirited author of these journals, a sprig of Anglo-Irish aristocracy, made the Grand Tour of Europe and then decided, in January, 1836, to treat himself to a similar tour of the United States. He wangled some impressive introductions—he was received by the President and by the Chief of the Pottowatomies—and wrote down his impressions with no thought of publication, and so with no attempt at tact, reverence, or formality. He was neither prescient nor penetrating, but his off-the-cuff sketches of such historic figures as Jackson, Van Buren, and Clay are all the more interesting because they're just what any contemporary might have seen. His journals are

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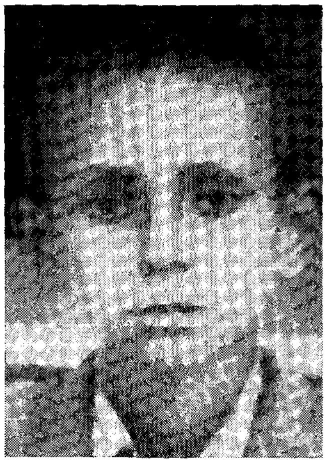

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KARAKORAM: THE ASCENT OF GASHERBRUM IV, by Fosco Maraini, translated from the Italian by James Cadell (Viking). An eyewitness account of the successful Italian assault on Mount Gasherbrum IV (or K3), a hitherto unconquered twenty-six-thousand-foot peak in the Karakoram, or Black Gravel Mountains, of India and Tibet, in 1958. It is also, unlike the bulk of mountaineering literature, which tends to be austerely professional, a highly diverting and rewarding book, for Mr. Maraini, a man of vigorous action, is an excellent writer as well—widely observant, keenly aware of human relations (he offers us, among other peripheral satisfactions, a cutting portrait of a bitterly complicated Pakistani liaison officer who accompanied the expedition), and, happiest of all, endowed with a sense of place and history. It should be added that the book is extremely handsome, and is illustrated not only with maps but with sketches and photographs (fifty-five of the latter in color) by the author. Ten dollars.

YES AND NO, by Alta Jablow (Horizon). A collection of West African tales, riddles, and proverbs, some from published sources, some collected by the author. Anyone who thinks of West Africans as "primitive" should read this charming book. For instance, in a story about an arduous task set for winning a bride, the suitor who gives up and rests under a tree is awarded her hand, since he is more apt to be reasonable and treat her well than the fanatic who has succeeded. And such proverbs as "Being poor makes it hard to have friends but not impossible" confirm the reader's feeling that he has not travelled very far from home.

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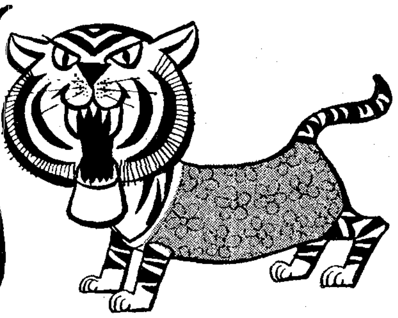

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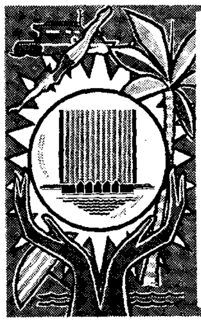

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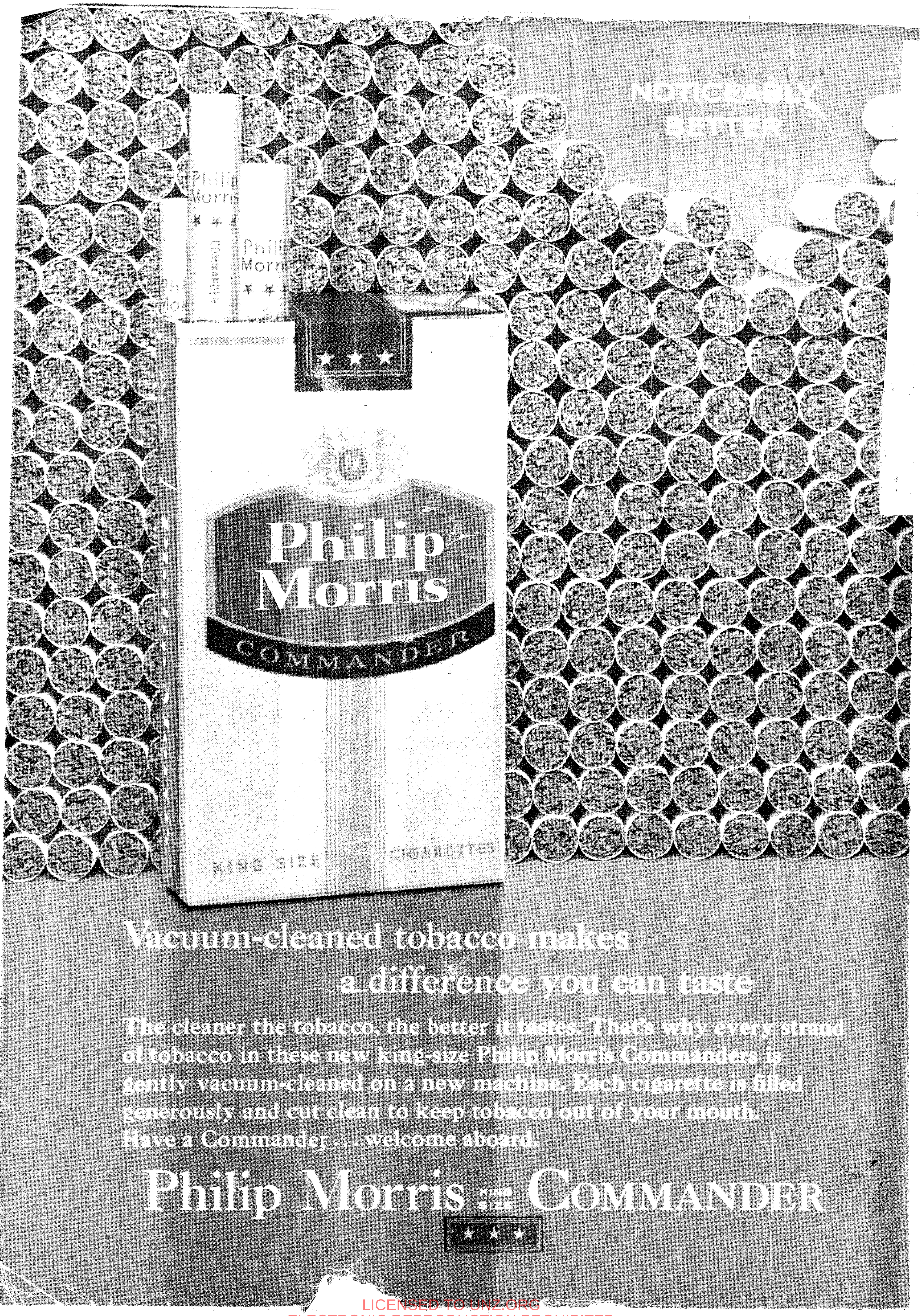
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Philip Morris
COMMANDER
Philip Morris
COMMANDER
KING SIZE
CIGARETTES

Vacuum-cleaned tobacco makes a difference you can taste

The cleaner the tobacco, the better it tastes. That's why every strand of tobacco in these new king-size Philip Morris Commanders is gently vacuum-cleaned on a new machine. Each cigarette is filled generously and cut clean to keep tobacco out of your mouth. Have a Commander . . . welcome aboard.

Philip Morris KING SIZE COMMANDER